

AMASA MASON LYMAN

PIONEER

Volume 1
LYMAN FAMILY HISTORY

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AMASA MASON LYMAN
TRAILBLAZER AND PIONEER
FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC

By His Grandson
ALBERT R. LYMAN

Considered as
VOLUME I
of
THE HISTORY OF AMASA MASON LYMAN FAMILY

Edited, Printed and Published by
Melvin A. Lyman, M. D.
Delta, Utah
1957

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Amasa Mason Lyman Family Association
Melvin A. Lyman, M. D. Historian

1132116

Dedicated to

My beloved father, Platte De Alton
Lyman, who filled me with a warm love
for his father Amasa Mason Lyman.

Albert R. Lyman

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EDITOR'S NOTE

When I first read this manuscript, several years ago, about my great grandfather, I was thrilled with it and wished to see it published. I never had any idea that it would be my privilege to someday publish it. But thanks to Brother J. Grant Stevenson for his very timely and wonderful instruction in family records and printing that he gave to me, I have found it possible to do my own printing as a hobby.

I made several trips to Blanding to consult with the author who was also very anxious to see the book published. He has been very gracious to me and my editorial staff in allowing some clarifying alterations to be made on the revised manuscript. He has approved all alterations. The Appendix and Coat of Arms explanation have also been added with his approval.

It is very interesting to note that in the past few years several of Amasa Mason Lyman's descendants have taken special interest in him. Two documents concerning his excommunication and reinstatement in the church have been prepared. One by Gene L. Gardner and the other by Asael Lyman. They both appear in Appendix II.

Much thanks is due to the Amasa Mason Lyman family association officers and members who have helped with encouraging words and also in more material ways. At a meeting of the organization's officers, a resolution was passed to authorize printing the present revision of the book without further delay. At the family reunion the 10th of August, 1957, at which 500 members of the family were present, there was unanimous approval for this publication which is to be followed by other volumes which will include the history and genealogy of the descendants of Amasa Mason Lyman.

In addition to the author, the following people have helped materially in making this publication possible: Mary Lyman Henrie, whose manuscript was used for the author's revision and who prepared the pictures for printing; Richard R. Lyman and his committee, consisting of Willard Lyman,

Mary Lyman Reeve, and Lamar Lyman Whitaker, who rendered the author constructive criticism in his first revision, and my father Edward Leo Lyman, Jr., who financed the purchase of the printing machine. Considerable editorial help was given me by my wife, Laura B. Lyman, Joye M. Bennion, and my secretary Sharon Steele, who also did all the typing of the master sheets for printing. (This book was printed in my office on a Multigraph Duplicator, Multilith Model 80, and the typing was done on an I. B. M. Executive, Modern Print Typewriter.) Laura B. Lyman is the artist; maps were made by the editor.

The author's revised manuscript was proof-read six times by four different individuals for errors in spelling, thought construction, dates, etc., thus hoping to eliminate errors.

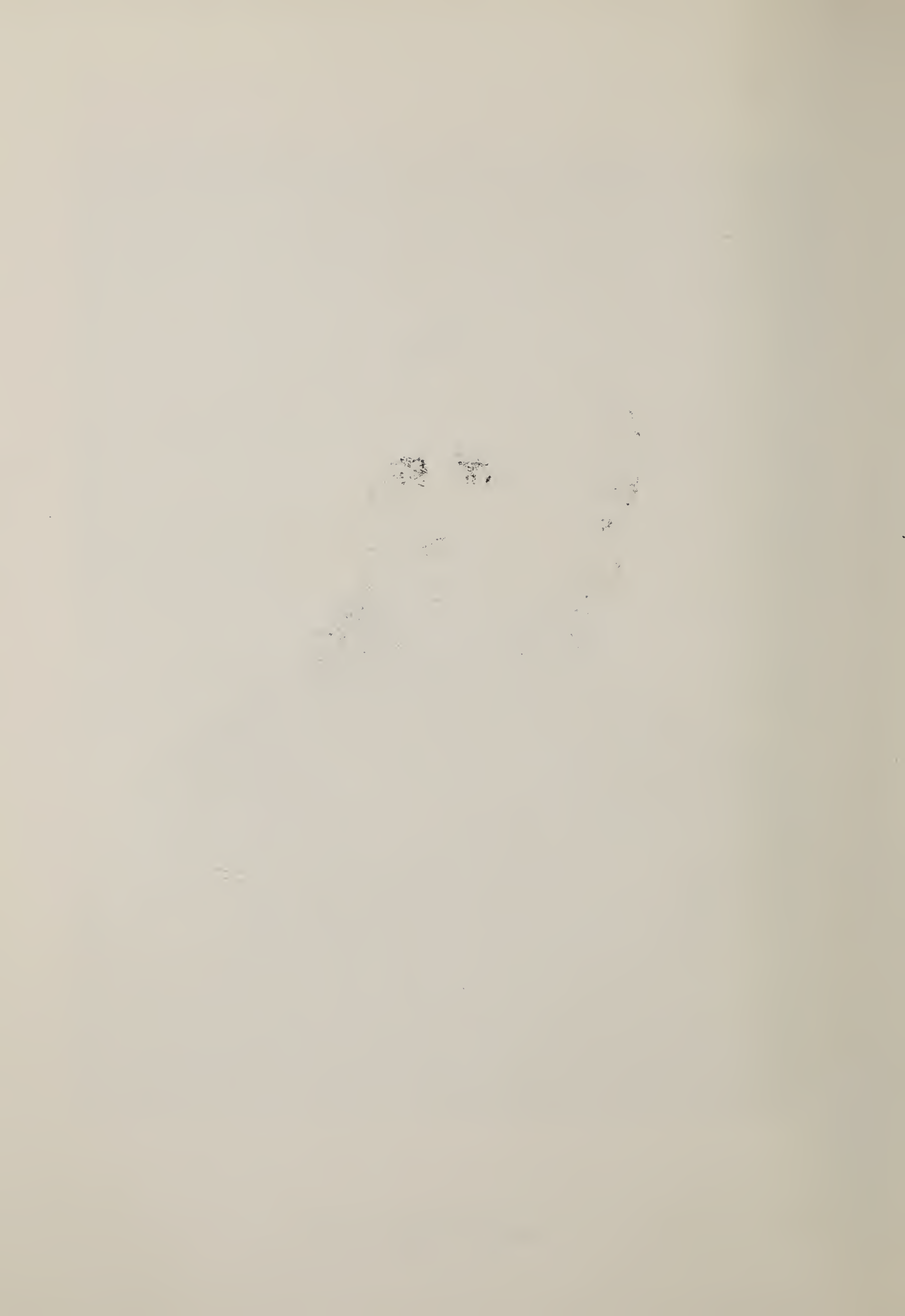
I wish to thank all those, including many who are not mentioned above, who have contributed in any way to the publication of this book.

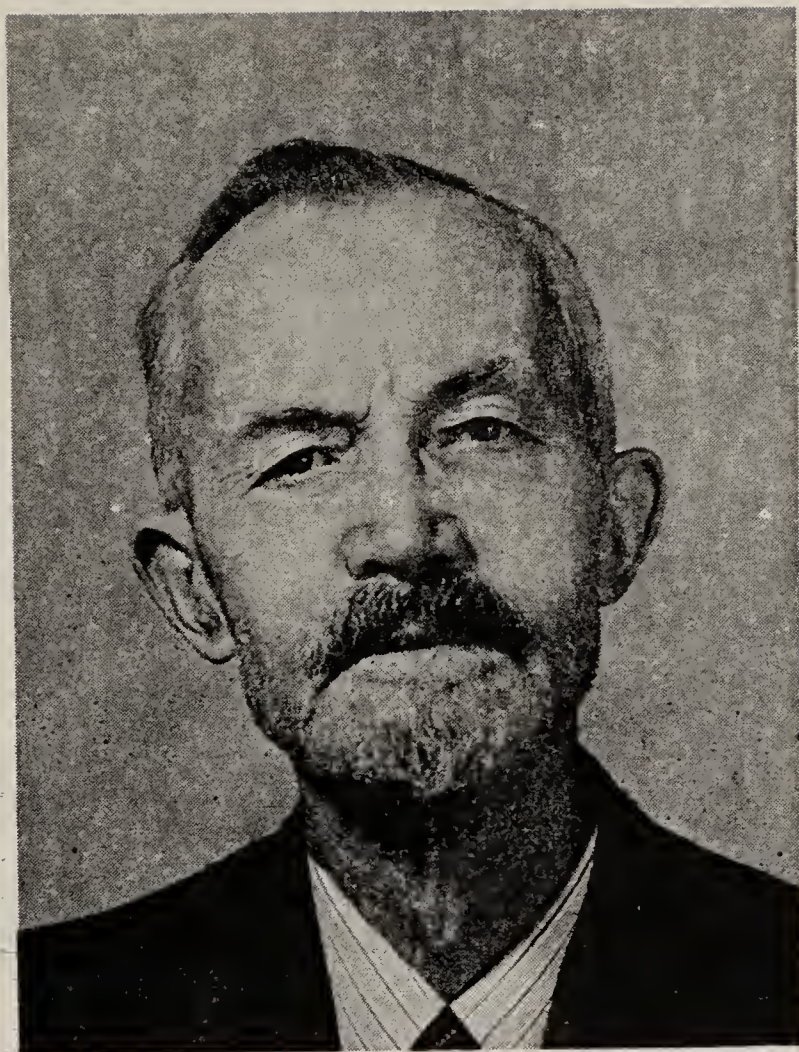
This first edition consists of one thousand books.

Melvin A. Lyman, M. D.
Lyman Family Historian
Delta, Utah



Amasa Mason Lyman





ALBERT R. LYMAN was born at Fillmore, Millard County, Utah, 10 January 1880. He went to Bluff, San Juan County, Utah, as an infant with his parents who were among the first settlers there. His most impressive school was the wild country through which he rode as a cowhand in his childhood and teen years; and in 1899 went on a mission to England. He married Mary Ellen Perkins 26 June 1902. They were the first settlers in April, 1905 at what became known as Blanding, Utah. He taught school and seminary for 27 years; was a counselor in the San Juan Stake Presidency 27 years; was Stake Patriarch 18 years. He engaged in farming and stock raising and also opened the first store in Blanding. After the death of his first wife, he married her sister Gladys Perkins Tomney, in 1939. Together they spent 7 years doing missionary work among the Navajo Indians. He has always had a passion for writing and has spent some part of each day in writing. He has numerous unpublished writings and the following publications: The Voice of The Intangible; History of San Juan County, Utah; Outlaw of Navajo Mountain; Fort on The Firingline; and many other shorter stories.

EXPLANATION OF LYMAN COAT OF ARMS

By: Virginia McBride

The Lyman Coat of Arms consists of a shield divided into four quarters, each with its insignia. It is a good example of the custom of quartering the arms of intermarrying families together, the Lambert and Osborne arms appearing with those of the Lymans. Quarters I and IV bear the original Lyman arms. In each, the field is divided by a chevron line into two parts, the upper red and the lower argent, or silver. In the lower field is a red annulet or ring. This very ancient and commonly used emblem in heraldry, has many different interpretations. It is said to be an emblem of eternity, having neither beginning nor end.

The annulet is also said to indicate an achievement in the medieval game of tilting, in which knights attempted to catch a suspended ring on the tip of their lances as they rode by; by others it is said to indicate the rings of the chain armor of the period; and by others to indicate that the bearer had made a captive of an enemy.

Quarter II contains a red field crossed by a silver chevron between three sheep, also silver or white. This is the Lambert arms and is an example of what are called punning arms or a play upon the name Lambert. The chevron indicates some important achievement brought to a successful conclusion.

Quarter III contains the Osborne arms. A gold cross divides the field into quarters, ermine and red. The ermine denotes wisdom and judicial power, and cross indicates religious activity.

Throughout, the symbolism of colors is as follows: "Argent or silver implies in the bearer purity, chastity, innocence, justice, truth and humility. Red is a royal color denoting martial prowess, boldness, hardihood, valor and magnanimity. . . . Gold, as this metal exceedeth all others in value, purity and fineness, so ought the bearer to exceed all others in worth, prowess and virtue. . . . This metal betokeneth to the bearer wisdom, riches and elevation of mind; when joined with red, willingness to



I & III LYMAN. II LAMBERT. III OSBORNE.

spend his blood for the welfare of his country."

Around the shield and serving as a background is the "mantling," a name derived from the mantle or cloak often worn over the helmet during the Crusades in the Holy Land to protect it from heat, dampness or rust.

The helmet of steel, closed, and in profile, is that of a gentleman or an esquire. Surmounting this is the "wreath," derived from the twist of cloth placed around the top of the helmet, upon which to rest the crest.

The crest is a demi-bull, in silver, with horns and hoofs of gold and a red tongue, the emblem of labor and fertility. The head of a bull implies strength, valor and magnanimity. It was as honorable in heraldry to use a part of an animal as the whole.

In the scroll below appears the motto, "Quod Verum Tutum," or "That Which is True is Safe."

MORE ABOUT COAT OF ARMS IN GENERAL

Although in Europe it is customary for old families to bear "arms," we in America have made but little use of such insignia. Some families, however, have preserved as records their coats of arms, though often with little understanding of their significance. This simple description of the Lyman coat of arms is given with the hope that members of the family through a knowledge of its symbolism may better appreciate this part of their inheritance.

From a sketch attached to "The Royal Ancestry of Deacon Levi Tenney," whose family was allied to that of Lyman, we learn that although from the beginning of history men have used various symbols and devices to designate themselves and to celebrate their achievements, heraldry as an art and an organized institution did not come into existence until the eleventh century. To quote: "Heraldry as we know it, that is, the use of various emblems upon a shield and crest, which became hereditary in a family, is the result of a slow growth, and developed through the Middle Ages. Its origin and growth were due to the conditions of the times---the confusion which followed the breaking

down of the power of Rome, and the rise of the so-called Feudal System. The various symbols used came from three sources: The Feudal System; the feats of tournaments; and the Pilgrimages, Crusades, the Holy Wars. These sources were really social, political, and religious, and covered all the realms of men's activities of the period.

"The use of armor in medieval wars made necessary some distinguishing marks by which friends might be told from foes. From this necessity rose the custom of placing some device upon the shield, upon the cloth covering the armor (hence the term coat of arms), or upon the helmet. It is easy to see that in the tempestuous days of Feudalism, what we call coats of arms served a very real purpose, and performed a very real service of identification, and were in no sense merely ornamental. A distinctive banner or insigne was also most necessary as a rallying standard. Each local group in feudal armies, followed its own lord or chieftain, and not the king directly.

"Another necessity for these pictorial insignia is found in the fact that the feudal age was an age of great ignorance, and the pictured device could be understood by those who could not read.

"At first individuals assumed at will various devices to commemorate their achievements, but as time went on, and heraldry developed into an art, and a science, distinct rules developed, and the College of Heralds or individual heralds were given power by the kings to organize those rules and apply them. The time came when 'arms' were granted by the Heralds in accordance with the rules adopted, and coats of arms could no longer be adopted at will. Today, in European countries, the right to bear arms must be granted by the Heralds, and fees must be paid for this official approval. In America there is no government recognition of coats of arms and no such institution as the College of Heralds exists."

Most arms as we know them date considerably after the time of William the Conqueror. "Gradually a symbolism of all the colors and metals, figures and devices developed, and each came to have a certain meaning. The interpretation of these heraldic devices came to be a profession in

itself, and heraldry was a study in which all 'educated' or 'gentle' people must be well instructed. "

"ONE OF A CITY"

By Albert R. Lyman

The national emblem of the ancient tribe of Judah was the Lion, and it was natural that a man claiming descent from that tribe, and having pride in the tribal emblem should be called Lion-man, or Leo-man, and then with the tendency of the human tongue to cut words short and make them easily spoken, the word would become Leman. It is fixed beyond controversey that the name Lyman was originally Leman.

And the old Lymans had a coat of arms displaying a circle within a triangle which was supposed to symbolize a power, or priesthood or right of dominion without beginning or end. There can be no doubt that it was the tradition of the priesthood which their fathers held in the days of their righteousness; the power which they lost when they fled from their ancient captors to wander among and intermarry with the gentiles of Northern Europe. The story of this splendid power held by the fathers and lost by the children was sacredly cherished in Tradition, and it is remarkable traces in the Lyman name and on the Lyman coat of arms is interesting and inspiring, though things very similar are to be found in the records of most families of the Church.

The history of the peoples of early England and the races on the continent from which they came, are well worth the careful attention of Latter-day Saints who know they are descended from the Lord's ancient covenant people who went into transgression and were scattered among the Gentiles.

Old seers of Israel viewed the stream of time,
And saw their children on an evil day,
Driven from home and scattered in the world
To Gentile lands and countries far away.

They mourned, yet looking still beheld a light---
It rose from darkness as a beacon star,
An ensign lifted on the mountain top
Calling the wanders home from lands a-far.

They would not all return in that great day--
A remnant only--- men of faith and might
To face an angry world and stand alone
Forsaking all things for the cause of right.

Long ages passed, and in a Saxon home
A father cherished still the legend old:
"I am descended from a kingly tribe
Whose emblem is the lion, brave and bold."

"My fathers," he declared, "once held the key
of Godly priesthood, endless like a ring."
He carved them proudly on his shield and said,
"This was the symbol of their priest and king."

Three angles 'round a mystic circle placed:
Dominion--- no beginning and no end;
Thus was the shape of old tradition traced
That children might behold and comprehend.

Men saw his shield and called him Lion-man,
And when he followed Hengist o'er the sea
And lived in Britain, all his warior sons
Displayed their coat of arms the same as he.

"This priesthood that our fathers held of old
Will some day be restored to us again;
We live in hopes," each father taught his sons,
"For priesthood was the power of Lion-men."

These Lion-men were Leo-men in Kent,
And known as Leman when the Normans came.
Then in the changing language of the time,
Lyman, replaced the early Saxon name.

Tradition lived; the Lymans hoped and prayed.
They hugged the age-dimmed promise of the past;
That promise ensign signal to return
And have again the power the fathers lost.

The great day dawned where men had fought for peace
And lo, amid the darkness and the gloom
Of sharp contention whither they should go,
A light broke forth as life within a tomb.

The Lyman remnant heard the promised call,
A youth stepped forth, alone and unafraid;
'Twas Amasa who dared to hazard all---
Home, friends and comfort was the price he paid.

He trudged away alone, distressed, forlorn---
Future and past hung hopeful on his tread;
His step was shaping fate for men unborn,
For waiting generations of the dead.

He traced the call--its promise of reward,
And where the beacon burned he bowed full low
"As one within the presence of the Lord,"
And praised his father's God of long ago.

The splendid power of Isreal's mighty seers,
As symbolized with angles 'round a ring
On Lyman arms through all these weary years
Had come again---Jehovah still was king.

This Lyman youth feared not the scorn of men
But joined the hated Saints of Latter-days---
These were his ancient kinsmen come again,
He bore their sorrows, joined with them in praise.

He stood condemned before their fiercest foe
And heard the order he should live no more;
His hours were bitter, life was dark with woe--
He lay in chains upon a dungeon floor.

But men unborn looked forth to him for birth,
Men with existence positive then as now,
And right to choose their parentage on earth,
Thus this Amasa became the strong and "fruitful bough."

He spoke with power the message from on high---
Homeless and far away on weary feet,
And when from human fiends he had to fly,
His tribe was planted in a safe retreat.

In safe retreat o'er mountains far away
Free for a time from Babylon's flood of sin;
He toiled to usher in a better day
And taught his children where they should begin.

For light had come into a darkened world,
The light once promised to the ancient seers---
Their long-lost standard was again unfurled
And Israel gathering after many years.

Weary and broken from his long hard fight,
His task of placing new for old was done---
A generation raised in gospel light,
The age of peace and righteousness begun.

(The line: "As one within the presence of the Lord,"
is a quotation from what Amasa Lyman said in describing
his feelings when he first met with the Prophet Joseph
Smith.)

FOREWORD

To the biography of Amasa M. Lyman
as written by Albert R. Lyman

Blanding, Utah, June 10th 1957

I prepared this biography fifteen years ago when I was living in Salt Lake City, and had access to many sources which are not now within my reach. In the few weeks just past I have been revising and amplifying the manuscript, and it may be that I have overlooked some changes which the lapse of these years would call for.

This account is based on the following sources: forty-three diaries kept by Amasa Lyman of which I have preserved an index, over thirty diaries kept by his son, Francis M; all that I could find on the subject in the alphabetical files of the Church Historian's Office; all that the Volume Histories of the Church had to say about it; two contemporary histories of California; interviews and correspondence with people who had known Amasa Lyman personally. I had also what my father, Platte D. Lyman, had told me about his father whom he loved with a fervency which I could feel, and which still thrills me after all these years.

From these different sources I tabulated many pages of data, but the biography is not a conventional tabulation of facts in chronological order. Instead, it is an attempt to portray the entrancing vision of Grandfather's interesting life as it came before me in contemplation of those facts. It is by viewing it in the light of those sources that I have been impelled to write as I have written.

I was already imbued with my father's love for his father before I began this work, and the more I became newly acquainted with his father from his journals and other sources, the more I loved him. I felt a great sense of obligation to him for many great advantages I enjoyed as a result of his labors. I am sure that as I wrote, with the pronounced emotions of this love, I enjoyed a degree of in-

spiration beyond my imagination. This does not need to mean that I think my interpretation is always correct.

There is no doubt in my mind that in Grandfather's latter years there was in his trouble a great redeeming phase which was not generally understood. He was true to certain basic elements of his convictions which in a big way justified his reinstatement by proxy after he had gone through the special, and most important ordeal of his schooling experiences. Let it be very clearly understood that I am now and have always been in full harmony with President Young and the authorities of the Church in the course they took. This also is true of my father.

My sincere desire for this book is that it will enable Grandfather's posterity to see and appreciate him for what he was, and is, a great man with a great record and a great future. I cherish very pleasant anticipations of the time, not in the too-distant future, when I shall meet him.

Albert P. Lyman

INTRODUCTION

The old white frame house on the north side of Chalk Creek in Fillmore, Utah, the house built to a great extent by Amasa Lyman's own hands, and in which he spent his later years and where he died in February, 1877, until recent years was still standing. It was three years after he had made his last exit from it's shelter that I was born, just across the south side of the creek. So I came too late to see with my natural eyes the face of this unusual man, my grandfather. Yet I maintain that I have seen him; I have walked by his side, I have heard his voice, I have felt the depth of his tender spirit.

He has been one of the much loved figures in my circle of dear kinsmen from my infancy. As a man large and bearded and very grand to contemplate, he appeared to me often through the eyes of his son, my father Platte D. Lyman. He was as dear to my father as my father is dear to me.

I have traced Grandfather Lyman with very keen interest through the sixty-four years of his life, over oceans and continents, through hardships, crises, and perils.

I feel sure that I understand certain unusual phases of his life better than they are understood by any with whom I have discussed them. His besetting weaknesses are my own weaknesses, and many of his trying experiences have been duplicated in my own half-century of service for the Church on the raw frontier.

Amasa M. Lyman made no reservations in giving his prime and his strength to the building of Latter-day Zion. He endured violence, abuse, chains, imprisonment, and he faced the sentence of death without a tremor, by the side of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He lavished the cream of his mental and physical powers on the great cause of salvation till he was shattered and exhausted, and he waded through agonizing ordeals of accident and misfortune in his declining years. My heart aches with love and sympathy as I contemplate him limping along the last stretch of his rugged pathway and my soul swells with gratitude for the magnitude

of his accomplishments.

He answered the demands of his peculiar intuitions with phenomenal constancy, intuitions with deep and far-reaching purpose which, far from giving promise of immediate benefit, imposed a heavy tax on his temporal assets. Human purpose, as he served it, is not pre-occupied with the short-sighted whims of one generation, but it is the essential work which carries on from age to age for the destiny of the race. The continuous and most important structure of all is that on which the fathers have toiled, and the most worthy endeavor of the best men and women is their contribution to what the past has accumulated and what the future has a right to expect.

Amasa M. Lyman had a keen intuition of the responsibilities imposed upon him by the great chain of generations in which he became an important link. As the individual bridge between the old ages of darkness and new ages of light, where men would be expected to abide by the laws of revealed truth, he answered his pronounced intuitions of obligation to the past and to the future. Really, what are intuitions more than subconscious memory of individual assignments of duty: assignments made in the primeval world for things that must be done to keep the way of men and nations from being forgotten and lost in confusion?

Whether or not, in his long years of devotion to these instinctive urges he was conscious of the wherefore of all his sacrifice, he was, all the same, placing his gift freely on the alter for generations that had passed on and for other generations yet to come, as well as carrying his heavy burdens for the present. In the endeavors which had been made by his fathers he found his foundation on which to build, and when he added to what was within his power to give, he passed it on as his sacred legacy to the next generation.

In forty years he wrote forty-three volumes as if making daily reports of his careful effort to honor his trust as a link in the chain. In this diary he frequently used the expression, "When my children read this", indicating clearly that he expected his posterity some time to require of

him an accounting for the way he fulfilled his duty to them.

Fundamental in the doctrine he preached all his life was the declaration, "The hearts of the children shall be turned to the fathers and the hearts of the fathers to the children, for the children cannot be made perfect without the fathers, nor the fathers without the children." (D. & C. 128:18) The fathers had reposed in him a sacred trust which, improved and amplified, he passed on with his blessings to his children.

In his latter years he prepared to write a comprehensive message which might have clarified matters left in uncertainty. He purchased a quantity of suitable paper, announced his intention of making the record but was cut short in death before he had written a word. In this account I have hoped to throw light on these phases of his work which he might have explained when, with pen in hand and paper ready, his fingers relaxed in death.

Chapter I

A light breaks into the darkness

The chill of January, 1834, had made walking on the wintry road a tiresome effort since morning, but when they reached the top of that last hill, a surprise light of promise seemed to hover over the snowy landscape as the village of Bolton came into view. It was most heartening---no such pleasant phenomena had ever before relieved the monotony of Amasa Lyman's wanderings. Footsore and weary with old longings undefined, there broke into his keen susceptibilities a sweet, yet positive echo as of some voice for which he had long been listening, a voice of some wonderful friend whom he seemed to have known long ago.

If he had been alone he would have shed tears of joy, but Elder Tippetts, his companion, apparently discerned nothing unusual in the scene and its being near the close of day, with urgent need for finding food and rest, Amasa trudged on silently as before; apparently the vision was for him alone.

When they reached the little village, nestling on the shore of Lake George in eastern New York, a farmer directed them to John Tanner, one of their own people, a Mormon. Tanner, prosperous in business and generous in all his dealings, took the two young men as dear kinsmen to his spacious dwelling, bidding them relax from their weary travels and feel welcome to his home.

All the way from that hilltop and into the genial Tanner home the pleasing element of promise and the soulful echo clung to Elder Lyman, and he cherished it carefully lest it should vanish from mind. Surely this was to mean that some new, strange thing, or person, was about to appear in his visible world, and he looked instinctively for its appearance at every turn. It might be someone he was to meet right here in the home of this great-souled farmer, in fact, he could imagine for it no more suitable setting. He scrutinized the stalwart Tanner boys when they came in from their work, and he studied the kind face of their mother as

she bade the two missionaries be perfectly at home by the fire while she prepared the evening meal.¹ Suddenly as he sat there waiting he was aware again of that echo---no, it was not an echo at all; it was a voice! It came from the adjoining room, the kitchen---a girl's voice---not a loud voice and yet strangely outstanding among the voices of the family. Amasa's glances wandered intuitively to the half-open door through which he caught glimpses of the mother and the boys, but the owner of that voice kept unaccountably out of sight, spoke but infrequently and in tones not intended for the ears of any third person.

When the missionaries answered the call to supper and seated themselves with the family around the table in the big, old-fashioned kitchen, Amasa looked in disappointment for that girl---she was not with them---possibly it was some girl who had called in from the neighbors. Yet there was a vacant chair, and he could detect in Mrs. Tanner a smothered uneasiness.

"Are we all here?" asked John Tanner, about to ask the blessing on the food, "where's Maria?"

Mrs. Tanner, with motherly understanding and oceans of sympathy for maidens having their unaccountable spells of modesty, was too slow with her intended offer of excuse, and her husband called out, "Come on, Maria, I never like to start with your place vacant."

A slender girl appeared from an adjoining room---blond hair, prominent nose, eyes aglow with feeling---Maria Tanner. She was blushing---what could that mean? Yet nothing but that blush could amplify her beauty and make her irresistible in the same way. Her face radiated that phenomenal light of promise to which Amasa had been eagerly clinging since

¹The twenty year old Amasa did not write just this in his diary, but this is what I envisaged as I followed his interesting account. Instead of tabulating a long string of drab details, and giving my reasons for what those details implied, I am offering the picture these details made as I assembled them.

Bolton first appeared below his horizon. It was disconcerting--amazing; he feared his riot of emotions would make him ridiculous.

If John Tanner, with his great fatherly love and pride for Maria, had understood girls as his wife understood, he would have detected his daughter's embarrassment and steered the conversation far away for her benefit. But he neither discerned the blush nor suspected her annoyance.

"This is Elder Lyman, and this is Elder Tippetts," he announced, in a very informal kind of introduction. "Their coming, right on top of what you said, proves that your impression really had a meaning."

Maria, ill at ease and with nothing to say, blushed more deeply still as her father explained with a certain degree of pride, that not long before the arrival of the missionaries, she had had a strange presentiment that someone was soon to arrive, and all the family had wondered at it.

All this meant infinitely more to Amasa than to anyone else at the table unless, indeed, it was poor, tortured Maria or her mother, for as the father and the brothers saw it, her impression was a matter of which to be more proud than embarrassed.

Amasa Mason Lyman, twenty-one-year-old missionary from the Mormon Church in Kirtland, Ohio, had difficulty in keeping his tide of entrancing thoughts from swelling to the visible surface. He grasped at the slender suggestion of relief in Elder Tippetts' declaration, "It was no doubt our coming that she foresaw."

"Yes, it was our coming," Amasa hastened to add, "and it must indicate there is important work for us in this vicinity."

He got himself more nearly in hand after supper and joined in the fireside talk till a late hour, but his chief interest centered in their inadvertant references to Maria, who disappeared immediately after they left the table.

When Amasa had retired for the night, in spite of his weariness, he lay wide awake trying to analyze this unprecedented disruption of his wonted thoughts, to ascertain just where he stood in the confusion and whether and how he had strayed from the highway of safety to which he had been holding.

To begin with, could he still be safely in the line of his duty as the Lord's servant, and be having premonitions of extraordinary meetings with some young lady? And yet why had this unusual impression come to him, and why had it come apparently in somewhat the same way at the same time to Maria Tanner? Could all this be resolved into meaning nothing at all? Or was it just a shrewd trick of the evil one? Amasa feared he was being switched off at a sharp tangent on to dangerous ground.

From the Prophet Joseph Smith he had accepted a call to travel and preach until he was released, and at the time of that call he had felt certain in his mind and in his heart that the call was from the Lord. He had firmly resolved to dedicate his life to the work, accepting as a necessary part of it, all the privations and hardships it would impose upon him.

He was homeless, penniless---and judging from his fortunes past and his prospects for the future, this was a chief feature in the life he was destined to live. The food upon which he had subsisted, the clothes he had worn, the honor and standing he had enjoyed among his friends, all this had come as a result of the power and dignity the priesthood to which the Prophet had ordained him. Since joining the Church two years before, he had no greater inclination than to learn and to declare the Gospel as revealed anew for "the fullness of times."

Maria Tanner, accustomed to the abundance her father had lavished upon her, would expect a generous home like this in which they had found lodgings. She had enjoyed comfort and plenty from her infancy; Amasa could provide nothing like it unless, indeed, he forsook his holy calling to seek the riches of the world.

And after all, Maria was but a child---Amasa had ascertained she was only sixteen---what folly to be so much disturbed all at once over a little girl! He resolved to dismiss the whole affair and go to sleep as wisdom dictated. But Maria was not just a child---she was quite a woman in stature and intelligence in spite of her years. The debate went on while the winter wind moaned softly over the roof. He could

not make sure whether he was arguing with the negative or with the affirmative, but he knew he was very much exercised as in no previous debate, and he wished he could dismiss it all and go to sleep.

Supposing he should yield to the lure of this phenomenal situation and supposing he should find, as it appeared he might, that Maria had also had impressive premonitions of meeting him, what then? It was a dreamy and hazardous prospect. Right now, Amasa's people, the Mormons were being robbed and driven from their possessions both in Ohio and in the distant border state of Missouri where some of them had gone to build the promised city of Zion.

A vivid panorama of things future arose on the screen of his fancy---a panorama of angry mobs, violence, burning homes, prison walls, families scattered in confusion, starving exiles hunting refuge from relentless enemies and from driving winter. It was a dreadful scene, made vivid by the many reports to which he had listened, and he even seemed to see Maria, alone and in terror, waiting in a prairie cabin for him while he lay chained in the camp of their persecutors.

A grandfather's clock counted slowly off the midnight hour, and its tone seemed in solemn disapproval of this strange debate at this late hour. All the same and notwithstanding, the cherished standard of salvation to which Amasa adhered, the message he was zealous to deliver, did not "forbid to marry", but on the other hand it quoted the Apostle Paul, "The man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man in the Lord." (I Corinthians 11:11)

Elder Lyman's arrival in Bolton had seemed to come about by accident, for he was on his way to visit his people in New Hampshire from whom he had been estranged when he joined the Church two years before. Because Bolton happened to be on the route he had chosen to take, he planned on stopping there only over night. With this surprise problem thrust into his hands for solution, he would still have gone on at once, feeling sure his decision could be reached with more safety elsewhere than in the enchanting Tanner home.

But the "work in this vicinity," about which he had

spoken at the supper table, merely to relieve a strained situation, was really waiting for him and his companion. Other people than the Tanners claimed the attention of the two missionaries for nearly a week, and all this time something in Amasa's conscience was protesting at the hazard of the stay, for the light and the echoes that had met him at the hilltop were getting more deeply into his blood every day. For every day he couldn't avoid, in fact he didn't try to avoid seeing Maria; they both refrained with Puritan firmness from even a remote reference to emotions or feelings, yet sometimes their eyes met fairly and "thought leaped out to wed with thought, though thought could find no tongue for speech."

When he had been there five days he decided he must prolong the strain no farther. Taking passage across Lake George, he gazed longingly and wonderingly back at the village on the snowy shore fading from sight. At his parting with the Tanners, Maria had said something about "when I see you again!"--he had not caught all she said. Someone had interrupted them when he was about to ask her to repeat. To have heard just that much, no more, ---it worried him; yet he reproached himself for being distressed over such a triviality, and he further challenged a subconscious feeling that in leaving Bolton he was leaving home.

Traveling afoot over wintry roads the two missionaries arrived in February, 1835, near the birth-place of Elder Lyman in New Hampshire. Amasa was eager to visit his people, but he hesitated---possibly they would be distressed at his presence now as before. But Uncle Parley with his age and his wisdom---surely in this lapse of two years he would have seen the folly of his intolerance.

Uncle Parley regarded Amasa with disturbed astonishment---Amasa, the Mormon! His presence there would contribute nothing to the standing of the family with their community, and though it was not said in so many words, Amasa knew they hoped his stay would be very short. And yet the unusual development Amasa had made since he left two years

ago, trudging away afoot with his meagre possessions in a sack on his back---the magnetism of his personality, his culture and refinement in word and bearing---it was certainly phenomenal. They had to listen to what Amasa had to say, yet in their minds they resisted it with uncompromising disavowal. Wasn't it everywhere known what a bad lot the Mormons were? Their evil report had come all the way from Ohio, yes, all the way from remote Missouri. Unfortunately Amasa had been born a member of the family, but it seemed he was a member no more.

The frost of their antipathy repelled him even the more because they were his kindred. Would his mother also harden her heart to his message and resist him as her brother's family had done? He would go to his mother's home in the little village of Holland, New Hampshire, surely she would believe him, he had never deceived her.

He visited the place of his birth, Lyman, Grafton County, the farm that had belonged to his grandfather, Perez Mason. After his mother, Martha Mason, had married his father, Roswell Lyman, on 14 March, 1810, they had come here to live with her parents till they could find a better place, and it was here, in his grandfather's home, that Amasa was born, March 30, 1813. According to his own account he "was born to no patrimony but poverty, no home but the world".

Yet to his "patrimony of poverty" was to be added one misfortune after another in heart-breaking succession. He was to endure loss and privations; his kinspeople were to be torn from him one at a time; he was to be ejected from all that had seemed to be home, and go friendless and penniless away, with no abiding place in all the wide world.

At the age of six he had an older and a younger brother and a younger sister; he had father and mother; and, almost equally dear, he had "Grandfather" and "Grandmother" Mason. Although theirs was not his home, having been born there, and having lived there the first impressionable six years of his life, to his childish mind it was really home, a huge part of his blessed environment, and its loss was in time to intensify the sting of his utter privation.

When Amasa was six years old his father went away to seek in the wide, open west the farm which he had failed to find in New Hampshire. He never returned. Messages had come from him at infrequent intervals, and the young mother and her four children waited there on Grandfather's farm, cherishing fond hopes which were to be deferred, building on prospects which were only to sharpen the sting of their disappointment. (See footnote end of chapter, page 12.)

After two years of waiting, word came that the young father had fallen sick and died in some indefinite place in the distant southwest. A pall of gloom settled over the little family, and the old folks mourned with them. Yet this was but the beginning of the sorrows in store for the child, Amasa, worse things were soon to follow.

Looking back at it now, after a lapse of thirteen years, Amasa contemplated the sorrow of that day in his childhood on this farm, and the scene rose before him again like a moving picture: the hills and streams where he went hunting and fishing, the old orchard, the hayfield, the little village school where he sat with the other children before the silvery-haired master. He recalled the dear faces and names, especially the face of his bosom friend, Lyman Stanley, who, writing of him years later, said: "Amasa never had an enemy among his schoolmates or playfellows. We strove for places together in our classes; the joy of one was the joy of the other. I can recollect just what kind of a boy he was---a very honest, quiet, sensible boy, and he had as many friends as any boy in the neighborhood. When we were at school, if the children did not behave as they should, he would beg of them to do right, and if they did not heed his counsel, many a time I have seen him weep over it and plead with them to be good." (From a letter written by Stanley to Francis M. Lyman.)

Amasa's school seasons were few and short. His mother, married a Mr. Isaiah Emerson who took her away to live in the little village of Holland. She indentured her eldest son, Mason Roswell, for seven years to a farmer; she took the little brother and sister with her to her new home, and left the nine-year-old Amasa to live with her aged parents.

It was a lonely day in the life of the little boy when his big brother, Mason Roswell, went away; and a more lonely day still when his mother took the two children and left with Mr. Emerson to come no more to the farm, but as a visitor. Amasa looked after them with a great lump in his throat and began to be inured to situations of disappointment which the future held in store for him. In the long year that followed he reflected often on the glad element that had gone from the farm, and the merry times he had had when Mason and Elias and little Ruth were there to play with him. Dear old Grandfather and Grandmother moved with slow and measured tread, and there was no one to answer his childish longing for playful company.

But the farm was to become more lonely still, for when the full season of this bereavement had rolled around, and Amasa was ten years old, Grandma Mason died. He had not known till now how much he loved her, how dear the caress of her withered old fingers. The day was dark with gloom when he and the old grandfather came back to the silent house, just they two in the responseless rooms or in the silent field to answer each other's soul-call for company.

Old Perez, feeble and grieving, yet resolute with the firmness of a veteran patriot soldier, carried on with the farm, having the boy Amasa as his shadow wherever he went and near to his couch when he slept. He carried on determinedly through another full season, lavishing on the solitary child the affections he had shared with a lively group.

It was too much; his spirit was willing but the weight of seventy-eight strenuous years bent him well over towards the earth, compelling him to yield. Taking Amasa with him he went to spend the rest of his days with his eldest son, Parley Mason.

Uncle Parley had three sons ranging in age from six to ten years older than Amasa---three sons fixed and superior in their achievement, who were irked at the inefficiency of Grandfather's pet. Uncle Parley, himself, chief deacon in the church, member of the state legislature and accustomed, with honor of place and authority, to demand

that everyone respect his opinion, especially everyone of inferior rank, found it difficult to unbend for the new boy. Grandfather Mason, quiet and slow, was the only father Amasa had really known; strong ties of love bound them together, and when difficult places appeared in the new home the boy looked to the old man to act as mediator. Old Perez with his tenderness and diplomacy took a blessed part--he was the last remaining one of the dear group that had been slipping away out of Amasa's life, and the boy clung to him now with intensified action.

This sole remaining support was also to be torn away, even when it was needed as never before. They had not been many months with Uncle Parley when the dear old Grandfather sank in his last sleep. Stern discipline was now to teach a timid youth the ways of firm resolution---to stand alone---to make his own decisions, to be ready for an extraordinary life of adventure reaching from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific. Amasa could still love men, he could still plead with them to do right, but he must maintain an aggressive independence of purpose, and he must discern the right from a more lofty angle.

With Grandfather's persuasive tongue to plead his cause no more, Amasa would have to plead his own; but that was only the beginning of necessities which were to be thrust upon him. Uncle Parley was a zealous religionist, a strict disciplinarian, the kind of uncompromising element with which other elements have to agree, or at least to make liberal concessions if smooth relationships were to be preserved. With the heavy chalk-lines marked down for eleven-year-old Amasa to follow in his uncle's home, and Grandfather no longer there to temper the wind in hard situations, it is a question how long the boy would have stayed, but his mother, solicitous for his well-being, although she could not have him with her, had it understood, though he was not formally indentured, her son was to stay with and be subject to her brother for seven years. That he was to stay just seven years, no more, no less, is quite remarkable in view of what destiny had in store for him at the end of that time.

Those seven years were crowded with events and con-

ditions tending to develop the boy's thought and judgment, prepare him to know and understand the truth when he should find it, and give him the invincible courage to accept it over a solid wall of opposition. With Uncle Parley's undeviating chalk lines in the home, and with the narrow injustice of a bigoted community all around him, the wonder is Amasa did not become soured on religion in general and lose faith in the good sense of mankind.

This remote little New England village, not yet entirely free from superstitions about witches, having been one of the last places to torture an unfortunate woman on a ridiculous charge, could not fail to have its unfavorable influence on Amasa's adolescent mind. It was not in line with progressive thinking, yet it could provoke people to turn from it in disgust and look for something better.

Neither the inconsistencies of the popular belief, nor, Uncle Parley's unbending exactions, turned Amasa against religion. Deep in his soul he had an abiding love for the teachings of the Christ, although he couldn't feel it was right to join any church, not even the church where his uncle preached, and for which he claimed so much perfection. He felt grateful to his uncle and the family for the home and the training they had given him, and recognized the unchallengeable virtues they taught. He accepted their precepts about the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the danger of popular excesses.

Some of the stiff demands of his environments had their substantial compensations, and while he followed the plough, or hunted along the lakes and streams, he had ample time and wholesome surroundings for thought. In his Uncle's house he frequently heard the words of the Bible, and their principles became basic in his philosophy. He developed a growing desire to know the things of immortality.

"I became thoughtful on the subject of religion", he says, "and found peace with God and my soul in striving to break off my sins in righteousness and my iniquities by turning to the Lord." Yet he knew not what to do, he had no faith in any of the churches he had known, and he says, "In my eagerness I was like a blind man groping for the wall." (Per-

sonal writings of Amasa M. Lyman).

Thus, at the end of the stipulated seven years he stood waiting and hoping for some ray of light to break into the darkness of the world around him. The light came---the ancient prophecy was fulfilled which says, "In that generation shall a light break forth among them that sit in darkness, and it shall be the fullness of My gospel." (Doctrine and Covenants Section 45:28-30). It was "the light which shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." (D. & C. Sec. 6:21, 10:58, 34:2, 45:7, 88:49). It came from an unexpected, unpopular source, and was met in New England as elsewhere with general disfavor. But Amasa had been preparing for it, waiting for it, groping for it.

* The information given on page eight came from several sources, some of them conflicting in details, but all of them relating that Roswell Lyman went west hunting home or fortune. His letters quit coming, and it was never definitely known what became of him. One report had it that he was murdered in New Orleans, but there is no confirmation of this report. It is reported that Amasa as he approached manhood, cherished a desire to find his father, and had it in mind to go west even before he heard the gospel.

Chapter II

"Who are my Brethren"

Through the sleepy farmsteads the villages of New Hampshire in the days when Amasa still lived with his Uncle, a strange report traveled with a great ripple of sensation, a report that two boy-preachers had arrived from the west with a most astonishing doctrine, a dangerous doctrine. It challenged the authority of all churches, not only in Christendom, but throughout the world. It declared that the then existing Christian churches were all apostate, their creeds an abomination; these presumptuous boy preachers said that God and His Christ had appeared in person and had re-established the Christian Church as it was eighteen hundred years before the Master himself.

These boy preachers spoke with a great positiveness and fervor, affirming that a modern Prophet had been endowed with the pure, ancient priesthood, and had been given a sacred record of the ancient inhabitants of America.

This was Mormonism! No more offensive thing could have been offered to Uncle Parley. He had entrenched himself aggressively in the traditions of the ages and had assumed that in so doing he had made it perfectly clear what course every member of his family should take. His wife and his children dared not consider the new doctrine. When it was offered to Amasa's mother, Martha Mason Lyman Emerson, and her family in Holland, New Hampshire they followed the example of Parley Mason, her brother, refusing it flatly.

Amasa listened to it! He was more taken up with it than he had ever been with the religion of his benefactor, Uncle Parley. In spite of all the vehement condemnation of his kindred, Amasa brought Elder Lyman E. Johnson and the other boy, Elder Orson Pratt, to the house, and when it was made very clear they could not preach their doctrine there, he went with them on the road and into the woods, drinking in their message as a thirsty man drinks water. It was the truth, and the words of the scripture came to

him, " And now, why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord. " (Acts 22:15).

He saw no reason for delay, not even in the threats and uproar of the family. Elder Johnson baptized him on the 27th of April, 1832, and the other Elder, Orson Pratt confirmed him a member of the Church. The righteous wrath which only a century before had rejoiced in ridding the world of people so wicked as to "cast spells" on their neighbors, condemned any one so stupid and rebellious as to accept the doctrine offered by these boy preachers. Uncle Parley felt that in the action of his nephew he had been outraged. This was a reproach upon him and his family---it embarrassed him to meet any of his co-religionists while Amasa was still in his home, and a breach widened quickly between them. Seeing at each meeting with his Uncle that the estrangement was becoming more pronounced every hour, Amasa visited his mother in Holland but no one in his mother's home had a favorable word or gesture for Mormonism. Mormonism! The very word was vile with unnamed evils. It was hissed in his ears with an aversion beyond words to express.

What was it to mean, this crisis coming like a storm upon him? In the past when he had been forced to part with one or more friends, he still had one or more remaining on whom to cling for comfort. It appeared now that he would be forsaken by the last one. Driven by dread and loneliness, he sought all the more for the company of his two boy teachers from the west, both of them still less than 21 years old, and listened eagerly to their account of the young prophet, Joseph Smith---the wonderful things that had been shown the prophet, the tremendous work he had begun for the building of modern Zion---the convincing power with which he spoke. The unmistakeable ring of love and truth in the words of the missionaries left Amasa no room to doubt, no reason to fear. He would hold to his course, let his people do what they would, though he felt sure that Uncle Parley, proud of his learning and of his place of honor and authority, would never be reconciled to him again. At their next meeting, Amasa was given plainly to understand how unbearably offensive his presence

had become.

Reclining on his sleepless pillow while the spring breeze whispered over the gable above him in the small hours of morning, he contemplated with apprehension this threatening tempest which had blown up like a whirlwind in little more than a week. He thought of the many loved scenes in New Hampshire, the wooded hills where he had hunted, the rippling streams where he had cast his line, the pleasant places he had known from his early recollections on Grandfather's farm.

Dear old Grandfather and Grandmother--if they had lived till now, they would have rejoiced in this "light breaking forth in the darkness". But they had gone---the loved ones who remained had turned against him. It occurred to him then that all his life he had been only a sojourner in New Hampshire, it had never given him a home of his own; he was a stranger in a land to which he did not belong. Contemplating it with a choking reality he had never felt before, something deep in his soul seemed to call as the voice of destiny, "Get thee out of this land of thy fathers to a land which I will show thee, and there I will make of thee a great nation." (Genesis 12:1-2)

Yet where would he go? Where could he go? He was not prepared for any journey; and if, because he was a Mormon he could not be tolerated under the roof of his own kindred, how could he expect strangers to receive him if he came to them penniless and in need? He couldn't think of a friend in all New England to whom he had heart to appeal. There was but one thing to do, and he made up his mind preforce to do that. "I made up my mind to go west," he writes.

It was but ten days since his baptism, days full of trying situations and such cutting words that never could be erased from memory. His regular place in the spring operations on the farm had somehow been assigned to others; no further need of him there, and no welcome as in the years when his strong willing hands had been counted on for their generous contribution.

In the morning he announced his decision to go away,

and no one offered a word to dissuade him. While he gathered his meager belongings he could feel the chill of their sentiments like a late autumn temperature, and no valise or other suitable receptacle being offered, he put his things, some half worn clothing, in a sack to carry under his arm or over his shoulder.

His parting had in it that poignant sting inevitable with the estrangement of life-long friends, and he swallowed a great lump in his throat as something from his word of farewell came back to him as a dove which could find no place to rest it's foot. He looked at them wonderingly, his immediate kindred, and he was leaving them, perhaps never to return.

He trudged away alone with his sack, having in his pocket just eleven dollars and thirteen cents. The old tree by the path, and the gate with it's creaking hinge were strangely dear as never in the past. In the winding lane where he crossed the hill he looked back at the house, the friendly orchard breaking into leaf, and at the beckoning acres where he had followed the plough.

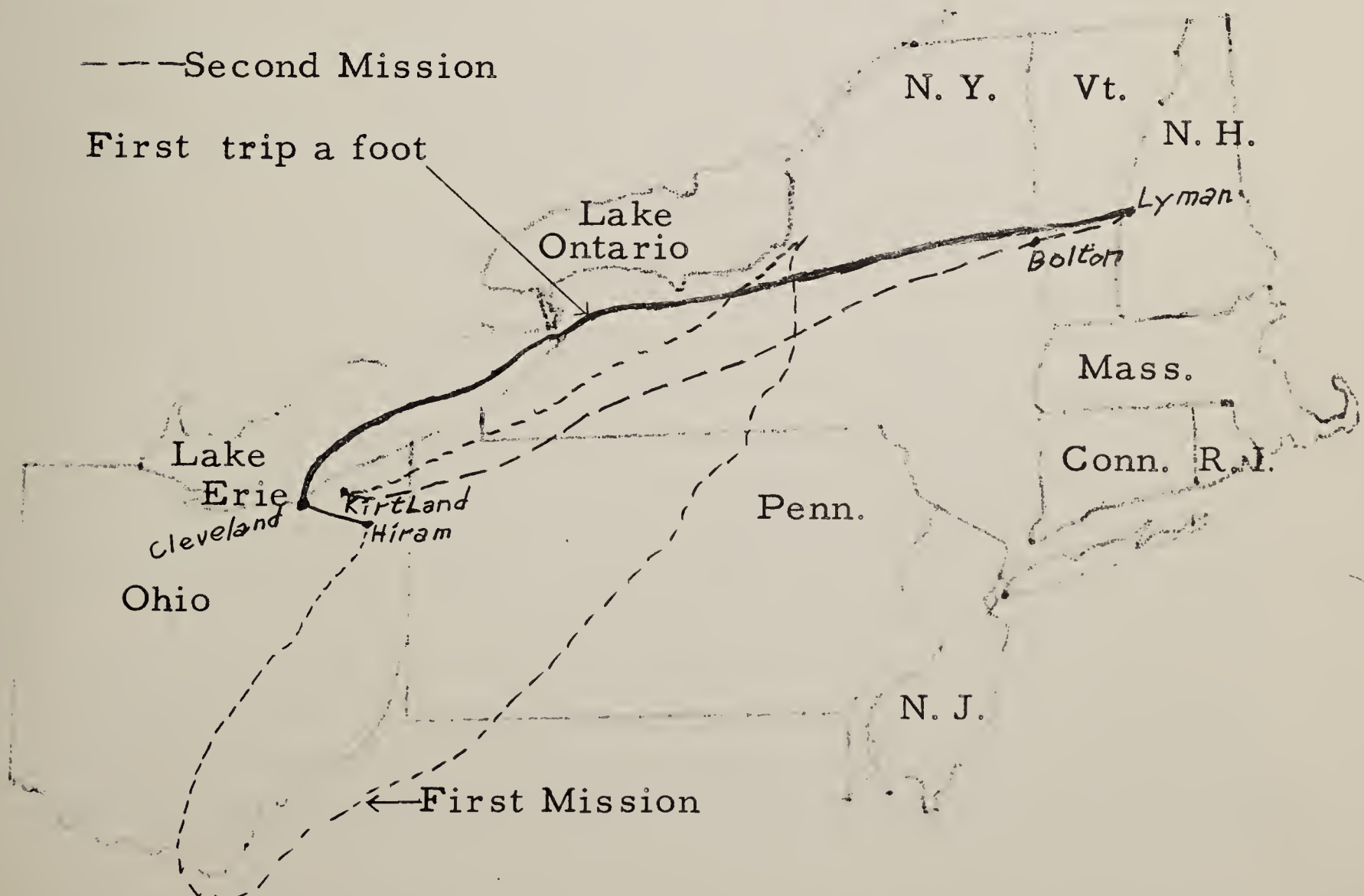
Twenty known generations of Lymans, with preachers, reformers, pilgrims and martyrs, had looked eagerly forward to "that generation when a light would break forth among them that sit in darkness", yet now, when the long-expected light had come, and thousands of the family had opportunity to receive it, there was but one homeless youth ready and courageous enough to accept it, and he was disfellowshipped and thrust out from among them. Yet this was in fulfillment of the rest of that same scripture which goes on to say, "But they receive it not, they perceive not the light, and they turn their hearts from Me because of the precepts of men." (D. & C. Sec. 45:29)

Afoot and alone with his sack under his arm, the solitary wanderer followed the road towards Ohio, seven hundred miles away. Although he was but nineteen years old, he was large in stature, heavy on his feet, and not being accustomed to so much walking, he found himself at the end of the first day quite unfit to go on. He therefore took passage on the horse-drawn stage only to discover that the fare was not consistent with his eleven dollars and thirteen cents, and he must ride

the slow-moving canal boat when he found it going his way, and walk when he didn't. He found seven hundred miles a tremendous distance for a boy without money or experience.

But springtime made the region of Lake Ontario a delightful country as he traveled along its southern shore, reflecting much on the withered friendships behind, and the promise of truer friends ahead. It seemed like a dream that in such a short space of time he was estranged from all his people, an outcast, wandering alone, the only one of his numerous family in New England to do what he had done, yet all this had intensified his longing for real friends. Surely the people who had accepted this revealed gospel and had felt the light and love of the Holy Spirit, as he had felt it, would receive him as fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters ---compensating in a way for those he had lost.

Elder Johnson's parents lived on a farm at Hiram, Ohio. He would try to reach them; somehow he knew they would reflect his love and soothe his loneliness. And he would meet the wonderful Prophet, Joseph Smith, who had conversed with Heavenly Beings and translated the sacred



records of ancient American peoples. All this was the bright lure of hope, and without it, the journey would have been most discouraging.

At Lyons, Wayne County, New York he parted with his last penny. It was still 150 miles or more to the western boundary of the state, and he still had to cross the panhandle of Pennsylvania and travel far into Ohio before reaching Hiram. With no money, no place to rest and nothing to eat, there remained but one alternative, to go on and he plodded westward. At the end of twenty miles he found it imperative that he look for work if only for his board---he could not beg.

The farmer to whom he happened to apply was Thomas Lackey, and the farm, strange coincident, was unique in that region for the important part it had served in the rise of the Mormon Church, it being the farm that had belonged to Martin Harris, the farm which he sold to raise means for printing the first edition of the Book of Mormon. Lackey assured Amasa that the Mormons were a hard lot and tried to dissuade him from going on after them, but the farmer gave Amasa work at thirty-five cents a day and his board, and in two weeks, having earned four dollars and fifty cents, Amasa took the road again with his bundle. He walked to Buffalo, took passage on the steamer, Henry Clay, rode through a tempest to Cleveland, Ohio and started on again without a penny.

It is forty-five miles from Cleveland to Hiram, and Amasa contrived to cover that distance on foot and to find enough nourishment to keep him from fainting by the roadside. On the fifth of June, 1832, he came dragging into the home of John Johnson, father of Elder Lyman E. Johnson. He was foot-sore, travel-strained and on the verge of exhaustion. He had taken thirty days to cover seven hundred miles, and with the last leg of the journey his strength had become about as scarce as his money.

Yet what was he to these Johnsons, and why should he imagine they would receive him with open arms, he, a penniless stranger? All the same he resolved to tell them who he was, hoping because of his connection with their son,

Lyman, to find something in the nature of kindred.

Kindred---somehow like an outcast he hungered more for what it had to give than for food to eat. Long, lonely weeks had passed since he gathered from a look or word that magic something on which the soul must feed or languish. True hearts may not know how essential it is till it is taken from them, but then they reflect with the Irish poet "O who would inhabit this bleak world alone?" (From "The Last Rose of Summer" by Thomas Moore.)

This was a critical moment---faith and hope hung on the threshold of expectancy; these Johnsons had it in their power to confirm or to dash the message their missionary son and brother had delivered in New Hampshire.

They received Amasa as if he had been their own son! The fact that they had never seen nor heard of him before, and that he had nothing to offer for a crust of bread, made no difference to them. That he was too nearly exhausted to offer anything in return, made them all the more eager to minister to his comfort. Like themselves he had been "born again" into a blessed world of love and brotherhood where they were "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints and of the household of God". (Ephesians 2:19) The Prophet had taught them to call each other "Brother" and "Sister".

The Johnsons insisted that "Brother Amasa" rest from his hard journey---the father, mother and all of them bade him rest and feel as welcome as if he had arrived at his real home. The residence of the Johnson's was very home-like, it was truly a house built on the rock of love.

They listened with interest to an account of his conversion and his struggle to gather with the Saints, and they told him about the Prophet---his love for them now and in the worlds to come. And yet strange to relate the Prophet was hated and persecuted by those who rejected his message.

The Johnsons related that in the previous September Joseph had come with his little family all the way from Kirtland, which was the main gathering place of the saints, he had come there to Hiram that he might enjoy the peace and quiet of its seclusion and be away from the troublesome

mobs who hindered him from going on with his work. He was a very busy man, and when he was not tied with other duties, he was studying and retranscribing the scriptures.

Soon after his coming to Hiram, the people had held a most wonderful conference right there in the Johnson home, and the next month he had received a revelation from the Lord, telling what their son and brother, Lyman E. and other Elders should do in their work of preaching the Gospel. (D. & C. Section 68)

In the peace and seclusion of Hiram the Prophet had also received a very important revelation in January, another in February, and another in March. One of these revelations, known among the Saints as "The Vision", was the most glorious thing of its kind ever shown to men on earth, and the Johnsons had a treasured copy of it there in their House. (D. & C. Sections 74, 76, 77)

But before the end of March, Joseph's vindictive enemies had traced him to this peaceful place, and gathering around his home in the night time they had dragged him out in the darkness, stripped him of his clothing and covered him with tar and feathers. They had heaped insult and abuse upon him as they howled in fiendish exultation.

The Johnsons shed tears as they told it, and Amasa listened with astonishment and indignation. A hot impulse gripped him to stand firmly by and protect the Lord's anointed, if ever it should be his privilege to do so. Little did he guess that with this chosen Prophet of latter days he would be made to feel the fury of redhanded ruffians, and would see the Lord's people subjected to such indignity and massacre as had never before been perpetrated on any people under this free American government.

The Johnsons said Joseph would never be safe there again as at first, but they expected him to visit them, and stay with them at least for a while after his return from Missouri where he had gone in the interest of the members of the Church who were gathering there.

What they told Amasa was so wonderful, so full of meaning, and one matter always led to another. Their mention of Missouri brought out an account of the Prophet's

first visit there a year before when he was shown the place on that distant frontier where the city of Zion is to be built, and near which, Joseph had told his people to purchase the land. More than a thousand of them had already gone there to begin the city.

Missouri--Zion---the name and the thought of it rang through Amasa's mind with peculiar impressions. Possibly the sombre shadow of things to happen in Missouri a few short years hence, was falling on the susceptible retina of his subconsciousness---a shadow of days in Missouri when he would see violence, destruction, blood, and with his beloved Prophet and his fellow workers would hear a tyrant pass the sentence of death upon them.

After a week of rest and care Amasa began working for the Johnsons for ten dollars a month. If he had been receiving nothing but their friendship and instruction that would still have been more than wages, for he had found on this farm the something which had beckoned him on, over those seven hundred miles from New Hampshire. These Johnsons loved him---they insisted he must not pay for their care while he was recuperating from his journey, but they would pay him for his work all their limited resources would permit. It captivated him---this friendship ready, and waiting with open arms, this brotherhood, more constant than the ties of his own home which had failed after being cultivated and cherished nineteen years.

In latter June Mother Johnson announced that Brother Joseph had returned to Kirtland and intended to come soon to Hiram. The Prophet would speak to them again in a meeting. Possibly it would be held again right there in their home, and again he would have new and wonderful things to tell them.

Amasa waited eagerly for the visit from Kirtland and when, early in July, a buggy drove into the Johnson homestead, he felt a strange unfitness or unworthiness to enter the presence of this holy man whose dignity had extended in preparation before him as the light of a torch in his hand. The Johnsons rushed to grasp the hand of their beloved leader, and they carried Amasa along in the swirl of their enthu-

síasm.

Joseph was a tall and well-formed, lovable and pleasing in appearance, but aside from that "there was nothing strange or different from other men;" yet, writes the young New Englander, "when he grasped my hand in that cordial way known to those who have known him in the simplicity of truth, I felt as one of old, 'in the presence of the Lord'." (Recorded in History of Church Vol. I, page 332 also Millennial Star Vol. 27, page 473.)

This meeting with the prophet of latter days stirred some hitherto undiscovered responses deep in the heart of Amasa Lyman, intuitions inherited from toiling generations whose cherished hopes had been long deferred. It was not just himself concerned with this meeting---he had been chosen in the wondrous long-ago to represent the fathers who for their part contributed liberally of time and toil to prepare for this wonderful day. Through ages of darkness and oppression "they had sought for a city whose builder and maker is God, but found it not and confessed they were strangers and wanderers in the earth." (Heb. 11:10-13). After ages of waiting the light had broken forth and their appointed seed, a pilgrim of tribulation, had met the Lord's servant.

The Lymans from some remote generation had carried on their coat of arms a symbol of some divine priesthood which had been lost for centuries. Now their seed had met with that priesthood again, and the unfailing bond of living purpose which unites and preserves the endeavor of succeeding generations, animated the spiritual awareness of an appointed representative at this vital contact.

"My strength seemed to be gone," Amasa declares, "so that it required an effort on my part to stand on my feet. But in all this there was no fear---the serenity and peace of heaven pervaded my soul, and the still small voice of the Spirit whispered its living testimony in the depths of my heart where it has ever remained that he (Joseph Smith) was a man of God." (Recorded in a short autobiography in the Millennial Star Vol. 27 page 473. Also in History of the Church Vol. I, page 332.)

Chapter III

"Follow Thou Me"

That Johnson home in the remote Ohio village was a new and novel world to Amasa Lyman; its people lived more in their religious urges than in their temporal activities, yet it had little in common with the bigoted town of Lyman, New Hampshire, where he had spent his nineteen years, and although none of these people had ever come before into the realm of his acquaintance, he felt that he had known them always.

The few church-members in Hiram observed the Sabbath with special diligence, and after the days worship, especially if the Prophet were with them, they held a prayer meeting. These meetings were joyful occasions, building the blessed element of courage and faith to meet whatever trials the future might bring.

"After one of these prayer meetings, the Prophet in his familiar way said to me, 'Brother Amasa, the Lord requires your labors in the vineyard'." (Personal writings of Amasa Mason Lyman.)

What Amasa had seen and heard and accepted as the truth, left him in a frame of mind to make but one kind of answer. With fullhearted response and without waiting a second to weigh the matter, he answered, "I will go."

When the Saviour called to the fishermen in Gallilee saying, "Follow thou Me, straight way they left their boats and their nets and followed Him." (Matthew 4:20) It is to be supposed, however, that they took time to change their fishermen's garb for apparel in keeping with the dignity of the Master whom they were to follow, and they no doubt took time to make some disposition of their business and at least to let their families know where they were going. These preliminaries may have occupied a number of days.

Amasa's affairs, few and simple, however, could have been disposed of by morning, and his adieus could have been said before breakfast, but the Church had set inspired standards for its missionaries to follow and Amasa

must uphold the honor of the cause he represented, even in matters of personal appearance, including dress. He might be poor, and he had to be humble, but as a messenger of salvation, his clothing had to comport with the sacredness of his calling.

That sack of old duds from New Hampshire availed little for this emergency. He had spent his last dime and gone hungry to reach Hiram, and had been working since the middle of June for ten dollars a month; figuring he had laid by every cent of his earnings, he now had about twenty-two dollars and fifty cents to equip for a mission.

Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, if really he had a cent of it left, then where the consistency in promising so freely to go? He knew the Church would not be able to pay him so much as a dollar a month for his services, and he would be under continuous expense. Already since his coming to Hiram he had been humiliated for his appearance, and now the problem of dress became acute.

But he believed with all his heart this was the same work the great Master began in Gallilee when he called humble fishermen from their boats and sent them out saying, "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat and wherewithal ye shall be clothed, for the Father knoweth ye have need of all these things." (Matt. 6).

The unique precedent had already been set for the Mormon missionary to answer the call, make the start and trust in the Lord. The Lord had never been known to fail of His promise; Amasa had seen how He provided for Elder Johnson and Elder Pratt, and he had no doubt the same Lord would do as well for him if he filled his part of the contract.

Taking his account for it, "Myself and Brother Zurubabel Snow were ordained to the office of elders in the Church under hands of Joseph Smith and Frederic C. Williams, and on the following day, (August 25, 1832) we started on our first mission to preach the gospel of salvation." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman)

Few and brief were the preliminaries for that starting; he simply took his immediate necessities in his hand and set his face towards his new destination as he had done

on equally short notice in New Hampshire less than four months before. He sensed his woeful lack of education, he knew he was destitute of almost every qualification necessary for the work before him. "But", he writes, "we felt strong in the Lord and in the conviction of our own honesty, and we started." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

A nineteen-year-old boy without education, without experience, without money and having but a few days of training, starting away with another youth, equally unprepared, to offer a strange and despised doctrine to an unfriendly world. This was at least proof of their superior stamina, promising something unusual. Those solid "convictions of his own honesty", were as solid rock under his feet, and he might have said with Sir Galahad, "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

Up to that time he had heard but five sermons; his ambitions in that line had attracted him to listen to but one before he heard the Mormon missionaries and Joseph Smith. He knew none of the accepted ethics of public address, nothing of popular logic and philosophy. Yet his seeming unfitness made him a receptive vessel from which the empty precepts of men did not have to be first removed. He was not sent to preach the precepts of men, but to bear testimony of the truth as the Spirit gave him utterance and whenever human hearts were ready to receive it.

"About the time of our starting," says his autobiography, "there came an application to President Smith to visit an old gentleman who was afflicted with a severe pain in his head. From press of business Brother Smith could not go, but he entrusted Brother Snow and myself to call on the old man, which we did. As we came near to his house, before we entered, we heard his groans, extorted from him by pain which seemed intolerable. We entered and introduced ourselves, being strangers. We prayed for him and laid hands on him in the name of Jesus, and rebuked the pain which was immediately removed, and the sufferer rejoiced and praised God who had so signally blessed him and honored us as His ministers."

These boy missionaries had been directed to the south-

ern part of the state of Ohio, and it was perhaps quite unnecessary to emphasize the scriptural requirement that they "provide neither silver nor gold in their purses, nor two coats," (Matt. 10:9-10) since they were already flat broke and found it difficult enough to get one suit of clothes and a small satchel.

Nothing rushed them, they took plenty of time to offer their message wherever they found opportunity, and from each stopping place they trudged on without preliminaries, toward the south. No appointments were made ahead of them, no place reserved for them to lodge; where their next meal and their next bed was to come from they seldom knew till it was time to eat or to sleep. Their next audience of one, two or more persons, was where they found them or where they could attract them. They had to live by faith and to pray with real intent: "Give us this day our daily bread."

At Kirtland, in northeastern Ohio behind them, and at Independence in distant Missouri, the Mormons were meeting hatred and persecution, yet these guileless boys found friends to feed and care for them as they traveled "without purse or script". It was a matter of wonder to them and a cause for gratitude. Amasa writes of it, "The Lord in the days of our weakness strengthened and comforted us with assurance that His power would sustain us while we trusted in Him."

They were grateful not to the Lord only, but to the friends whom He raised up to minister to their needs, and after writing about one of the places where they had been entertained, Elder Lyman writes, "We blessed our friends and proceeded on our way."

Viewing Amasa from the little unpretentious diary which he carried with him, and in which he scribbled in school-boy scrawl the chief event of each day, he was just a big, frank boy with very little school training and much unsuspecting straight forwardness of thought. He knew for sure that the priesthood of an elder, to which the Prophet and Frederic G. Williams had ordained him, gave him a power which was magnificent when used for righteousness'

sake; he could feel the force of it in his being, the force which would eventually prevail and make earth into heaven. It compensated him richly for his homeless wanderings.

Neither Maria Tanner, whom he had not yet seen, nor any girl whom he had seen, detracted now from his singleness of purpose, and he traveled in contentment many hundreds of miles before she appeared as an object of anxious hope on his distant horizon. For the present he was entranced with the world of new light to which his calling as a missionary had opened the door, the magnificent transformation it had brought into his world of thought. In just a few short months some loving and far-seeing destiny had picked him up from his Uncle's plough, vested him with authority to preach the gospel, to heal the sick, to speak with a power surprising especially to himself. People were moved by his speaking either to repent and be baptized or to rail against him with no answer to what he had said.

To understand the exceptional career of Amasa Lyman, and to appreciate the crises and achievements of his unusual life, it is necessary to comprehend, at least in part, the peculiar power which has made Mormonism different from anything else in all the world. That is the power with which these youthful missionaries became at once acquainted as bearers of the priesthood. This authority, the most potent factor in the restored gospel, is the great rejuvenating force in the lives of men, the thing at which unbelievers mock and hiss because they have no other answer. It is the chief factor of interest and charm in the thrilling pilgrimage of Amasa Lyman from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to the countries beyond the sea.

After preaching in barns, in private homes, on street-corners or wherever they could get anyone to listen, the two missionaries succeeded "in making our first appointment for a meeting on the Sabbath. The day came and the hour, but the people did not come---a poor prospect for converting the world!" (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

It is hardly thinkable how they, or even Joseph Smith

in weakness and poverty and fewness of numbers, could ever entertain hope of presenting this unpopular message to the millions of humanity. But faith is the most potent of all things, "it even formed the world from things which do not appear". (Heb. 11:13)

Faith in the hearts of these boys, after the failure of their Sunday appointment impelled them to arrange for a cottage meeting in the home of a member who agreed to invite some of his friends. "The hour came," according to the Lyman diary, "and some of Brother Bolton's family and some of Brother Bissinger's family, who did not belong to the Church came in, and with them a Miss Smith, the latter reclining on a bed in the corner of the room."

"We sang and prayed and Brother Snow proceeded to make some remarks. In an instant a chilling sensation pervaded my entire body, and a cry of alarm from the bed attracted the attention of all. On stepping to the bedside we discovered that Miss Smith's face and her entire form were distorted in a most shocking manner. Her eyes were glaring wildly, but were apparently sightless. Her respiration was very difficult, and her limbs rigid as iron."

"The common restoratives were used without effect. We laid hands on her and rebuked the devil, and she was instantly delivered, but in another moment she was bound as before. We knelt down by her bed and prayed, and she was again released. She asked for baptism, stating that she had been acting against her conscience of right in some conversations she had had with us during the day."

"We repaired to the water and there, under the mantle of night, introduced the first soul into the Church as the fruit of our labors." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman)

With soul-stirring experiences like this, Amasa M. Lyman had no inclination for frivolous things which sometimes occupy the attention of nineteen-year-old youths. He was mounting to heights of independent certainty; his faith was not dependent on Joseph Smith nor any other man. Like the servants of the Master in old Palestine, he had been "given power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and

to heal all manner of sickness." (Matt. 10:1) He was prepared to testify as they testified without compromise or fear. "Even the devils were subject unto us." (Luke 10:17)

With one entry of his diary he writes, "The word of the Lord was verified to us even as to the prophets of old."

After relating another experience he adds, "The Lord blessed us in declaring His word in plainness and would not suffer us to be confounded." (Diary of Amasa M. Lyman.)

Of their labors in Ohio and in Kentucky he says, "Each day we held a meeting and the Lord blessed us with His Spirit that we spoke in tongues and prophesied." As the manifestations of the Spirit became more common, they gave shorter accounts, and of some important things they made no record at that time. Of one remarkable occasion Elder Lyman says simply, "We preached the gospel and they went forward into the waters of baptism to the number of fifteen. When they were confirmed they spoke in tongues and prophesied." (Diary of Amasa M. Lyman.)

They traveled in West Virginia, in Pennsylvania and into New York where they baptized in Lake Erie.

In New York, when he crossed the road he had followed westward a year before, a long procession of thoughts ran through his mind taking him to the dear scenes of childhood and the kindred from whom he had been so long away. The distance to them was not great now, with his experience and ability to cover it, and he longed to see them, but he had not yet been called there nor given permission to go there. He had found that his safety lay in going where he was sent and in staying till he was duly released. *

*As Amasa traveled through those states, an unaspiring youth more than a hundred years ago little did he dream that he was blazing missionary paths to be followed by seven of his own sons, by many times that number of grandsons and by an army of the fourth and fifth generation. It was in the program of things that in a hundred years from the time of his travels in Southern Ohio, another Mormon youth nineteen years old, (Footnote continued on next page)

With his release, after eleven months, he journeyed to Kirtland where a big conference was appointed to be held. He hadn't so much as one blood-relative among the Mormons, yet they were his people in the most endearing sense of the term. Their rallying points as exiles and outcasts were henceforth to be his centers of attraction, even though he might not yet for a long time have a home of his own among them but must be a sojourner in the houses of friends.

He met the Johnsons again; he had discovered they were not unique as a family for the generous reception they had given him, but men and women from all ranks in life and from all parts of the country were remolded to that type by the influence of the Spirit conferred after baptism. Again "as one in the presence of the Lord", he listened to the Prophet, though he knew now that Joseph was not essentially the unique individual he had seemed to be, but he was magnified and glorified by the priesthood which will do much the same thing for any man who receives it as the power of God.

With rapt interest Amasa heard reports of what the Church was doing and what its enemies were doing against it. Word arrived that the brethren in Missouri had been assailed by a furious gang of ruffians who destroyed the Church printing press, tarred and feathered Bishop Edward Partridge, and robbed and abused the Saints generally. (For more complete account see: History of the Church Vol. I page 390.)

Missouri--the Land of Zion---the words and the suggestion intrigued him, and also, as from the first, they inspired a nameless dread.

In spite of all the opposers, the progress of the Church was miraculous; an ever-increasing stream of new members was arriving from the states and from Canada, and many of these new members had been transformed, or "born

(Footnote continued)--bearing the name of Lyman, a great-grandson of Amasa Lyman, was to travel those same roads with the same message, the same testimony, the same priesthood. (Authors son, Karl K. Lyman)

again" to be like the Johnsons in love and good fellowship. The Church was to have a temple, whatever that might mean, but it was to be a very sacred place, to be built right there in Kirtland, and the corner stone had been laid a week before his arrival. It was to cost sixty-five or seventy thousand dollars, a tremendous amount for impoverished pilgrims to raise, yet Joseph had assured them they could do it, had insisted that they must do it because only in a temple would it be possible to receive the necessary keys for completing the Church organization. *

Amasa's stay in Kirtland was short. He hung eagerly upon every word the Prophet had time to give him, and although he wanted to linger within the sound of Joseph's inspiring voice, when that voice assured him "The harvest is indeed great but the laborers are few", and when it admonished him that the greatest obligation on those who receive the gospel is to preach it to others, and when the Prophet called him to go at once again, he went promptly as before.

"I was appointed to go on a mission to the east," he relates, "and had for my companion, William F. Cahoon." They went out "preaching by the way", and exercising the same convincing power as before. "During that time the power of God was displayed in healing the sick through our ministry. I held a hundred and fifty meetings and saw a hundred souls added to the membership of the Church". (Personal writings of Amasa Mason Lyman.)

After filling that mission Amasa wrote, "I made arrangement to return to Kirtland, and on my way I met Brothers Lyman E. Johnson, Orson Pratt and John Murdock." These first two, it will be remembered, had brought the gospel to Amasa more than a year and a half before in New Hampshire and ever since their baptism they had, like himself, been giving their time, without promise of earthly reward to the work of preaching the gospel. With such a background this meeting was an occasion of great joy and

* See History of the Church, Volume I, Page 349; also Doctrine and Covenants Sec. 95.

of expressions of holy love; no more splendid love ever springs up between men than that which welds the hearts of messengers of salvation when they are companions in toil and hardship.

When a missionary starts home he is likely to be irked at unexpected delay, especially if it requires him to discard his eager anticipations and return to his travels, but Amasa was perfectly agreeable to turn back to the east with these outcoming missionaries. He loved the work immensely, and he loved these men as real brothers. They told him that the great adversary of righteousness was arrayed against the Church, that the Saints in Missouri were being robbed and driven as never before, even to the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson County.

Reacting in sympathy and prayer for their suffering brethern in that distant border state, the Saints held a conference, and the Spirit came to them in rich abundance. At this time, in recognition of Amasa's faithful labors, Elders Johnson and Pratt ordained him a High Priest. "I occupied a portion of the winter very pleasantly with them," he said, and they parted towards spring. (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman)

He was now farther east in New York than he had been on his previous mission, and he had permission to answer the desire to visit his kindred in New Hampshire. He would go to the old home, he hoped they would be glad to see him after this long separation--it was a delightful matter to contemplate.

Chapter IV

Maria Tanner

Something beckoned Amasa with increasing insistence to the east; was it just the dear childhood home and the kindred? He had thought so, but these had never beckoned him in quite this way before; his kinsmen had rejected him with all his earnest pleadings, and they might still be more distressed than pleased at his presence. All the same there was to Amasa a pleasant incentive to the east as he and his companion trudged on from village to village in that direction.

And when he came in sight of Bolton on the shore of Lake George, that wondrous light of hope seemed to hover over the place while a strange sweet voice echoed through his eager listening being. Following this, Maria Tanner came into his visible world, starting a new tide in his thoughts, a tide against which he struggled but he had to yield to its current.

During the five before mentioned days that he stayed in Bolton, the Tanners proved to be more wonderful people with each new stride in acquaintance; the boys were stalwart, manly fellows, the mother a superior woman in many ways, and John Tanner was outstanding in ability and capacity. Men as successful in business as he, seldom had the spirituality, or would take the time to consider and obey the gospel. Yet this head of the large Tanner family, in spite of his wide farms, his houses, barns, and livestock, bore a burning testimony of the truth as revealed anew through Joseph Smith.

He related that three years before that time, the Carter brothers, had come there as missionaries, and they found him helpless with a painful malady in one leg, a disorder which baffled the doctors and made it impossible for him to put his foot to the floor. He had been instantly healed by the power of the Priesthood when these Elders administered to him---of that he was as certain as Amasa and his companions were certain of the authority by which they

healed the sick and cast out devils. (See John Tanner Family, by Maurice Tanner.)

And with these Tanners, it was not just "one of a family," the whole household loved and obeyed the gospel. Such people---well balanced, able, clean, what valuable help they would be to the Church! And yet, fine as they were, Maria was "the flower of the flock"; she had, it seemed to Amasa, inherited the best attributes from both father and mother.

Amasa was sure he had never seen any such girl before, and it was disquieting to recall that he had no claim upon her, no right to make any claim. The wondrous dream she had aroused, if ever it was to come true, must be in the distant, uncertain future. What was to prevent some other man from loving and claiming her? But no, if his dreams were right, she would be preserved for him. He hoped they were right---somehow they had to be right. When he started on across Lake George, he knew that the lure ahead was not so impelling as the lure behind.

In New Hampshire again; as a fellow missionary with Lyman E. Johnson and Orson Pratt, Amasa was now taking the same part and in the same little country place where he met them first. To the great love that had grown up between them since that time was added their tender sympathy for him when he was refused by his own people.

He visited his mother---he believed she could not resist this message from her own son who, "relying on the solid convictions of his own honesty," had dared the most difficult course because it seemed most nearly right. Surely she would give favorable consideration to the message. But no, she could not consider it, even from him. Amasa felt sure that if once she would weigh it on its merits, it would become clear, and she would accept it at all costs, even as he had done---she must accept it, she, his mother, with her love for all that is pure and true.

With this thought he visited her again, and again---it was incomprehensible that she should refuse. He offered the message to the children of his father and to the Emerson children, "but they received it not because of the pre-

cepts of men." It was quite beyond understanding that every one of his own kindred should refuse it, even when it was he of their own flesh and blood offering it to them with all the love and solicitude of a son and brother. And yet it is written, even of the Christ, "neither did his own brethren believe in Him."

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For a full month Amasa "visited among them", a detested fly in their social ointment. They preferred to talk of anything other than what he had to tell them, and the precious moments which he wanted to devote to the most worth-while purpose, were given to inconsequential trivialities. He had come all this distance to see them and might never see them again, but he was frustrated at every turn. It was a stinging disappointment.

All the same, with their united front against him, he was not so friendless now as when he left them to wend his toilsome way through seven hundred miles of strange country. Then, the only sympathizing friends he knew were the two missionaries, but now he had a host of friends like the Johnsons, the Missionaries with whom he had traveled, the Prophet Joseph; he had met the Tanners---and Maria.

As the time approached for him to leave New England, he resolved to write his whole heart to his mother. No one could interrupt the course of his thought as he put it on paper, and his written word could wait there for her to consider when no one distracted her attention. He made that letter an important appeal to his own who had become estranged from him. His mother lived forty years after that time, and no one knows whether or not she cherished and reread the letter, but she never accepted what it offered.

In early April he worked his way westward through Vermont, and crossing Lake George he "tarried at Bolton at the home of the Tanners instructing the Saints". (Diary of Amasa M. Lyman) And still, Puritans that they were by inheritance and by conviction, Amasa ventured no soliciting word nor any suggestion by look, tone or gesture, and Maria was as discreet as an angel. Her thoughts and feelings were a sealed chamber, so far as they related to Amasa Lyman, and possibly they did not relate to him at all,

possibly what he had seemed to see in her eyes was but the caprice of his imagination.

The peace and quiet of the Saints in Bolton was upset on the seventh of the month by the arrival of a messenger from Kirtland with disturbing news: the ruffians of Missouri had carried their savagery against the Saints to a new degree of cruelty, and the Saints, destitute and suffering, were waiting in Clay County, north of Independence, to be restored to their homes from which they had been driven away. Reports of this Missouri trouble had always been a cause of alarm, but with it this time came a cause for surprise: The prophet Joseph had been called of the Lord to raise an army for "the redemption of Zion." (See Vol. I Page 426, History of the Church.)

Missouri---Zion---strange mingling of dread and anticipation still hung on the words, veiling strange things in the future.

The Prophet wanted the missionaries to come at once to Kirtland and bring with them all the faithful men they could find, and everything they could get in the way of provisions and supplies to relieve their brethren in exile. Just what hardships and dangers this expedition would involve could only be guessed; no one would expect it to be an easy and safe undertaking, but, whatever it might be, the Prophet wished them to go, and Amasa was therefore eager to be off. "I changed my plans of operation," he writes, "and after filling my engagements, began preparation for my journey of six hundred or more miles to Kirtland." (Diary of Amasa M. Lyman.)

He was to "take in charge, as a contribution to the Church, some money and teams, and two of the sons of John Tanner, John Jr., and Nathan." These teams, conveyances and supplies came in the main from big hearted John Tanner, Sr., who had also inspired others to give for the relief of the afflicted Saints.

When men are driven to unite against a deadly enemy, they become one in hope, one in purpose. That enemy was the enemy of all righteousness, and his pressure from without cemented the hearts of the Saints within the Church. As

a result, the Saints sought humbly for and obtained the uniting influence of the Holy Spirit, and they became very near and dear one to another. When the Mormons were being "everywhere evil spoken of", and subjected as a people to many indignities, they met one another with tender greetings, blessed and comforted one another while they were together, and enriched their farewells with soulful adieus of friendship.

During the seven days while he waited in Bolton, more than in the months indefinitely past, the sufferings and sorrows of the exiles in Missouri hung uppermost in the minds of the Bolton Saints. With feelings greatly intensified by the order from Kirtland, they toiled side by side getting their contribution ready, and the farewell was a perfect manifestation of love, blessings and tears, for some of them might not return.

Maria's father would no doubt continue to live right there on his splendid farms, and when Amasa came again, if ever, it would be again as a missionary, and under the same restraints as at present. Amasa's firm resolve to give his life to preaching the gospel was not to be upset by this meeting with Maria Tanner.

Averaging about thirty miles a day with their teams and wagons, it was the first week in May when they reached the vicinity of Kirtland, Ohio, where reports more alarming still had just arrived from Missouri. The half-savage settlers on the frontier, to make sure the Mormons would not return from their waiting in exile, had burned more than a hundred and fifty of the homes from which the Mormons had been driven.

It was a terrifying situation, this to which the "army of the Lord had been called to go and redeem Zion". Yet the prosperous condition of the Church in Kirtland was a great inspiration; the Temple, "The House of the Lord", which they had been commanded to build for the reception of heavenly messengers yet to come, had made a promising start.

Another most interesting matter: Joseph had just been told by revelation what the Church was to be called.

Heretofore its people had everywhere been known only as Mormons, and yielding perforce to many things not of their choosing, they had accepted this name with all the evil their enemies meant it to imply. Now the Prophet was told that the Church was of course to bear the name of it's Founder; "How can it be called My Church", said the Lord, "except it be called in My Name; if it be called in the name of a man, then it is a man's Church, but if it be called in My name, then it is My Church if it is built upon My gospel. ***** Thus it shall be called, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." (D. & C. Section 115:4)

The dignity and fitness of this revealed name appealed at once to Amasa's sense of propriety. He saw how much more in keeping with the message of the gospel it would be to announce himself as an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, than simply as a Mormon Missionary, using the word that the enemies of the Church had loaded with evil suggestion.

The gathering place for "The Lord's army", was New Portage, near to Kirtland. That was six hundred miles from Bolton, but it was still nine hundred miles farther to the exiled Saints in Missouri, and as the day approached for starting from New Portage, Amasa and the Tanner brothers joined the camp by entering their names on the roll and paying their money to the officer in charge. (For more about Zions Camp see History of the Church Vol. II Chapt. 5)

The camp presented a unique appearance, somewhat like a military gathering, and yet very different. The members wore no uniforms; they had none to wear, and their nondescript equipment was such as might be expected from an impoverished gathering of pilgrims recently arrived from many distant places, and already taxing themselves heavily with a sixty-five-thousand-dollar temple. Some of the recruits had muskets, swords or knives, but there was no appearance of any hostile intention --- if these weapons came into use it would be in self-defense.

Twenty men and four baggage wagons arrived at one time from Kirtland, and other companies added to the number and to the confusion till the army numbered a hundred and thirty. When the Prophet and other leading brethren

arrived, his presence radiated calmness and assurance through the camp. Men looked to him to solve their problems of procedure, and to make clear certain important phases of their unusual undertaking. Joseph accomplished more by the charm of his influence than by the sound of his words. What he had been commanded of the Lord to do was very clear to him, and in many cases it was more because of their faith in him than because they understood the real nature of their objective, that the soldiers of this army enlisted for their difficult undertaking. Most of them did know, beyond all question, that in the Priesthood by which Joseph spoke and acted, there was a potency superior to anything of the kind which mortal man can muster, and they followed willingly and obeyed, feeling sure that everything would be made clear in due time.

The success of this unusual legion from day to day and from hour to hour seemed in some strange way to hinge on the mental attitude of its members towards its principle purpose. Did they expect to fight? They numbered but a hundred and thirty men, and although they expected to be joined by another hundred, they would still be a dainty morsel for the ravenous mobs of Missouri. These mobs, besides their superior numbers, had the state itself behind them. How could this little army restore the exiles to their homes in the face of such powerful opposition?

Joseph had been told to "gather the strength of the Lord's house", the young and middle aged, and if possible to raise an army of five hundred men. Yet he had been warned. "You shall not go up to the Land of Zion until you have obtained a hundred of the strength of my house to go up with you." (D. & C. Section 103)

"Remember, Brethren", said the Prophet, speaking with that convincing power which had brought him these followers from all walks of life, "you are not going up in your own strength; all victory and glory is brought to pass through your diligence and the faithfulness and prayers of the Saints." (D. & C. Section 103)

Of Amasa's first meeting with the Prophet he had declared that he "felt as one of old, in the presence of the Lord," and the majesty of something, not the man, but the

Priesthood he held, had rendered Amasa weak and trembling so that he had difficulty in standing, but as he listened to Joseph's penetrating words of commandment to the camp of modern Israel, he thought of nothing with which to compare it. This command was without precedent in all his experience. It had been his blessed privilege, as a messenger of the gospel, to exercise this authority in a limited degree. Of its positive existence he was left without any doubt, and he knew that in its fullness it held supreme dominion over all things.

"The redemption of Zion must needs come by power," Joseph continued, quoting the words of the Lord to him, "they must be led out of bondage with power and with outstretched arm, as our fathers were led out at the first, even so shall the redemption of Zion be. Therefore let not your hearts faint for I say unto you as I said to your fathers, My angel shall go up before you but not my presence, but I say unto you, My angel shall go up before you and also my presence, and in time ye shall possess the goodly land which ye had bought with money. Let no man be afraid to lay down his life for my sake, for whosoever layeth down his life for my sake, shall find it again." (D. & C. Sec. 103.)

It was a glorious prospect to contemplate---a wonderful privilege to be one of his band of noble men. Amasa and the other laborers in the ministry who had been chosen for this important task, considered what they had already seen manifested in the Lord's Latter-day work, and contemplated how His power anciently had brought Israel out of Egypt with high hand, and how it had caused the walls of the wicked city to fall at the rhythm of their disciplined tread. With this in mind they looked with a thrill of anticipation to what the Lord was about to do for his people in modern times.

The Lord had parted the waters of the Red Sea before his army of Israel anciently that they might escape their enemies. He had fed them with manna in the wilderness, taken them over Jordan dry-shod and made them terrible to their enemies. This latter deliverance was to be more glorious than the former; the Lord himself was to go this

time with his people instead of sending his angel, and none of the unjust and unholy aftermath of that ancient event should stain the splendor of this modern release from bondage. This modern deliverance should be with full justice to all concerned, and if men had to be destroyed or punished, the Lord himself would do it by the supreme agencies at his command. Under the righteous sway of the Priesthood, as exercised by the Prophet and his associates, "Zion's Camp," as it was to be known in history, resolved to place their trust in the promises of the Lord even unto death, and see the salvation which had been promised.

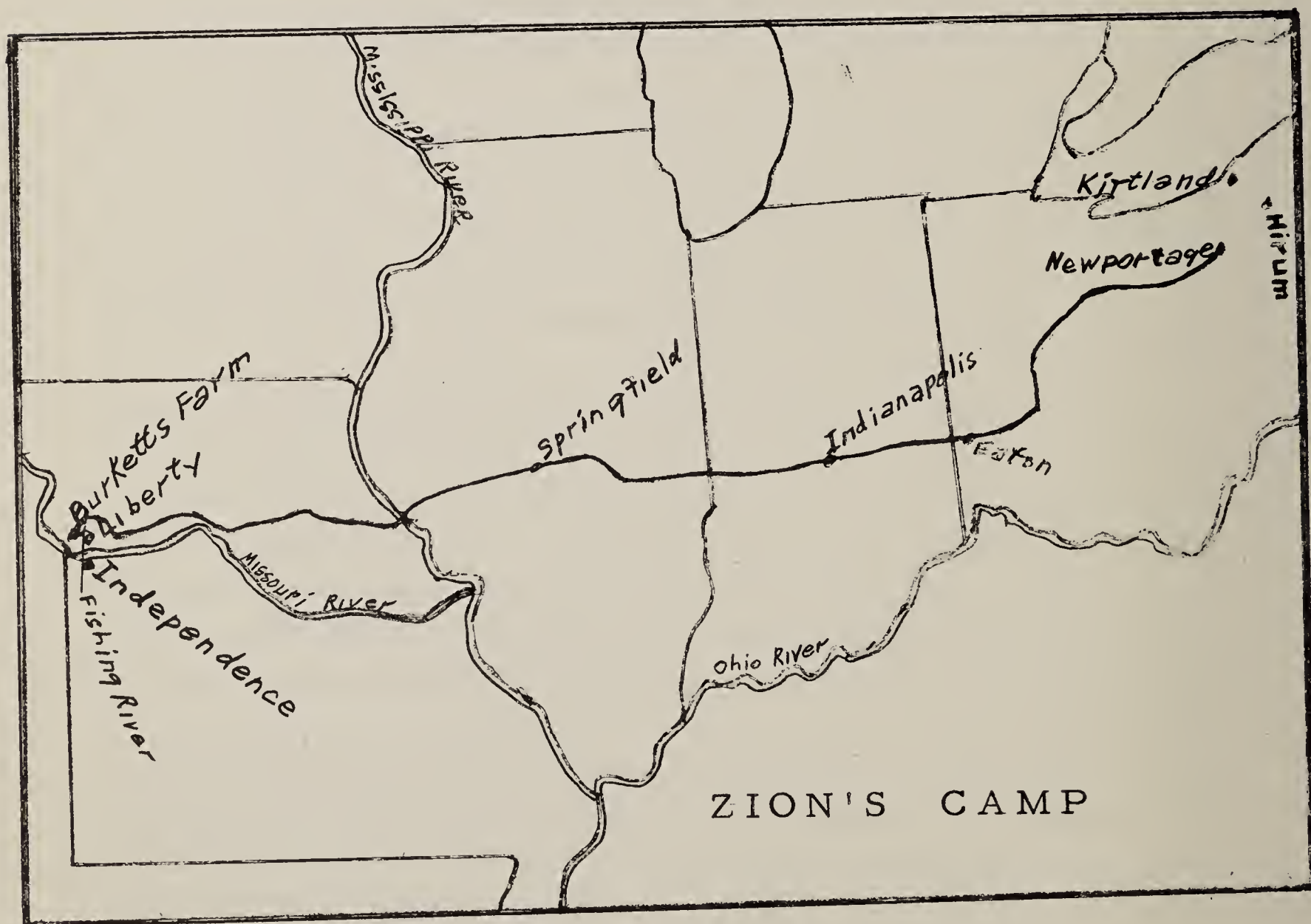
The people of the unbelieving world, preoccupied with their problems of temporal gain, would view this unusual phenomena of faith and hope with utter contempt. And it would not only be contempt, but experience had proved that the world would be angered if they knew about it, and would plot by unfair means to make it a failure. For this reason the objective of the little army was kept a secret within their own camp.

The outside world would not concede that the sick had been healed by the administration of the Priesthood, nor that the Lord had done and could do the many miracles which the Saints had seen clearly, and of which they were sure. How then could they have any tolerance for promised manifestation of power on a greater scale than at any other time thus far in the progress of this unpopular movement?

The elders themselves would all have to exercise their faith as never before, be very submissive and obedient, or the great promises made to them could not be fulfilled. This unprecedented undertaking called for the same active use of deep spiritual intuitions which were alive and effective in ancient Israel, intuitions which had languished and dwindled through ages of darkness and sin. The test of Zion's Army was to determine how nearly modern Israel had awakened to be active again after the rebellion and idle wanderings of their fathers.

For two years Amasa had listened eagerly to everything he heard about Missouri---the alarming things hap-

pening there---the mighty things predicted for that place in the future. The very name had suggested visions of hope and, contradictory though it seemed, visions of dread. That was intensified now by these ominous reports of homes ruthlessly burned, robbery, rapine, murder and threats of things still worse. Yet this dread had been offset by intensified hope through the promises of the Lord as repeated in words of power by their leader, the Prophet.



Chapter V

"The Refiner's Fire"

Zion's camp left New Portage, Ohio, on the seventh of May, 1834, just two years to the day after Amasa had set off alone from his Uncle's farm for the distant west. Now he was starting on a longer journey, though not alone, and he was heading for perils more to be dreaded than anything he had had reason to fear when he left New Hampshire. He felt a keen sense of the danger awaiting him at the end of this journey, he felt that he and his companions were placing their lives on the altar of which the Lord had plainly said, "Let no man be afraid, for whosoever layeth down his life for my sake shall find it again." (D. & C. Sec. 103)

This extraordinary undertaking was to be a searching test of faith, the test as of a chain which is no stronger than its weakest link. The fear of weak links in this chain occasioned more concern than the prospect of what might be waiting in ambush for them at the end of the journey. Exploits of this nature had been a sacred part of ancient Israel's acquaintance with God and the kingly use of His Priesthood, but the descendants of Israel had lost that ability through transgression, and their children had groped through centuries of darkness and gloom. What was once easy for the fathers was strangely difficult for the children.

"We pursued our anomalous and strange journey," says Amasa's account, "the vicissitudes of which afforded us ample opportunity to evince our faith by offering our lives for the truth." (Writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

Nine hundred miles by team and wagon is a long way. They averaged less than twenty-four miles a day, and it took them more than five weeks to reach their destination. Having only a hundred and thirty men when they had been added to by Hyrum Smith's company. However few, comparatively, this might seem to be, it included in its chain, some links of very doubtful dependency. These men, called from all the walks of life in the surrounding states and Canada were more or less new and undisciplined in what was

expected of them, for the best of them had been schooled in the gospel no more than four years, and some of them for but a few months. The matter of maintaining the essential standard of faith and obedience became a difficult and very serious problem. Complaints and rebellions seemed at times to imperil all serious possibility of their success.

Five weeks in a jolting old-time wagon on a rutty, country road, or following the camp all that time a-stride a horse, was as sure to find the limits of human patience as water is sure to find the leaks in an old bucket. The difficulties of all that company getting ready and off the campground in time every morning, of keeping together, of finding a place to stop for dinner and then for supper, breakdowns, disappointments, misunderstandings, it "got on the nerves" of some of the impulsive spirits of the camp impelling them to bitter complaint and making an opening wedge for trouble.

At one place these complainers chose their own camping ground for the night and yielded only with reluctance and bad grace to the word of their leader who had selected another place. At another time some of them had hot words over a dog belonging to the company, and thus the strain of the journey revealed some very weak links in the chain.

The arch-adversary of all righteousness, who had been present to oppose the boy Joseph Smith when he went first into the woods to pray, was vigilant to oppose the Lord's army in their momentous endeavor, whispering unrest and complaint to all who would hear him. Men lost their tempers, they forgot the conditions on which the great promises had been made, they forgot that the Lord was to go in person before them, and discord swelled into open rebellion when a strange thing happened.

In a very short time and with no apparent cause, most of the horses of the company were foundered, hobbling about on feet as tender as raw flesh; the army found itself suddenly afoot and helpless. Astonished and alarmed at the phenomena, the rebels recognized their folly and promptly repented. Then very soon, and with no apparent reason why it should be so, the horses recovered and became fit as be-

fore for the road. It set most of the little army to serious thinking, but they had many occasions after that to repent, and some of them failed to make their reparations as far-reaching as their offenses.

The Prophet was patient and long-suffering, yet his words of solemn warning and reproof carried that stern element of justice which cannot be compromised.

Looking back at it now over a century of change, it is quite impossible to appreciate that it was a path of anguish, long-drawn-out, for the way of spiritual achievement is ever the way of tribulation. Amasa says, "We were trying to prove by the patient endurance of our toils and our untiring perseverance that the interests of the kingdom, when they were committed to our keeping, would be faithfully cared for." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

The responsibility of their sacred trust rested on every man, for strange riders followed them, plied them with questions, spied on them day and night. These spies wanted to know who they were, where they were going and why, and to all these queries the army was counseled to give evasive answers.

The camp crossed the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; they halted always to observe the Sabbath day with meetings of worship where they partook of the sacrament and listened to the inspired words of the Prophet or someone whom he appointed to speak.

Two important phases of that journey made indelible impressions on the mind of Amasa Lyman: one was the great hardship it imposed upon them, the other was the "rich instruction we received from time to time from the Prophet." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman)

With words of deep love and pleading, as a father with his children, Joseph repeated the nature of the call that had been given to them, and the splendid promises predicated on their obedience. These raw recruits could not understand---"Their fathers had inherited lies and vanity and things wherein there is no profit," (Jeremiah 16:19) and from generations that wandered in the darkness, these unprofitable tendencies had become inherent.

As they approached their destination, with this canker of discord rankling still among them, Joseph told them sadly that the Lord was displeased with them, and that there awaited a scourge and a judgment because of their failure to honor the sacred trust reposed in them.

On the fourth of June they crossed the Mississippi into the State of Missouri, the land of wondrous promise with its rolling hills, green woods and clear streams. Its charm had an unexplainable appeal, fully in keeping with what the Prophet had predicted for its future.

Now, within the territory of their enemies, the members of the camp renewed their diligence, cherishing the hope that in spite of the punishment to be visited upon them they would still be permitted to redeem Zion, restoring their exiled brethren to their homes by the great favor of the Lord.

Reports of the little army's approach traveled ahead of them to Jackson County. It may have been the work of spies, and they may have been assisted by traitors, but whether so or not, the report stirred the vicious spirit of violence into active life like the rising of a nest of wasps.

Some of the exiled brethren came out from Clay County to meet the camp, among them Bishop Edward Partridge. This was Amasa's first meeting with the Bishop of whom he gave a glowing account after they had ridden and talked together several hours.

If Amasa's interest in John Tanner hinged in anyway on some wishful vision of his future father-in-law, then he should have had three times as much interest in Bishop Partridge in view of the relationship destined at a future date to exist between them.

But all of that was invisibly hidden in the future as the little army moved now cautiously into the danger zone, concerned first of all with the terrifying conditions around them. The Bishop gave first hand and very impressive accounts of the mobs, having himself been tarred and feathered and driven with his wife and six little children from their home out into the night and the storm. If any man in "Zion's Camp" had underestimated the wrath of opposition

they were to meet, he had no excuse, after hearing the bishop, for being deceived any longer, and might well tremble for dark clouds were gathering above them.

On the sixteenth of June, the day after the arrival of the Prophet and his company on the west bank of the Chariton River, angry crowds began assembling in Jackson County, Clay County and Ray County---excited men and boys with guns in their hands and profane curses on their lips. They swore in terrible words they would destroy that little company from Ohio.

The camp moved trustingly forward, the Lord still with them as he had promised, still loving them for the heroic effort they had made, though not compromising His standard of justice to cheat them of their right to know how serious the matter of their failure to honor the special trust reposed in them. However, it was not the Lord's plan to let the chastisement come from their blustering enemies, for these enemies were also to be awed and humbled by the power of heaven and to be made to see that the Lord was indeed with the toiling company which had come all this long way in great tribulation to aid their brethren in distress.

Still intent on reaching the suffering Saints in Clay County, the camp moved on unaware, or unafraid if they knew, that a mob of more than three hundred men were riding furiously towards them, loud in their threats and fixed in their determination to fall on the camp without mercy. That the Supreme Ruler of all things had anything to do with this strange company from the east, did not enter even remotely into the philosophy of the mob, but they were to have great reason for suspecting that He had very much to do with it.

"On June nineteenth we arrived in the vicinity of Fishing River and camped near a Baptist meeting-house," Amasa related. (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman). In the evening five ruffians rode into camp and declared in profane and terrible words that the camp would "see hell before morning." (History of the Church Vol. II Page 103)

The company had stopped between Big and Little Fish-

ing River and the two packs of mobbers were to join at the crossing before making the attack. The matter of crossing the river was a thing of no concern to the men of the mob, they had done it many times, it was easy, they knew all about it. Eager to begin the work of death in the camp of the Ohioans, they galloped down to the river like a pack of wolves on a warm trail.

Considering the situation, naturally it was quite unthinkable that anything in the world could check that impetuous horde of armed horsemen. Yet they were to be stopped with such suddenness and violence as to kill several of their number and force the rest to scatter back to their homes.

A storm arose; not the kind that gives ample warning of its coming with gathering clouds and preliminary thunder. The clouds appeared and the thunder burst forth with terrifying suddenness; the wind shrieked in fury. The mob had begun to cross the river and one boat-load was in midstream when the elements broke loose. The men in the boat could do nothing, and the men on the banks had more than they could do to protect themselves. The boat was whisked away like a leaf on the rising current and capsized on a drift-heap below, pitching its passengers into the torrent which deposited them on an island where the buzzards afterwards found their bodies and stripped the flesh from their bones.

The wind accompanied by hail-stones, roared down upon them with unmistakable wrath. The men of the mob, on each side of the river, scurried for shelter---anywhere---anything to find protection from the intolerable barrage. They crawled in desperation under banks or into the brush while the mad storm wrenched limbs from the trees and demolished grain-fields for miles around. It extended in modified form to Zion's Camp, snatching the tents from over the heads of the travelers and sending them to grope in the blackness for a near-by Baptist meeting-house or seek the doubtful shelter of a wagon.

Amasa says that his tent was carried away, and the place where he had made his bed was flooded. But the camp

in general, coming out next morning from that meeting-house or wherever the men had taken refuge, had suffered no serious injury, though they had been moved with reverence and praise for the majesty of God as it appeared in the grandeur of the storm. Especially were they thankful when they knew what had happened, and how the storm had saved them from the horde of savages.

Considering the might and supremacy of the Lord's hand as made visible in that unusual display of power, it is easy to envisage the wonderful things the Lord might have done to redeem Zion if the conditions had been met on which the delivery was predicated.

The scattered pack of ruffians drenched, bedraggled and amazed along the banks of the roaring stream, surely could not fail to recognize that a divine and miraculous intervention had saved the defenseless camp. Abandoning their purposes, for the present, they scattered homeward declaring in astonishment that some strange power was protecting the Mormons.

Zion's Camp was to see still another manifestation of divine power, even more impressive than the first. The Lord had declared, "Those whom I love I rebuke and chasten," and in his love he had a vital lesson for these chosen few who had at least made a great effort to obey his commandment. It was to be a grave and unforgettable disciplining for having failed of the glorious things they might have done, and the greater manifestations which had been promised. Yet as Amasa says, "It was no part of the Lord's purpose to expose his servants to the chance of destruction at the hands of their enemies." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman) He had delivered them from their enemies, but he would punish them himself.

With the mob dispersed before them, the little army headed on for Clay County and camped at the home of Brother Barket, two miles from Liberty. Representatives of their enemies came there to see what were their intentions, now that they had been delivered from the intended extermination, and to the astonishment of those who sent them, and to the surprise of those who were sent, the Prophet, with

his words of wisdom and friendship, won them over and aroused their sympathy for the Saints.

This was the place where they had expected the Lord to make bare his arm in recognition of their long and trying pilgrimage, and now with their enemies awed and dispersed and no one to interfere, the setting was perfect for the great event. But it was not to be the much anticipated redemption of Zion---instead it was to be a stern disciplining, "For behold my people must needs be chastened until they learn obedience, if it must needs be by the things they suffer". (D. & C. Section 103)

Joseph was in great solicitude of concern. His love for his dear brethren at this perilous moment was as the love of a mother for her children. He pled for them, and according to Amasa, "To our great joy and comfort the Lord signified to the Prophet that our offering was accepted. (Ibid.) Yet Joseph knew that the hand of perfect justice which had been extended for their preservation, must inevitably be extended in still greater solemnity to establish and preserve the standards necessary in Latter-day Zion.

On the morning of June twenty-fifth the cholera suddenly broke out in Zion's Camp. As a grim but invisible monster it smote its victims right and left, prostrating first one and then another, while the others looked on in helpless dismay.

The first victim was Elder John Carter, "who had a protracted struggle with the fell destroyer. The following night there were some half dozen of the brethren stricken down, and all lying on the floor in a small apartment." (Ibid.)

It was terrifying "to see men stricken down in a moment, and in a short hour the ruddy glow of health displaced by the palor of death! To see the human form divine in the dawn of the morning, stately and erect in all the perfection of manly beauty, and to see its perfection of beauty and form melt away in a death struggle in a few short hours." (Ibid.)

Amasa was deeply moved with the scene of agony while the dreadful angel, with upraised but unseen hand,

struck sixty-eight of his brethren to the earth. He gives the names of eighteen who died, among them his beloved friend, Sidney Gilbert.

"To see these sufferers!" he continues, "Who are they? The question reaches to our hearts and stirs the feelings within us, for they are not strangers that are writhing at our feet---these are the forms of the beloved, the faithful, the brave. With them we had labored, with them we had rejoiced together in the truth. They are endeared to us by the tenderest ties that bind heart to heart and soul to soul. These are the sufferers for whom there seems to be rest but in the grave." (Ibid.)

Joseph was with them in all this anguish, his great heart swollen with sympathy, and by his right of spiritual perception he saw the place of glory to which they had gone and said he would be fully content if he could be assured of inheriting the same reward. He saw too, that there was nothing further to be accomplished by holding the company together; they had acted and suffered their part as far as it was possible for them to go at present, and they were disbanded.

Amasa related that after watching the sufferings all night, when he was released in the morning, he looked solicitously at each one, "breathed a hasty prayer and tore myself away from the scene of death." (Ibid.)

This fiery crucible in which the "Lord's Army" had been tested, proved to be an ordeal from which some of them never survived.

Those of the little company who had escaped the cholera, faced the grave responsibility of making proper and safe response to unexpected situations of adversity which were to follow quick on the heels of this momentous crisis.

Chapter VI

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea,
Nor time nor space nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me."

By: John Burrows

Suddenly and unexpectedly released for a while from all Church obligations, to follow the beckonings of his own will, it was for Amasa to make his choice of life again, either to take again the path of tribulation along which he had toiled the last two years to this grilling climax, or to find some more easy way, some path of peace leading far from the torments he had suffered.

His thoughts reverted instinctively and from growing habit, to Maria Tanner, and to Bolton, fifteen hundred miles away. He had thought of writing her a letter, but what could he say? What had he any right to say, or any passable excuse for saying? He had heard from her indirectly and inadvertantly from her brothers, but time and distance had not acted in the least to erase her from his memory or his affections. Although he was free for the present from hindering obligation, he was destitute, even of clothing fit to appear in public.

A fight was on in his mind---conflicting hopes and inclinations---conflicting estimates and conclusions. With his better self he had resolved to devote his life to the building of the Lord's Kindgom as begun through his chosen Prophet, Joseph Smith. But that was the way of drastic restrictions, bitter tribulations and pain. Furthermore he could not reconcile himself to this seeming failure of the promise he had cherished through weeks of agonizing effort. The promise of restoring his exiled brethren to their homes.

But he knew he had seen glorious evidence of God's love, he had caught the harmony of it vibrating from Joseph and his brethren. He had seen also the awesome manifestations of the Lord's displeasure, dreadful to contemplate. The influence of evil, lurking as an enemy in the

more rebellious of the Lord's Army had come plainly to his view, and he had seen the chastisement which followed. Besides all that he knew now, as never before, the fury of persecution which he must expect to meet if he continued with this people against whom the rest of mankind seemed to be set in determined opposition.

This failure of the promised deliverance---it troubled him---all this endeavor and tribulation to such little purpose! The exiles were still exiles, their enemies rising again against them. "The Strength of the Lord's House" had been commanded to come and redeem Zion and the Lord Himself had promised to go before them, to fight their battles for them, and by them to redeem the exiles "with a high hand." They had come offering their lives in the effort, and Zion had not been redeemed at all---no reason to expect it would soon be redeemed, for already the enemies of the Saints were forgetting how they had been turned back at Fishing River, and were muttering ominously.

As Amasa moved about among the Saints in their makeshift shelters, contemplating their great need, their destitute condition and the gross indignities they had suffered, it was a stinging disappointment to realize that after coming all these hundreds of miles to restore them to their homes, and after cherishing that hope as the most splendid privilege of his life thus far, he must now give it up and see "Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne." (William Cullem Bryant)

The Prophet Joseph had gone secretly into Jackson County, the hotbed of the mob forces, and it might be he would bring some encouraging word. When he returned, mysteriously safe from the danger, he said it would be impossible for the Saints to be restored at that time to their homes. Some of the members of the Camp would remain to help the brethren in exile, but the men who had families would return with him to Kirtland for the sake of the work on the Lord's House where the visitation of heavenly messengers had been promised. That work had been slowed down almost to a standstill for the sake of this trip to Missouri, and now if they were not diligent, the great things

promised on completion of that edifice, might be delayed of fulfillment as the redemption of Zion had been delayed.

Joseph told the brethren they must not entertain for a moment the thought that the Lord had failed in the least degree of anything he had promised---men may fail, but the Lord, never. Joseph reminded them that those among them who knew the power as exercised in the Priesthood they held could have no doubt it was the most unfailing force in earth or heaven.

He said the Lord had told him, "If it were not for the transgressions of my people, speaking concerning the church and not individually, they might have been redeemed, even now. It is expedient therefore, that they wait yet a little season for the redemption of Zion. **** The strength of my house have not harkened to my words. But inasmuch as there are those who have harkened, I have prepared a blessing and an endowment for them if they continue faithful" (Section 105:2&18 D. & C.)

These "rich instructions from the Prophet" made it quite clear, His presence radiated light and understanding more satisfying than his words. This chosen company was made to know they were not dealing with fallible and compromising man, but with God "in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of changing." (James 1:17) If Amasa was to become acquainted and hold perfect communion with the Infinite, then as a finite being with many imperfections he must be humble and eager to adjust to principles of truth which cannot be compromised. Amasa had been thinking of Old Israel's high-handed victory over the wicked city of Jericho, but he had failed to consider the strict standards they had to maintain, requirements so essential to the Lord's favor, that because of one thief among them when they went against the next city they met with humiliating failure.

He saw that his experience was intended as an extraordinary school; its important lessons had been before him since he first met with Elders Johnson and Pratt in New Hampshire and a world of new and profitable problems had crowded into his life since that time. This "anomalous and strange" curriculum was entirely different from anything

his ancestors had known for centuries---different from anything of which he had dreamed till "the light broke forth" into his quiet world on his uncle's farm.

When he bade farewell to the brethren returning to Kirtland he sensed how dear these brethren had become one to another in their tribulations; and the Prophet Joseph ---no other man had ever taken such a holy grip on Amasa's affections. Joseph had been glorified in every contact since their first meeting in the Johnson home. Amasa wished he could go with his friends, even though he were sent at once to the east and had to walk as far as the shore of Lake George.

On the seventh of July, to relieve his pressing personal needs, he took a job helping Brother Durfy with the building of a mill, but he had been there only a week when he was asked to hear complaints, accusations, and correct false doctrines circulated among the Saints. From that he was called to go with Lyman Wight and help number the exiles who had been driven from Jackson County.

Traveling in this capacity from home to home he saw in all their heart-rending realities the sorrows and privations of his fellow-saints. He heard their stories of violence, injustice, rapine, murder and things too terrible to tell. He viewed their misery with swelling heart, it bore heavily upon him and he mingled his tears with theirs. Innocent women and girls, people infirm with age, little folks in their helpless childhood---the choicest people of the race, many of them of Pilgrim and Puritan parentage had been treated here as the scum of the earth!

Amasa ministered among them, mourned with them and loved them, thinking of and bearing their afflictions till he sank down under the weight of it with a sudden attack of fever and severe pain in his head. Of this he writes simply, "I was delivered by the power of God."

Yet sometimes the deliverance is but an assurance of the power and love of God preliminary to worse things which somehow are on the program. The primary purpose of men on earth is to be saved and sanctified from sin, and the sanctified as St. John saw them, "are they who came up

through much tribulation." (Rev. 7:14)

Three days after Amasa was delivered from the fever and the pain, he was attacked with ague and fever with which he lay suffering and helpless all through the rest of the month of August and all through the months of September and October. (This illness was no doubt malaria.) In this ordeal of nearly three months he was cared for in the home of Elias Higbee, "whose wife was very kind and unremitting in her attention to my comfort, as were the Saints generally."

Confined there on his sick bed he inquired often for tidings from Kirtland, hoping most of all to hear that Joseph's fears for the progress of the temple had been allayed, but the reports were discouraging; the temple in Kirtland was on ground carrying a heavy mortgage which the Saints could not pay and the work was in danger of being stopped, even if it was not upset completely by a foreclosure. It looked as if this important work too, were destined for some unknown reason to fail of its expected time as the work of Zion's Camp had done. Amasa pondered his situation in great humility praying that he might be raised up again with strength and years to make good his ambition of life service. As the long weeks dragged into months he cast wearily about in his mind for some vagrant thought to relieve the torturing monotony: He reviewed his life as a homeless wanderer; he considered how he was born under a roof where his parents were but sojourners, how he had gone from place to place and from change to change with never a home of his own and how at present he was a helpless guest of charity in the over-crowded house of a friend.

Traveling in fancy over the high spots of his life he paused often on the pleasant shore of Lake George---it was clothed in winter when he saw it first, but now it should be green and beautiful. Maria would be helping care for her father's farm-hands---the fever weary mind pictured her in a loose straw hat, the summer breeze loaded with scent of new hay and harvest playing with her blond hair.

His sickness terminated abruptly. He says, "I was afflicted till the second of November, when it left me to

return no more." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman)

Weak and feeble from his long confinement he continued, as his strength would permit, to minister again among the suffering Saints. They were trying now in their poverty to prepare for winter, and it was a scene to touch the heart---want and suffering from tyranny and injustice here in free and rich America!

This region of oppression and injustice was Missouri ---The Land of Zion. The inspiration of mingled fear and delight. This, according to the Prophet Joseph Smith, was the place where the Garden of Eden had been made and preserved for a long time, the scene of the most wonderful love-romance ever told among men. This was where Adam had gathered the multitude of his children before he died, and the appointed place for the great city of milennial Zion to be built.

In the stress of Amasa's work among the Saints his clothes had become woefully shabby. Among the labors occupying his attention, he had been adjusting the affairs of the eighteen brethren who died with the cholera, and this with other matters had made him more or less oblivious to his own appearance; rags and patches were the popular wrapping for many wonderful souls around him, and he could tolerate or even love his own as a badge of blessed fellowship.

As his strength came slowly back, he was called to travel as a missionary towards Kirtland. This necessitated more presentable appearance. The Saints had been thoughtful of his needs, sharing their food and their shelter, but they had no way of supplying clothing till someone thought of the almost-sacred items of apparel left by the eighteen victims of cholera. No foolish pride must now be allowed to hinder what they were trying prayerfully to do, and when they found among these hallowed relics the things for Amasa to wear on his mission, he accepted them with grateful heart. He particularly mentions the "half-worn" coat of his beloved brother, Sidney Gilbert.

Two days before Christmas he started on his mission in company with Elder Heman T. Hyde, and as he turned

his back on Missouri with its anguish and sorrow and injustice, its dark present, its remote brightness of future, it was written deep in his subconsciousness that he would come back there again and face perils more terrifying than anything he had seen thus far.

"We traveled and preached by the way", he says, "sharing the fate of those who call upon the wicked to turn from their sins. We held sixty-seven meetings and three conferences. In company with Brother Elisha H. Groves, we built up a branch of the Church in Madison County, Illinois, and baptized others in St. Claire County." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman)

Amasa met the contumely or the violence of intolerant religionists, facing the winter in his "half worn" suit and never a coin in his pocket. He courageously announced himself as an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as the Mormon Church, and he knew, as thousands of Elders with the same message have discovered, that to do this a man must have an unqualified testimony as solid as rock under his feet.

As a disciplined veteran who neither runs for joy nor stops for weariness, he made no undue haste---so far as he knew he was going only as far east as Kirtland. It had taken Zion's Camp five weeks with their slow teams to make the trip to Missouri, and he with his companion took five months to go back.

In those months of winter and weariness with frequent times of waiting and delay, there came moments when he reviewed the eventful seasons behind him, and felt an eager impulse to be in Kirtland. Yet neither at Kirtland nor anywhere else was there a home for him, he "had inherited no patrimony but poverty, no home but the world." (Ibid.)

Whenever he should reach Kirtland, soon or late, it would be only to go again, and with that he was in full accord, for his cherished ambition was to give all he had to missionary work, the greatest work of all. All the same, if he dared to admit it even to himself, he would like to go once more to Eastern New York. Vagrant thoughts intruded upon him again---what right had he to be dreaming so far

beyond the limits of his fortunes as determined in degree by a wise providence? He, a penniless wanderer wearing the clothes of his dead friend?

The two missionaries held to their snail's pace as their "preaching by the way" required, and progressing across the states of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, they reached Kirtland on the twenty-sixth of May, 1835. Beautiful spring had come, the light of good will and hope and industry beamed on them from every side.

The work on the temple was going steadily forward, the Church was very much alive, and there was every good reason for expecting the holy house would be ready at the appointed time for the promised messengers. The Church had been more fully organized by the addition of a quorum of twelve apostles---they had been chosen three months before from among the faithful members of Zion's Camp, and two of them were Amasa's beloved brethren, Lyman E Johnson and Orson Pratt, who had brought him the gospel message.

So their tribulation of the long journey to Missouri had served the important purpose of proving the men who were to fill these sacred positions; even as the mission of the Twelve Spies of ancient Israel, though the mission seemed to fail of its intended purpose, it had yet shown who was fit and worthy to succeed Moses as leader of Israel.

This was wonderful news yet something else had happened which, though really of lesser moment, was of thrilling importance to Amasa: The Tanners had come from Bolton to make their home in Kirtland! John Tanner had been warned in a dream to sell his farms including eleven hundred acres and all his extensive holdings, and gather with the Saints. He had arrived there with his money not many weeks before. And with his money and his greatness of heart he had lifted that troublesome mortgage on the ground where the temple stood, removing the last hindrance for the completion of the work. Wonderful man! What a huge satisfaction it must be to do so much for the building of the kingdom! (Recorded in Tanner Family, Page 16 by Maurice Tanner.)

But his daughter Maria---to Amasa she was more wonderful still! What splendid womanly development she had made in the last year! Her slender figure, prominent nose and abundance of girlish vitality---really---really---was he to be forever forbidden as a monk and live his life alone? But Maria had always been used to a home, a comfortable and permanent abiding place; as for himself, Amasa collided again with the awkward fact that he was a wanderer, that he had never yet slept under his own roof, that to his inherited patrimony of poverty he had so far added nothing more substantial than experience. *

Yet surely Maria had been thinking of him, acceding to the limitations his life-ambitions would impose upon her; it couldn't be otherwise when he had been thinking so unceasingly of her. In dismissing the objections he may have reflected, "I would not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments." (Shakespeare) It is a sure thing he reflected something and reached a positive resolution.

But going in person with his resolution might defeat his purpose with its abruptness. He would send; he would try to make an appointment, this business was too important to be treated in an off hand way.

That letter he wrote more than a hundred years ago, is still preserved as a sacred relic. It is dated just five days after his arrival in Kirtland, giving him barely time enough to hear what the Tanners had done, and to crystalize his reactions into a plan. That crystalizing process took much anxious prayer and deliberation, especially through that one intense day whose evening found him determined to delay no longer, and he wrote:

* It will be remembered that Maria Tanner's father, John Tanner, was always very prosperous and had provided comforts that other people of that day did not enjoy. Thus the hesitant feelings of Amasa in asking for her hand can well be imagined. For more about the Tanner family see Maurice Tanner's book, "The Tanner Family."

Kirtland, Ohio. May 31, 1835

Dear Sister:

While the mantle of night is spread around the works of nature, I take my pen that through its silent language I might communicate to you some of the feelings of my heart.

Having been a wanderer, and desiring to enjoy the blessings that would result from the society of a companion who would participate with me in the changing scenes of life, if you desire or feel willing to converse with me on the subject of matrimony, please write your answer below.

It is with the belief that I would be happy in your company that I write you.

Receive this from your friend,

A. Lyman

To Miss L. M. Tanner.

Please answer this tomorrow.

Too bad the answer to this letter cannot also be given --- Maria preserved what her sweetheart had written to her, yet some strange sense of modesty impelled her to clip her own note from the bottom of the sheet before she gave it, years later, to her son, Francis M. Lyman.

We know, however that she answered next day as requested, and there is ample reason to believe she had been making telepathic responses to Amasa's thoughts of her. When they met by appointment with the understanding that it was to "converse on the subject of matrimony", the problem of reaching a mutual agreement was the most easy and pleasant task in the world. The light of promise which had thrown its phenomenal rays over the wintry landscape of

Lake George more than a year before, had radiated unfailingly to its fulfillment. The course of that promise like an arrow to its mark was peculiarly typical of the unfailing love which was to carry on faithfully between them through the tumultuous and trying years ahead---a union destined to be added upon with strength and holiness by seven other unions.

Eleven days later, on the tenth of June, 1835, Amasa and Maria were married by Elder Seymour Bronson.





Artist's conception of Maria Tanner (above) and Amasa Mason Lyman (opposite page) at about the time they were married. Artist: Laura Lyman.

Chapter VII

"The Trouble Thickened Around Us"

After arriving in Kirtland it had taken Amasa five days to crystalize his reactions to the surprising changes, and to frame a suitable letter, and then it took them eleven days to complete their courtship and get married. Considering the importance of this love-victory, after more than a year of anxious hoping, he took the liberty to "tarry" still five days longer in Kirtland with his bride before pursuing his missionary labors towards the state of New York.

He left his wife with her parents. He had been a wanderer and a sojourner for the gospel's sake, and now she was a sojourner in her father's home. Having cast her lot with this unusual man, whose consuming ambition was to preach repentance and build up the Zion of Latter-days, even to the complete forgetting of his own temporal gain of comfort, she was destined to wade through poverty, persecution and affliction as her indispensable contribution to the life he had chosen to follow. The way of his appointed pilgrimage was from sea to sea, over mountains and across thirsty deserts, and she was to share freely in it all, to share his love with seven other women, and yet never to falter in meeting the tribulations through which his pathway led her.

Leaving Kirtland on the fifteenth of June, 1835, Amasa and his companion "preached by the way", working eastward through the pan-handle of Pennsylvania to take up their intensive labors in Allegheny County, New York.

Again, as on former missions, he exercised that splendid power by which the honest in heart are led to see the truth, and he helped to make "liberal additions to the Church". He traveled two thousand miles, mainly on foot, preached two hundred sermons and returned to Kirtland in the middle of December.

In the latter part of the year in which Amasa joined the Church, 1832, the Prophet Joseph was told by revelation to establish a most unusual school, to be known as "The

School of the Prophets." It was to teach matters of deep importance not usually offered in institutions of learning, for it was to be based on the revealed principle that "The glory of God is intelligence". From the day it opened, Amasa had wished it were possible for him to attend, but until his return to Kirtland in December, 1835, it had always been quite impossible.

Even now the necessity of finding a home for himself and wife threatened to upset the seeming privilege. But Maria's father was a "man prospered of the Lord", and, doing missionary work himself, he could appreciate how much this school would mean to Amasa with his keen appetite and aptitude for learning. John Tanner could see how this advantage for Amasa would be used in a wide field for good, and would of course be reflected in Maria. So it was agreed that the young people should make their home with the Tanners that winter while Amasa attended the wonderful school, held in one of the lower rooms of the temple, which was now nearing completion.

It was a much-appreciated privilege, placing within his reach values he had been trying to gain from the school of experience. His love of understanding would have won distinction in the colleges, and he added eagerly to such education as his limits had allowed. As the winter progressed he looked forth eagerly with the rest of the Saints to the glorious things promised at the completion of the temple, the dedication being set for the sixth of April, 1836, the sixth anniversary of the organization of the Church.

The temple was officially opened on the twenty-seventh of March. The Saints had gathered from all around, some of them having come from far away Missouri.

It was not for the whole multitude of Saints to see the special messengers that had been promised, yet in the course of the services many of them had glorious visions, and all of them who were in accord with the Holy Spirit had ample assurance that the Lord had spoken again from heaven, and that he would never cease to speak while the Saints remained worthy to hear. They accepted the solemn testimony of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery that the Lord

and other Heavenly messengers had visited them, delivering sacred keys and important messages.

The unbelieving outside world, looking only for evil and resolved by all means to discover fraud in the claims of Mormonism, failed utterly to guess what was happening with this strange and unpopular people in the closed chambers of their hard earned sanctuary. The outside world would not believe nor even imagine that the potency of those services had in them the invincible element to carry on in spite of the bitterest opposition, to reach out into all the world and gather from all nations a people sturdy and resolute to bear uncompromising testimony of Mormonism. This momentous visitation had come as Joseph had predicted it would, "after much tribulation", and it had come as the fulfillment of the most extraordinary kind of prophecy: the prophecy that heavenly beings would visit men of earth.

The circle of those who really knew what happened in that Kirtland temple was considerably smaller than the circle of believing Church-members. When the Prophet declared that he and Oliver Cowdery had received a visitation from the Christ, from Moses, Elias, and Elijah, who conferred upon them important keys for the great Latter-day work, the certain knowledge that he told the truth could be enjoyed only by the medium of the Holy Spirit.

To Amasa it was delightfully clear, a matter of most joyful moment; but he did not know it, and could not know it by the simple fact of being told, nor by the presentation of the kind of evidence on which men rest their mortal conclusions; he knew it only through the positive power by which he had borne testimony, healed the sick and cast out devils. His absolute knowledge that what was promised had really come, compensated him, if compensation were necessary, for the bitter disappointment of their failure to redeem Zion after traveling nine hundred miles for that purpose.

Amasa remained in Kirtland till the last day of the great conference and left on the seventh of April, 1836, to carry on his missionary work in the east. It had been an

unforgettable occasion, wondrous manifestations of heavenly things, the brightest day in the history of the Church. And yet, strange paradox, it was to be followed in quick succession by the darkest night, wherein many of the strong and beloved members would lose their way and wander off into sin.

Radiant from his attendance at the School of the Prophets followed by the glorious dedicatory services, Amasa took up his missionary work with new zeal. His companion was his wife's brother, Nathan Tanner, and they declared the message with freedom and power. Amasa says "the people were cut to the heart," with their testimony, "The sick are healed and the promises of the Lord are fulfilled unto us. **** We have witnessed the signal manifestations of the power of God in healing the sick." (Personal writing of Amasa M. Lyman.)

To Amasa, the greatest event in his life was when he saw the light of truth; that seemed to him the time when his greater life began. Instead of celebrating the anniversary of his birth to a "patrimony of poverty", he celebrated with thanksgiving the date when he was "born again to a newness of life". On the twenty-seventh of April he wrote, "It is four years today since I was baptized by Elder Lyman E. Johnson.

Amasa's missionary labors took him again as far east as Lake George where he happened to meet his father-in-law, John Tanner returning from a mission to Vermont. Together they traveled to Kirtland, reaching there in July, 1836.

A startling condition of affairs had come about in Kirtland. The abundance of faith and good will that prevailed there little more than three months before, had pinched down to selfishness and complaint, in some cases to positive hatred. Also from Missouri came more disturbing reports: the homeless Saints waiting in Clay County, and cherishing the hope of permission to return, were urged now to move on and find homes elsewhere.

Altogether it was very disquieting, quite the reverse of the influence Amasa had enjoyed in the mission-field. Missouri with its peril and its pain was surely ahead of him,

how far ahead he could not yet determine, but he sincerely hoped the trouble would be settled before he had to go there again.

In Kirtland the lust of gain, hand in hand with ugly complaints, suspicion and accusation, veiled the beauty of the place like a dim mist, and Amasa felt an impulse to go right back to his mission-field and entrench himself in the safety of its faith and good will. It was imperative, however, after all this delay, that he get a home, his first home; he felt the dignified urge and ambition to have it, and he sensed some of the dangers to which that righteous urge might lead. Maria had lived with her parents since their marriage more than a year before, and he had lived there himself when not on a mission. She was soon to be a mother and the need of home was imperative.

Answering this necessity to analyze the prospects and find an opening for some gainful activity, he sensed at once the mighty lure of convenient and beautiful surroundings, fortune, the things of earth which are craved by the human heart. It was the get-rich fever--men were suffering with it all around him---he saw how easily he could contract the disease. Sufferers with this malady had gone even into the Lord's holy house, there to challenge and accuse each other in threatening tone.

It startled Amasa, the swirl of it might make him lose his balance, and instead of holding steadily to his home getting effort, he made frequent preaching trips to the south and east. Each time when he returned he found matters worse---spiritual ailments aggravated by temporal perplexities. A false prosperity, or "boom", was passing like a gust of wind over the country with dazzling promise of easy gain, but the lull to follow the boom would mean a crash. The Prophet foresaw the danger and made a move to save the Saints from impending disaster if they would listen.

On the second of January, 1837, (History of the Church, Volume II, page 470), the Prophet was instrumental in framing The Kirtland Safety Society, an institution whose object was to avert the threatened trouble. Amasa

was one of the signers of the agreement, and he watched hopefully for the benefits it was intended to bring. It failed. The managers of the society refused to follow the safe policy Joseph outlined, and when their extravagant course resulted in disaster, they heaped the blame on him as the prime mover in bringing the organization into being.

Matters in Kirtland grew worse and worse. At a Priesthood meeting in the temple a controversy developed to a pitch where a sword was drawn, and blood-shed was barely averted. Some of the Prophet's most trusted friends turned vengefully against him, even challenging his right to the temple, which they had built in such anguish of poverty and privation.

On Amasa's return from one of his short missionary trips, he found a startling state of affairs: Joseph was away on urgent business for the afflicted Saints in Missouri, and certain brethren whom Amasa trusted and loved had formed a church of their own, seized the temple, and declared the Prophet a heretic.

A dreadful change had come over them, a change from light to darkness as phenomenal as the transition from darkness to light which follows acceptance of the gospel. No argument nor pleading would faze them. The light of love and understanding had gone out of them as mysteriously as it comes with the reception of the Holy Ghost.

It was a tragedy to awful to contemplate: Amasa was disturbed and pained and wanted to get away. He went again to the mission-field for strength and wisdom to meet this crisis. Traveling as far as Erie County, Pennsylvania, he reflected thoughtfully and prayed often about this invisible destroyer which was striking right and left as the cholera had struck in their camp in Missouri. This monster, apostasy, was more dreadful than the destroyer which destroyed the body only, but spared the soul. (Apostacy recorded in: Church History Volume II and III.)

Amasa could neither adjust to the thought nor cast it out of mind. He had to form a conclusion in which to escape from the torment: After all, his precious faith and hope had not been founded on the constancy and fidelity of men,

but on the saving power of God. The missionaries had borne testimony to him and he had to have a certain amount of faith in them to put their words to the test, but now he had proved the Gospel message for himself. He knew the power of heaven was with the Church, and that fact remained the same, no matter who turned away.

Returning to face the distressed situation where he had been trying to get a home, he perceived that it could be no home for him; Kirtland had become more intolerable than all his fears had suggested. The Prophet in speaking of the time declared, "All the powers of earth and hell were combining to overthrow the Church."

Not in Kirtland only, but the trouble raged also in Missouri, and the danger was not so much from outside of the Church as from within. The Prophet's life was imperiled by men who had held places of great trust. The upward swing to holiness at the time of the dedication, had been quickly followed by a downward swing to conditions equally unholy.

The Saints in Clay County, Missouri, had agreed to the wishes of their neighbors, and moved away into the wilderness on the northwest where they organized two new counties and had hope of living there in peace. They had laid off a city called Far West, with three or four small towns around it, and were eagerly preparing there for the winter. In Far West they had dedicated a temple-site, and streams of converts from various parts of the world were gathering there, even from Kirtland.

Missouri---Zion---after all the terrible things he had seen there, and worse things foreshadowed by his persistent intuitions, it beckoned him. He knew that "where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together". (Matthew 24:18) The gathering was now to Missouri, and he cherished the hope that in these new counties, Caldwell and Davies, the Saints could build and live in peace, yet he had uneasy forebodings. An optimist might now hope for safety in Missouri, but there was no safety for the saints in Kirtland. The Prophet himself was in danger of murderous attack, and Brigham Young was threatened with death for de-

claring that Joseph was still a Prophet. The traitors had stolen the temple, converting it from a place of holiness to a den of thieves.

Eager to get away as from Babylon, Amasa and his brother-in-law, Nathan Tanner, engaged Jared Randal to move them and their families to Far West. After the furies he had seen there three years before, he was on his way there now with his wife and infant daughter; disturbing visions rose in his fancy and he trembled for Maria and the innocent little girl, but they moved on day after day through Indiana, and through Illinois. It was the way of destiny, he could not turn back.

It was late in the fall of 1837 when he arrived with his family in Caldwell County, Missouri. It was a new country with virgin soil, for the Saints had but recently penetrated into this unsettled prairie. This land of Missouri was the old place of the Garden of Eden where "the rivers had been parted into four heads". (Moses 3:10) Its woods, its fields and meadows are still suggestive of Eden as everyone will agree who has considered them with that in mind. But in the days of Adam a dreadful serpent came with wicked intent into Eden, even as the breed of savages who now looked with eyes of hatred and greed at the little city the exiled Saints had begun to build.

From the hostile regions to the south where the Saints had been driven from their hard-earned dwellings, Amasa, on his arrival could hear an ominous murmur. It had a dread and familiar sound as of something which might increase in volume and appear in hideous form.

He was homeless and penniless again, three times as homeless now as when he had no wife and child, and he looked at once for a shelter for them. When he had arranged to stay at the home of Brother Justice Morse, he hunted for work to support them during the winter, for the cold weather was too near upon them to permit delay.

Fifty miles away to the southwest he found work at Fort Leavenworth but as spring opened, for the sake of being nearer home, he "engaged in work on the court house in Clinton County", only twenty miles from his little family.

Coming in from there to his place of residence as the summer grew warmer, he got a job from George Walters on which, eager to earn the wherewith for many necessities, he became prostrated from overwork in the excessive heat.

While he lay there on his bed, a prey to feverish emotions and overwrought with susceptibilities, he could detect that familiar threatening rumble rising in sound from Jackson County, forty miles to the south. The old storm was gathering again and it would be more widespread this time and on a greater scale than before---of that he was as sure as of anything he had ever seen foreshadowed in the past.

When the Mormons were driven from their homes in Jackson County they numbered twelve hundred. It seemed many then, but now they had settled fifteen thousand strong in these northern counties and were still arriving. With all their humility and their entreaties for peace, they were fixed and persistent in their purpose of making homes in and around Far West, and it would take much more force and fury now to move them than when they were driven out of Independence.

As Amasa recovered from his indisposition, the sound of trouble became more pronounced till it took form in an effort to prevent the Saints in Gallatin, Davies County, from exercising their franchise at the polls. It was a thrust at their very first right as American citizens, and they resented it. Some of them fought their way through to the polling place and cast their ballot. That clash was like an excess of friction on tinder already overheated---it burst into flames.

"The trouble thickened around us", says Amasa, (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman), and goes on to say that on the first alarm he took to the field from which he was to have no relief until the full tragedy of the Mormon expulsion from the state had been consummated. He went at once to the scene of the trouble where not only Gallatin, but her neighboring towns, Hauns Mill and Diahman stood in great danger of attack, being weak and exposed.

That first demonstration of rising sentiment in August, 1838, was the signal for jealousy and greed to gather

in a plunder-hungry mob from those southern counties, and cause them to rush with avaricious eagerness towards the Mormon settlements. Many valuable homesteads had become easy prizes in the game of driving the Mormons from Jackson County, and now in the north where these new-comers had been toiling, there was a chance of getting twelve times the booty they got in the first raid. Greed never lacks for an occasion, it always has a ready case against the weak if the weak have anything it wants.

Like prowlers around a trembling flock, the mob looked for the most defenseless place to strike, and led by one Dr. Austin, they went to attack Diahman in Davies County. When they discovered that the resolute Lyman Wight was there, prepared to offer some little resistance, and that Colonel Doniphan was camped with his troops not far away, they turned back to the remote little town of DeWitt on the banks of the Missouri River, and when they had surrounded it, they ordered the people of the town to leave the state at once or face extermination.

The fate of the Saints in DeWitt became a matter of grave concern in Far West, for Austin's mob allowed no one to come out and no one to go in. It was impossible on the outside to know what the besieged community was being forced to suffer.

It was imperative to the Saints in the besieged village, under threat of this murderous horde, that a messenger reach DeWitt from Far West. It would have to be a resourceful man of purpose and daring, and they asked Amasa M. Lyman to choose a companion and find his way there. He selected Brother William Dunn. If this was quite different to anything he had undertaken before, it should for that reason be regarded as very much in his line, since his peculiar part seemed to be the unprecedented---to find a way or to make a way where no way had been known before.

He dressed up to look like anything but a man holding the Priesthood and cherishing a testimony of the restored gospel. He wore a pair of old soldier pants, a tattered buffalo-robe coat and a closely-fitting red cap which completely camouflaged the intelligence for which he was con-

spicuous. Taking carefully into account the vulnerable appetites of dangerous men he might have to meet, he completed his preparation by putting a flask of liquor in an inside pocket.

Bidding Maria and the little girl good-by, he started with Brother Dunn across the country for the Missouri River, hoping to float on its current to the besieged village. He was not keeping out of sight---he felt no fear in this costume of being suspected as a Mormon from Far West.

"Thus attired in this grotesque and uncouth garb," they made their way southward thirty miles without attracting attention, and reached the river at a point somewhat above the crossing at Lexington. While the daylight lasted they refrained from any action which might arouse suspicion, but when the shadows deepened, they began hunting eagerly and determinedly for a boat in which to be away on their errand of mercy.

They explored the devious shore-line for miles, waded through marshes and wallowed through thick willows and clambered over a nightmare of obstacles in the darkness expecting by this means to find some kind of craft in which to ride away on the broad current. They found nothing, and when the gray of dawn warned them to beware, they retired to a stack of hay by the roadside and concealed themselves under its edge for an hour of much needed sleep.

Venturing out in the broad light of morning, they followed along the course of the Missouri River till they came to the house of a Brother Benjamin Jones to whom they made themselves known, and when he had given them breakfast, they crossed by the ferry to Lexington. No one suspected them for what they were, although the prevailing topic everywhere was the Mormons and the war which was being waged against them. They heard it in the streets and as they walked along the road.

Still following the course of the river, as two tramps would have done, they kept their eyes open for any craft on which they might shove off on the current, and after walking eight miles down the stream they found, late in the afternoon, a boat in which they pushed off eagerly from the

bank. Thinking with keen sympathy of the besieged town, its hunger and peril, they tried to go far enough on the stream to enter town in the darkness of that night, "but the darkness rendered our navigation unsafe when we were still miles away. We landed and kept ourselves warm with a fire which we supplied with fuel during the night." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

Eager for the day they pushed out again as soon as it was light enough to avoid the dangers of the big stream, and about noon they landed at DeWitt. The saints as a body had gone. Seneas H. Gurley and one or two others, being detained, could tell the story of the three weeks siege.

The Prophet, by his unusual faith and resourcefulness, had found his way in past the guards, and having ascertained how destitute and helpless the Saints were, that some of them had died and others were starving, advised them to surrender. Their enemies were increasing in number every day, the governor had turned a deaf ear to their petition for protection, and they were at the mercy of their persecutors.

Colonel George M. Hinckle, with a little band of militia, had resisted the mob in a futile effort to save their homes and their property, but finally all the Saints had marched away a sick and starving company of men, women and children, not long before Lyman and Dunn reached their town from the river. They left all their possessions for the enrichment of the mob, and some of them died before they could reach Far West. Heart-rending picture--- Missouri again! But this was hardly a beginning of the state's banishment campaign already begun. (For more about the DeWitt persecution see History of the Church, Volume III, page 149.)

The two Mormon spies concealed their identity with great care and dined with some of the mob who had taken up their abode in the vacated homes. The mob residents told the strangers that since they were not known there they might be taken for Mormons, which would simply be too bad for them and advised them to move on.

The two men did move on, getting out of the way as soon as possible without arousing suspicion by their haste,

but they thought it unsafe to head for Far West, so they started along the road leading to Carlton and lodged that night with a Mr. Thomas, who hadn't the least idea he was sheltering Mormons. Thankful to be gone from the stranger's home without being suspected, they left at an early hour, and by breakfast time they had reached the road followed by the Saints from DeWitt to Far West.

They could sense great danger as if a dragon might be in ambush by their pathway, but to turn back was no more safe than to go ahead. Vindictive words were in the air about their people wherever they heard voices, and they knew they might be accused at any moment---spying eyes from the thickets on the roadside might be following them even now.

Weak and tired from their haste, they stopped for breakfast at a farm-house, and then "traveling as fast as we could walk, we turned abruptly around the point of a low ridge and found ourselves in close proximity to two men on horseback with arms." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

These horsemen had just intercepted and were talking to a man whom Amasa and his companion learned later was a Brother Clark, who was hunting for his lost stock. When the horsemen released Brother Clark, they took account of the two footmen, and then rode to twenty more armed and mounted men a little farther on.

It looked dangerous indeed, but the safest course was still forward, and they hoped they would be released as the other stranger had been. Accompanied by half a dozen others the two horsemen returned, looking anything but friendly. They took the two men prisoners and marched them away to their camp where Amasa recognized faces he had seen among the mob in Davies County. And they recognized him. Bursting into an exultant laugh they told him in coarse terms he was soon to meet his fate.

They intended by all means to make an end of him right there in their camp, and he heard them quarreling among themselves about how his death should be inflicted. Failing to agree on a method they postponed his disposition

for a while, contenting themselves with such torment and abuse as they could devise till they could agree on the fatal ordeal.

This too, was an important feature of the great school to which Amasa had been sent---this grilling intensity from which he was to glean choice elements of truth. The appalling leanness of these intellects around him, their depravity, their utter abandon to the most degrading inclinations---how offensive all this to the nature that could appreciate and respond to the Spirit of Truth! This withering contrast intensified the wide gulf between the holy and unholy. These loud bullies, bending exultantly over their helpless captives, personified all that is cruel, avaricious and hateful in mankind, and by the law of opposites exalted the virtues of Saints to a greater height of glory.

The mob became more bold with its increasing numbers and headed now for the defenseless Mormon villages in Davies County, even though Lyman Wight and General Doniphan were there as before. Among their devices of intended destruction they had a six-pound cannon, which they were transporting to the north at a cost of ten dollars a day. They pressed Amasa and his companion into the service of this ponderous, unwieldy thing, forcing them to help lift it from the wagon and conceal it in the bushes at night, and then help raise it back into the wagon again in the morning, where they had to ride astride it all day to help keep it out of sight, lest the Mormons should discover it and take it from them. It is interesting to know that the Mormons did take it from them sometime later.

While they were moving slowly to the north they left Lyman and Dunn to sleep on the bare ground at night, but with the chill of the ground beneath their bodies, and the constant torment of their captors, they slept very little or not at all. Repeated threats of torture and death made it difficult indeed to relax from their anxiety for much needed rest. Dozing fitfully between many turns to relieve their aching limbs, those coarse threats roused them roughly whenever they seemed to have found sleep, the intention being to continue their misery day and night.

Something in Amasa's magnetic personality held them off even while he lay there at their mercy stupified with weariness. Not only the respect commanded by his splendid personality, being a stalwart of more than two hundred pounds, but he radiated a kindliness forming a barrier against unprovoked assault. The boy who had pled with tears for the cause of peace and good will in school, was still a potent influence for peace even though he was forbidden to speak.

The mob boasted that nothing could stop them from crushing the Mormons. Five years before that time, Lilburn W. Boggs, as Governor-General of the state, had made the mob supreme by his backing when they drove the Saints out of Independence, but now he was governor of the state, and he had not only given his consent to what they were doing, but the mob declared he had given orders to expel or exterminate the Mormons from Missouri. The mob swore that no Mormon should be left alive in the state.

Listening perforce to their threats and abuses all day and far into the night, Amasa thought with torturing anxiety of Maria and the little girl, helpless before them as lambs before so many wolves. This was the beginning of what he had seemed to foresee on that remarkable occasion of his first meeting with Maria Tanner. What killing suspense she would be in now for his safety! What agonizing torture was in for her when this growing pack of savages should carry their intentions into action! When these murderers got their six-pounder and other artillery trained on Haun's Mill, Diahman and other defenseless homes of the Saints in Davies County---he shuddered to think of it.

What they would eventually do with him, he could not guess, and why they did not blow his brains out as they continued to swear they would do, was not quite clear. He knew that nothing but the Power that halted them at Fishing River could halt them now in their terrible intentions.

That first day of captivity was slow to pass and hard to endure, and the second was no better, but there was a third and a fourth, all of them much the same; riding the murderous old cannon in the day time, lying on the cold

earth at night with snow-clouds gathering threateningly overhead.

What was to be their fate? They had come almost within sight of the little Mormon settlements, and they knew they were soon to be disposed of by release or by death. At the close of the fourth day they had approached within seven miles of one of the towns in Davies County, and the two men waited in great suspense as the night approached, hoping they could slip away unseen as the darkness thickened. But never once during the dark, miserable hours did the hateful guards relax their vigil. All through the night the captives watched and listened in suspense, anticipating with horror how the vicious old gun would fire its missiles of destruction into the homes of their friends and loved ones.

The gray dawn came in a mist of falling snow, and still nothing definite of what awaited the two captives, till one of their blustering tormentors told them to go, but not to go forward towards the homes of their friends, if they undertook any such thing they would be shot in the back. They must return the way they came---forty miles afoot and through the new snow.

They trudged wearily back along the road, deeming it unwise to venture any disregard of the relentless orders given them. They waded Grand River, they wore their feet to the raw in the slush and the mud and the endless turnings of the long, long road, and at nine in the evening, they reached the home of a Brother York, on Shoal Creek.

How blessed to be again among friends! To be refreshed with food and shelter and sleep! How blessed to hear again the tone of trust and sympathy! Yet while they dozed with the blessed quiet of friendship around them, they knew in their souls that the wrath of hell was gathering in black clouds above them.

Chapter VIII

"Friends of the Infernal Pit"

It took Lyman and Dunn two days with their sore and bleeding feet, to walk from the home of Brother York on Shoal Creek, along the circuitous roads they had to follow to Far West.

Maria had suffered all the torture of suspense Amasa had imagined and she was overjoyed to see him alive. The delight of their meeting, however, was made solemn by the urgent necessity of his going again at once, for although he was worn and weary to a point of fitness for little else than lying in bed for recuperation, the peril of the Saints in Davies County called for his immediate assistance.

Terrible things had already happened to the towns of the north; seventeen men and boys had been massacred at Haun's Mill, and the situation looked dark indeed. Driven to the necessity of resisting for their lives, the Saints had put up the best defense they could, and seeing that they would defend their wives and children, the dastardly enemy had scattered wildly across the country burning every house they came to, and spreading the flaming report that the Mormons had risen up against the old settlers, and were leaving the country in flames. When they pointed to the smoke and the ruin to prove what they said, it seemed to be conclusive evidence. The men in the counties south and east arose in a terrible company and headed hammer and tongs toward Far West.

If, as the mob loudly boasted, the governor was really behind them with orders to expel or exterminate, things had come to a most desperate pass indeed, and the Saints north of Far West were counseled to leave their possessions and join their brethren in the central place as the people in DeWitt had been forced to do. When Amasa heard of the increasing numbers of the enemy, coming with deadly intention, he determined to discover how much of the report was true, and whether the governor had really issued the outrageous order. He hurried back to Far West and

getting a horse rode cautiously forth across the prairie.

As a true American he loved the great free government for which his fathers had fought, and he relied upon it as the greatest guarantee of human rights. Could it be possible that a state under this government had turned a horde of savages loose on 15,000 or more unoffending and unsuspecting people, with an order of banishment or butchery? The Saints were prepared neither to move nor to fight. They had had no expectation of doing either. They had come to make homes and were still coming; the Kirtland Company of 500, and a company of 200 wagons from Canada was just arriving.

Amasa ascertained that the enemy was collecting in terrifying numbers---what the mob had said about the governor's order was true, shamefully true! The Saints could only meet it the best way they knew how.

Ten men were called to act as sentinels and spies to keep the city informed about the movements of the enemy, and Amasa was appointed to take charge of them. They went to Crooked River where most of them stopped with a Brother Pinkham to watch that part of the country, but Amasa took with him a Brother John Scott and went to the mouth of the river where he lodged with a Brother John Culter and family, taking pains wherever he went to instruct the Saints how to act and how to best avoid trouble.

He remained several days near the mouth of the river scanning the country and watching the roads for the enemy. While he waited here, the famous "battle of Crooked River" was fought near the stream above him. The place of the fight was ten miles away, yet with his fine sympathies and susceptibilities, he saw it, in spite of the distance and the darkness. (An account of the battle of Crooked River is given in History of the Church Vol. III page 170.)

"About the dawn of day", he says, "I awoke Brother Scott and told him that the brethren had had a battle, for I had seen it. We arose and saddled our horses and we rode ten miles and stopped with a Brother Ewing to get some breakfast. While here the news of the battle was brought by two of the mob-residents, who came to advise Brother

Ewing to give up his arms, but the presence there of myself and Brother Scott rendered the difference in our number rather against them. Our breakfast over, we secured the service of a guide, and traveled directly across the country to Far West. When the light of day was gone we were furnished light by the burning prairie. We arrived in Far West early in the morning of October 29th 1838." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

A solemn hush hung over the city. The people were a-stir, and many of them had not gone to bed during the long night. An atmosphere of sorrow and dread hung over the community of newly-made homes. Amasa went directly to the house of Sidney Rigdon where the young Brother Patrick O'Banion was dying from wounds received in the Battle of Crooked River, and sorrowing companies waited along the main street for the wagon bringing the body of the Apostle-martyr, David W. Patten.

There was little time for grief and tears, even now. What the enemy had done was but the beginning of its work of violence and outrage. They were reported to be gathering again at Crooked River, and Colonel Hinkle was collecting a company of men to meet them. Amasa joined them and had little time to say farewell to Maria and the baby before he started back across the prairie.

Before Hinkle's company had time to ascertain whether or not there was a force gathering at Crooked River, they became aware that a formidable army was headed directly towards Far West, an army able to sweep Hinkle's company away with a brush of its hand. Thus when they had progressed but six miles from the city, they found it necessary to turn sharply aside and retreat rapidly, going in a round-about way to re-enter Far West from the east. The mob army had camped a mile to the south, and the Saints had begun to barricade the entrance to the city with house-logs or whatever they could find to put up as a defense for their wives and children. (For more about mob persecution at Far West, See History of the Church Vol. III, page 178.)

All through that terrible night of October thirtieth, the people in Far West toiled to complete their rude barrier

of defense. Yet how frail and futile was the best barrier they could raise with a state and its military forces pitted against them! But what else could they do? Their wives, their innocent daughters, the sick and the aged looked to them for protection from awful things---should all these innocents be surrendered to the fiendishness of hell without the most positive protest that could be made?

In the gray dawn of morning, peering anxiously through their breastworks, they saw a man come staggering towards them, carrying another man. This was the morning greeting of the mob, a true token of their regards and intentions. As the man staggered nearer to them with his great burden, they discovered he was John Tanner, Maria's Father. "He was besmeared with blood from head to foot," Amasa relates. The hair of his head was clotted with bruises and cuts where he had been struck with a gun-barrel, and his body was a mass of wounds and lacerations from his ordeal of torment during the night. The mob in their approach to the city the day before had captured him, and after "abusing him brutally" all night, had ordered him in the morning to carry to the city a corpse of a Brother Carey whom they had murdered.

Considering what they had done to her father, what could Maria expect of this horde when and if she fell into their hands? What could any woman expect? The tenderness of childhood, the helplessness of age---it would be before them as the dry grass before the wind-driven flame. Missouri---sometime to become the land of Zion! But with the fiendish desires festering in its heart for expression a hundred years ago, is it any wonder they cast their dark shadow across Amasa's path long before he saw them in reality?

October 31st was a day of suspense and terror in Far West. Peering through their flimsy defenses at the terrible men surrounding them, the time dragged heavily. They knew their resistance would be futile, yet rather than surrender with no assurances they would die right there in defense of all that is sacred in the home.

Colonel George M. Hinkle was out there with the mob,

ostensibly trying to arrange some possible quarter or stay of hostilities, and everybody awaited his return with hopes and fears. Late in the afternoon he came back reporting that if the Prophet, Sidney Rigdon, Parley P. Pratt, Lyman Wight and George W. Robinson would go out and confer with the mob leaders, the safety of the city could be arranged.

Joseph was always eager to do anything he could for the welfare of his people, and the brethren named stood ready to go with him, no matter what the danger. When he and these faithful brethren went away to the hostile camp, the people watched them with flickering hope and bodings of dread.

It was nothing but a plot red with treason! Hinkle had agreed to lead his brethren into the hands of their enemies, and when they arrived in the camp he announced them as the men he had agreed to deliver. With the trusting hopes of the city's defenseless thousands reposed in him, he had aped the example of Judas Iscariot.

While prayers still hung on the lips of the Saints for the safety of their beloved leaders, gone forth through the twilight to that heartless rabble, they heard the wild exultation of the mob army as Joseph and his brethren reached their camp. "Their succession of demoniac yells," writes Amasa, "might lead one to conclude that hell with all its legions had joined in the triumph,"

That night was more terrible than the day had been. Into its awful hours broke frequent howls of merriment from the camp, leaving the Saints, behind their useless barricade, to wonder in great anxiety, what it might be meaning to their beloved Prophet and his brethren.

That night of the 31st was to be followed by a day more terrible still. Fully expecting now, according to Amasa's account to be "attacked by our enemies", the people of the city held vigilantly to their few weapons, cherishing as a last hope the resolution to die in defense of their loved ones. But think of it---Judas was not content with betraying the leaders only! "We were ordered out by Colonel Hinkle to lay down our arms by way of surrendering to our enemies," says Amasa's account.

When the men surrendered their arms they were marched to the center of the city and kept under guard. Thus robbed by the basest treachery of their protectors, the innocents of the city were in the hands of the ravening mob. No printed page can tell the revolting story of those fiends that day in Far West, yet it is neither lost nor forgotten---it has come down from father to son and is indelibly fixed in the memory of Far West's living posterity.

After being held under close guard in the center of the city to the mob's satisfaction, the men were allowed to go to their homes and hear heart-breaking sobs and tears of bitter anguish---the account of un-nameable outrages. But there was no redress in Missouri, no more than if they had been with Lucifer in the infernal pit!

The unholy passion of treachery is never appeased, its rapacity is only inflamed the more by its excesses. After Colonel Hinkle had betrayed the Prophet and some of his associates into the clutches of their deadly enemies, and had given the trusting city over to pillage and ravishment, he had an intoxicated craving to do more. The wild praise of the mob had given him a sweet delirium of glory which he wanted to prolong at all costs.

Writing of what happened in the afternoon of that terrible day, Amasa relates that in going to see Bishop Partridge he passed Hinkle's store and "was pointed out to a party of the mob who followed me a short distance and arrested me, stating that he had orders from General Lucas to bring me to camp." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

Amasa was given no time for preliminaries nor preparation, no time even after all this demonstration of shameless violence to provide for the safety of his wife and child; they must be left without protection in this pack of fiends.

As important additions to the mob's capture, Amasa and Patriarch Hyrum Smith, the Prophet's brother, were marched away and paraded past the jeering rabble to the center of the camp where the Prophet and his brethren, taken the night before, were held in savage exultation as terrible predatory animals run down after a long chase.

A jargon of taunting jibes and coarse threats greeted the two new captives---they would add color to the big show which the camp was in a fever of expectancy to see: an imperious trial by court martial. It was to be in the nature of a victory banquet, celebrating the downfall of the Mormon city, with these Mormon leaders as the chief relish. They anticipated eagerly the delicious false evidence which would be accepted without challenge by the court, the extreme judgment that would be pronounced against them, and then, best of all, the speedy and merciless execution of that judgment. That this court martial trial of civilians was without the least shadow of legal justification, and lacking the very first elements of fairness, made it all the more appealing to the depraved appetite of the mob.

The brethren, chained as so many desperadoes, sat or reclined from weariness on the damp earth, and saw among their exulting accusers, men who had been their fellow-workers, friends who had deteriorated into foes. Saints once in the light who had turned back into intensified darkness. Oh, this miracle of apostasy! It was the phenomenal antithesis of the miracle of conversion to the truth.

These traitors, jubilant and secure in the fawning praise and momentary protection of the multitude, gave the kind of pernicious testimony the multitude wanted to hear, and it was hailed with boisterous approval. With great pretense of justice General Lucas conducted the most shallow mockery of a trial, and sentenced the Brethren to be taken to the public square of the city the following morning, and there at sunrise, in full view of their loved ones and all the people, to be shot to death.

The mob howled its delight, shouting coarse execrations and threats and curses to the people of Far West while the judge, instead of rebuking them as the dignity of his trust should demand, enjoyed the coarse volume of their approbation. The Prophet and his brethren, in chains on the chilly earth, listened to this hellish bedlam without a word. That night of November first was raw and comfortless, the first autumn snows having already fallen, and a searching breeze sighed across the prairie.

"From the inclemency of the weather we had no protection," says Amasa Lyman's patient account.

It was settled beyond all controversy or appeal: Joseph and his brethren had but a few hours to live. "Their fate is fixed, their die is cast, their doom is sealed," declared the monster Judge, exultantly. The mob could hardly wait for the rising sun to play its wonderful part of the drama, and that would be the signal for their seizing or despoiling whatever appealed to their depraved fancy in the distressed city of Far West.

This was Missouri, a sovereign state of the great American Union; its governor had ordered that these unoffending Mormons, who looked to him as a champion of their inherent rights, be driven forth into the winter or destroyed as a breed of predacious rodents. He had authorized an undisciplined and unscrupulous mob army to expel or kill them as best served their purpose. What a scene of "infinite wrath and infinite despair," for these men in their chains to contemplate! Their youthful city, Far West, begun by the eager hands of the oppressed as a place of refuge and rest, now to be divested of every good and holy thing they had contributed to it.

The Saints had dedicated here a place for a temple, and they hoped because of their good works, their energy, and their unquestionable value to the state, that their lost homes would be restored to them, that they would be understood and appreciated as the desireable builders of this wonderful region. All such hopes were now rudely blasted ---the Mormons would do well to escape with their lives.

Lying there under the unremitting surveillance of their captors, with no possibility of their saying a word or making a move that their captors did not know, Amasa thought of his wife, a homeless sojourner in the house of a friend. He thought of her father who, if he did not die of his wounds, would yet carry their hideous scars to his grave, and he considered himself and his dear Prophet and his brethren, and the death decreed by this army against them when the sun should appear again.

How intensely do we think when in the face of death!

From every angle of his natural understanding he had no reason to hope for deliverance from doom in the morning; he could not run away, and death was more inviting than the promise of his liberty for joining the Judases among their enemies. No, he would meet it as David W. Patten and other true men had met it for this gospel of eternal life. If to live with his Prophet was to "be as in the presence of the Lord," then to die with him would be to gain exaltation in the kingdom of God. He had longed to help bear the Prophet's persecution for righteousness sake, and now his wish was granted. Their very chains were a tie of new and holy endearment.

In all these things Joseph remained courageous and calm---it was the splendid calmness possible only to be an understanding of things immortal. He had always been with his people in their greatest danger if he could reach them, and from their deep admiration of his unfaltering courage, they were impelled to praise the source from which that courage came. His brethren, chained with him now in the hands of their eager murderers, wanted most of all to hear his voice, and get a word of comfort for the bitter dawn awaiting. As the night advanced and the prying guards hovered with less nearness over them, Joseph whispered to the man next to him, and the word was passed along to be of good cheer, for the sentence of General Lucas would not be carried out.

Sweet relief from the contemplation of death!

Yet how could they be delivered? What could countermand the order of this imperious ruler with his state and his governor squarely behind him? They couldn't guess, but they could remember that the three hundred mad men had been turned back at Fishing River and sent cowed and astonished to their homes, and they felt the assurance that the Lord had ample means of checking this tyrant judge, so they relaxed in their chains, having heard the promise of the Lord through his Prophet.

Morning came---the sun sent its glad light across the prairie and into the vigilant homes of the city where sleepless eyes had poured out their tears and their prayers dur-

ing all the long hours of darkness. Word had been circulated among the terrified Saints that the firing squad would do their work on the public square at sunrise. The condemned saw the sun arise and watched every movement among the hostile throng around them yet they were not marched off to be shot---something had intervened.

There stood in the camp of cut-throats a brave officer, whom the Lord inspired to rise up in firm condemnation of the whole dastardly procedure, declaring it was cold-blooded murder, and that he would testify against it as such in the courts.

"From the execution of this merciless sentence," says Amasa's account, "we were saved by the daring refusal of General Doniphan, and long may he live to enjoy the record of his soul ennobling qualities which exalt him incomparatively above the priest-ridden, bloody rabble around him."

Although he was baffled for the present, General Lucas determined to take the prisoners away and still accomplish his murderous design. "On the morning of November second," continues Amasa's narrative, "we were ordered to take our seats in a wagon driven by Brother Stephen Markham, whom the mob had pressed into service. As we seated ourselves, William Beaman rushed to the wagon with his rifle cocked, swearing that Lyman Wight, who sat by my side, should not leave the place alive. He was instantly disarmed by the captain of the guard, and a sentinel placed some twenty feet from us with orders to shoot the first man who showed any disposition to crowd us."

"From the camp we moved under a strong guard into the city of Far West, there most of the prisoners were allowed to say their adieus to their sorrowing and heart-stricken families. While we halted here, the father and mother of Joseph and Hyrum Smith came to the wagon in which their two sons were seated to see their sons for the last time, as they supposed, but the wagon was closely covered, and they were brutally refused the privilege of looking upon their children." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman)

General Lucas ordered the people of the distressed city to come out and hear a great flamboyant, abusive speech in which he told them not to let it enter even remotely into their hopes that they would ever see their leaders again, for they would certainly be executed. Thus Father and Mother Smith and all the people of Far West could only watch with aching hearts as the covered wagons took their loved ones away.

Amasa continues his story, "At length we left the scene of our sorrowing friends, and started for Independence. When we passed the place where my family resided, I was allowed five minutes in which to see my wife and get a change of clothing. I left my weeping wife and prattling babe to encounter my fate in the land of my enemies."

"On November third, we crossed the river and arrived in Independence in the midst of a heavy rain. We were taken through all the principal streets of the town and exhibited as the victory trophies of mob violence over innocence and truth."

For four days these brethren were paraded on the streets and in public places of Independence as extraordinary monsters, while the General and his aides swelled big with glory for their heroic part in capturing men so reputedly desperate. On the ninth of November, lusting for more glory in new fields, the General took his prisoners to Richmond, where, to cause a greater sensation, he held them with extra care and severity, as if having reason to fear some plot was on foot for their rescue. He chained the seven of them together with one chain, compelling them to lie as animals in their irons on the jail floor, and they were compelled to hear always the coarsest kind of insults and abuse from their guards.

Blackness and gloom hovered over them, and the arch-adversary of all righteousness waited impatiently for their destruction. Bound now to Joseph with the same chain, Amasa found in this hard bond more comfort and assurance still, for the Prophet's dignity mounted with the increase of torture and abuse.

Their captors brought to them in their food what they

mockingly called "Mormon beef", and betrayed a fiendish eagerness to see the prisoners eat it. Joseph warned his brethren not to touch it, telling them it was human flesh.

Since the beginning of the trouble in August, thirty of the Saints had been killed by the mob, and many others crippled and shamefully abused. Homes had been desecrated; the tenderness of childhood, the feebleness of age, the sick and the helpless had met with insult and violence---and now this "Mormon beef"! Why all this extreme fiendishness as if hell itself had declared an all-out assault on the Church? There seemed to be no limit to what this hatred could devise. What did it mean, this unprecedented demonstration of the power of darkness? It was as astonishing and as unexplainable as the power of the Priesthood against which it was aimed. These fiends were unwittingly bearing testimony that it was the truth by focussing their mad fury against it.

Amasa lay in his chains contemplating in wonder the extraordinary drama wherein his people had been set upon as sheep attacked by ferocious animals, and even the legal machinery of the state directed without excuse against them. It was to him another unanswerable proof that this was indeed the gospel of Christ which an apostate and corrupt world could not fail to oppose with all its fury.

In spite of all these assurances, the ordeal was agonizing in the extreme. He thought of the terrified women and children in Far West, and wondered what more had befallen them. His very heart ached as he remembered his wife in tears, homeless and in peril from these fiends who boasted of their robberies, murders and outrages too terrible to repeat.

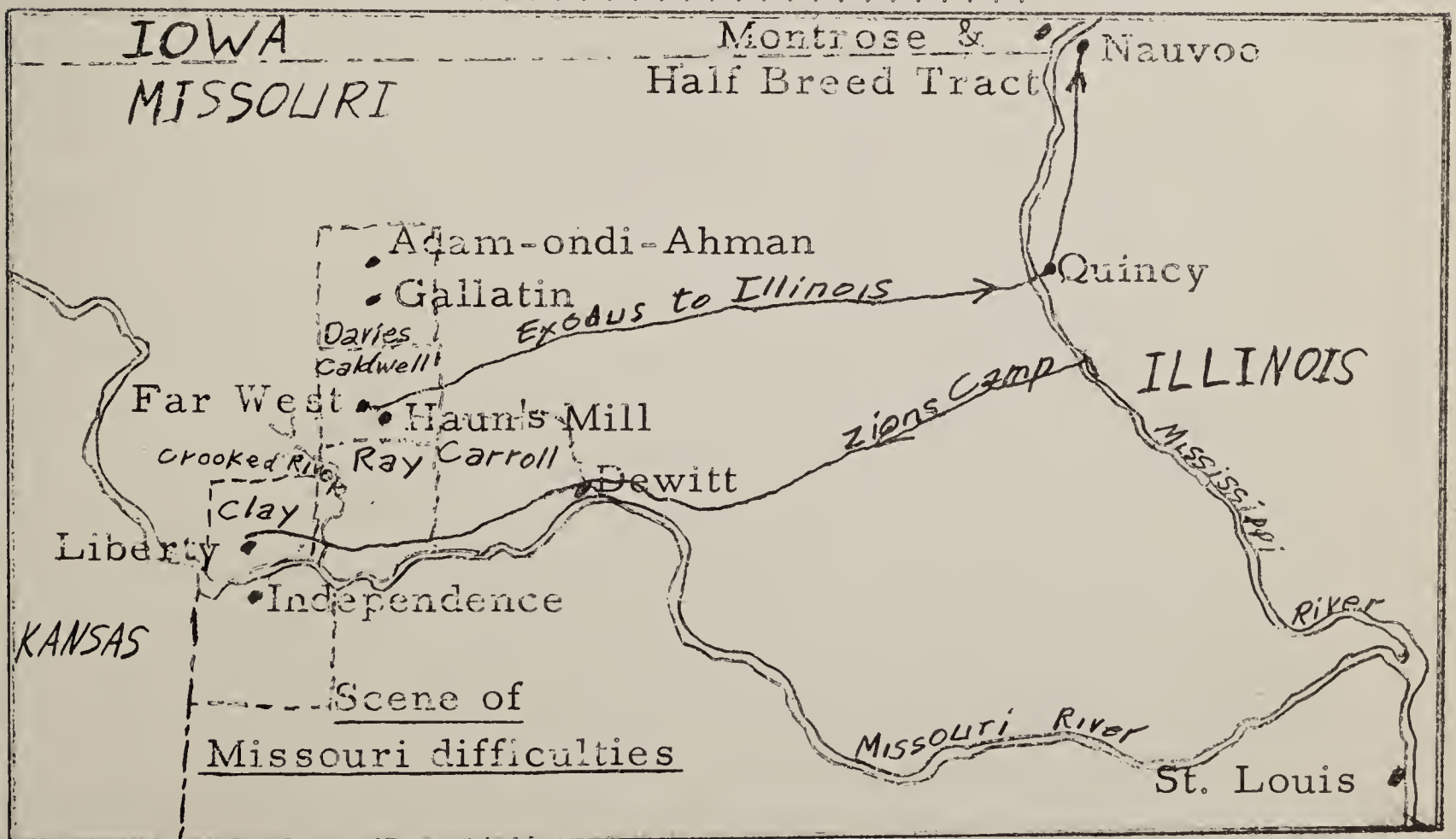
These guards in Richmond jail were drunken with their depravity---it had become a beastly obsession. They seemed never to tire of relating hellish accounts of what they had done to the defenseless Saints, and what they intended yet to do.

It was midnight in the dimly-lighted and filthy room of the jail, the seven men in chains had listened in forced wakefulness for hours, to one revolting account after another

till it was distracting, maddening. Some of them shifted in their irons under the torture of it, and wondered how Joseph could remain so still.

Suddenly he arose in great majesty of power, standing erect in his chains, and bearing a supreme dignity beyond anything that earthly governments can vest in mortal man. In the authority of the Priesthood and in a voice of thunder he rebuked the guards, "Silence, ye fiends of the infernal pit!" he commanded, "In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you and command you to be still. I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk or you or I die this instant!" (P. P. Pratt's Autobiography, page 228-230.)

No earthly commander could speak with such supremacy. The guards trembled before it, dropping to the floor to beg pardon or slinking away like whipped dogs into a corner. Sweet silence of night whispered into the dungeon, they heard the welcome purr of the wind above them, and into their souls came a wondrous and well earned assurance that they were indeed suffering for the gospel's sake with a Prophet of the true and living God.



Chapter IX

Homeless, Afflicted, Persecuted.

After four days in this filthy jail at Richmond, sixty more of the brethren arrived under heavy guard from Far West to be tried for anything and everything their enemies thought they could prove against them. These sixty brought a heartrending story of what had befallen the people in the unfortunate city since Joseph and the other brethren had been taken away.

General Clark had arrested all of the men of the town and compelled them to sign deeds of trust to pay for the time, the labors and the expenses of the mob for what they had done to Far West and the Mormon towns around it. These sixty had been brought to Richmond for trial, and the rest of the brethren had been ordered to leave the state at once.

The sixty, along with the seven, were charged with arson, murder, burglary, treason, robbery and larceny. Amasa knew the lives and the afflictions of these men, and that these spiteful charges and the whole infernal procedure were premeditatedly fraudulent. Yet they all had to abide in their chains and hear this pretended court of justice devise and administer the grossest kind of injustice. The judge, Austin A. King, rankled with hatred towards the accused, and to the distorted evidence of these popular witnesses, he gave full credence.

Lies, injustice and insult occupied the time of the court as one long weary day followed another. It was exasperating---a scene at which righteous indignation, denied any voice at all, becomes excruciating torture. The lean-brained mob had figured that of course with all this wide range of accusation, and their army of eager liars, they could surely seem to prove something, and they prolonged the agony ten days in a desperate effort to justify some of the extreme sentences they wanted to impose.

They proved no part of any of the charges. In spite of their over-supply of false testimony, and in spite of the

malicious determination of the judge to convict if possible, they thought best to discharge some of the defendants to make more concentrated effort against the others.

On the 24th of November they released twenty-three of the accused, Amasa Lyman among them. He was discharged from the court at nine o'clock in the morning. It was Sunday, and the pronounced sensation of being suddenly free after all this anguish of captivity, was strangely confusing. If he failed to be off at once he might be arrested again on some trumped up charge, and still he hated to go, leaving Joseph and the others with their enemies.

Yet he saw no way in which he could help them if he stayed, and he thought he might be helpful in their escape if he hurried away. There was still another reason why he should go: an ugly swelling had appeared on his arm, and if it continued as it had begun he would soon be helpless and in need of careful nursing.

Thus, the sensible thing was for him to go at once, and with firm resolution he set off without preliminaries nor luggage nor lunch. He had left Maria and the baby at the home of Justice Morse near the ill-fated Mormon city, forty miles away to the northwest, but in going there he had to detour often from the main road for safety, and it was ten o'clock in the evening when, ready to drop with exhaustion, he reached the Morse home.

According to the terrible words of the General in his speech to the people of Far West, it was utterly impossible that any of the men taken away would ever return, for he had declared exultantly, "There doom is sealed." Maria had hugged the little girl to her breast and mourned her sweetheart all these weeks as among the dead. But he had come back---in the darkness of this winter night, at this late hour he had knocked at the door, and it was no enemy as they had at first feared. Again she wept---now for joy, he was free once more from the hands of his enemies.

Since that day when Amasa left his Uncle's home in New Hampshire to travel seven hundred miles afoot, and found at the end of the first hard day that he was not built for walking, he had been compelled to walk thousands of

miles, and was innured to many hardships, but this long jaunt of forty miles in thirteen hours, after lying still so long in chains, left him fit for little else than to lie in bed. While he was trying to recuperate from his big exertion, that swelling on his arm developed rapidly, rendering him quite unfit for action.

But as long as he could crawl he must see some of his friends wading through heavy tribulation, and when he appeared on the street, he was approached by the traitor Hinkle, who proposed that they two "join and go south and build up a church for themselves, as the Prophet was in trouble from which he could not escape." From this "heartless treachery", as Amasa called it, he turned away as from a viper. (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

His refusal to Hinkle's offer may or may not have had to do with what happened later in the day, of which he says, "several times in the course of the day I met with parties of the mob whom I learned, about sundown, were searching for me to take me back to prison." It thus became necessary at once, in spite of his being homeless, sick and in poverty, that he go into hiding to preserve his liberty.

The chill of near-approaching winter moaned uneasily over Caldwell County, stirring fixed intuitions to prepare for bleak days and big storms ahead. The wild creatures of the hills and fields could burrow in away from the cold and enjoy their shelters till spring, but these people of Far West and the neighboring villages had been ordered under pain of death to desert the homes they had prepared, nor did they dare to make any kind of shelter for themselves within the borders of the state. Destitute and impoverished, they could not survive the winter in the wilds of Kansas or Nebraska to the west, they must go where they could work or intreat for the necessaries of life.

Looking wistfully away to the distance, the nearest place of promise was Western Illinois, 175 miles to the east, beyond the Mississippi River. Yet with their leaders in prison and no prospect of their returning soon if ever at all, how could these helpless thousands ever move that long distance without leaving their dead along the road be-

hind them.

These were some of the things Amasa contemplated in his exile, and the situation must needs be intensified for him when, "That swelling on my arm soon reduced me to a state of utter helplessness. "I was carried to the home of Brother Solomon Daniels, where, by the kindness of friends and the blessings of the Lord, I slowly recovered." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

His hiding place as a sojourner in this, the home of another friend, was soon learned by his enemies, and while he lay there helpless, "Captain Bogart and his emissaries watched closely," expecting to pounce upon him as soon as he was able to stand. By a careful ruse Amasa contrived to throw them off the scent, and at the same time to get his wife and child out of Missouri, a thing he had been very eager to do.

It was generally known that Brother Daniels and his folks had been preparing to move, and Amasa contrived to make it appear that he and his family had gone with them a thing which for his own safety, he greatly desired. Instead, however, having partly recovered from the trouble in his arm, he says he slipped away among some of his friends, and began helping them with the technical and bitter business of conveying their lands over to their enemies, which the most of them were forced by the oppression of the mob to do.

From his saying that he "slipped away," no one would guess the perils which that "slipping" process involved. The story comes to us from an old lady in Utah who relates that she was alone in her home in Far West when a man with his arm and wrist terribly swollen rushed up to the door and asked her to hide him quickly from the mob who were on his track in a fury and about to overtake him. When she told him she was alone and could not take an utter stranger into the house, he begged her the more to hide him or he would be killed by the men soon to come in sight.

Being assured by something in his face that he was not to be feared, this girl in her teens ran and brought a ladder which she fixed to a covered opening in the ceiling,

and told him to climb up there and hide between the ceiling and the roof. When he had placed the cover over the hole and she had little more than returned from taking the ladder back to its place, the mob appeared, and demanded to know where that man, Lyman, had gone, swearing that if he had not been "caught away by the Holy Ghost", they would make an end of him.

When she told them she knew no man named Lyman, they began hunting inside the house and out. Finding the ladder, one of them declared it had but recently been moved, but another was sure it had not been disturbed for a long time, and without looking above the ceiling, they gave up the search and went on.

When Theodore Turley and his wife returned home, their daughter, Priscilla told them a man was hiding overhead, and they helped him down. We have no way of knowing Amasa's first impression of these Turleys, but considering the part Priscilla was to take in his life, he should have felt towards them somewhat as he had felt towards the Tanners and the Partridges. There is no reason, however, to think that in his tribulation of that time, he envisaged Priscilla going with him and seven other women across deserts and mountains to the western sea.

All he says about it is that while he was helping the Saints convey their property to their enemies, and keeping out of sight as best he could, "I boarded with Brother Theodore Turley's family. Sister Turley was most kind and unremitting in her attention to my comfort, and under her treatment I recovered my health." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

He had been elected Justice of the Peace soon after his return from prison, and in this capacity he could give service which the people would otherwise have had to get from their enemies. In these agonizing times, with the legal transfer of their homes and their lands to their enemies as one of the imperative conditions on which they could leave the state, his services were quite indispensable.

With his sickness, his enforced hiding from the threat of a second arrest, and the people claiming all his attention,

he found little time for his cherished hope of rescuing his brethren still in jail. He kept it constantly in mind, however, as the thing he would do at the first opportunity.

The outlook in Far West was most desperate. For its thousands of people to get away with the winter already upon them, seemed utterly impossible, and late in December they drafted a petition to the legislature beseeching mercy, a little stay of time, a little consideration. That petition found no one with the courage to speak a word in its favor, and it was laid on the table. Governor Boggs had issued his order of banishment or death, and the Saints could take their choice.

Amasa Lyman regarded himself as a part of the Church machinery which was working for the salvation of its people. He was to go and to come and to serve in whatever capacity his presiding officers might direct, nor turn from the well being of the many for his individual advantage. After what he had seen of the powers of light and darkness, healing the sick, speaking in tongues, casting out devils, the positive testimony not to be mistaken, he knew how futile and foolish it would be for him to withhold anything the Lord had placed in his hands to give.

Not only had he seen a blustering three hundred men sent meekly home, and witnessed the power of heaven at the dedication of a temple, but he had seen the stern order of a military chieftain set aside in fulfillment of a prophecy within a few hours; and he had seen the Lord's servant, a prisoner in chains, rise up in superhuman dignity and rebuke his guards with an authority they could not resist. Now he was to see something else, something every Latter-day Saint had to be able to see in order to endure to the end. It was the principle of continued life and power in the organization of the Church. He was to see that the potent element of the Church was not in the hands of any mortal man or men, but as the divinely given name indicated, it was the Church of Jesus Christ, The Christ himself was operating in it for its progress and preservation.

Brigham Young, one of the Twelve arose to the demands of the occasion, speaking and acting by virtue of the

Priesthood for the salvation of the stricken Saints in the Prophet's absence. Along with Heber C. Kimball and others, Brigham faced the desperate conditions imposed on the Church, resolving by the help of heaven to move them with all their sick and wounded and helpless and in spite of their poverty, beyond the reaching hands of their enemies.

In late January, 1839, Brigham called the men of the priesthood together and had them pledge to stand faithfully by the stricken Saints for their deliverance. In that pledged union of Priesthood, a supernatural force came into action ---things moved---what happened and just how it happened is not easy to explain. It is related that blood-stained tracks of men, women and children were seen in the snow where plodding companies, destitute and afoot, had crossed the country eastward towards Quincy, Illinois. By latter February and in spite of winter and want and the hateful interference of a hostile state and its people, the main body of the Church had reached the eastern bank of the Mississippi River. And then within a few weeks the rest of them had also availed themselves of the governor's one alternative to escape extermination.

This great feat was not accomplished without making heroic sacrifice---even martyrs old and young gave their lives to make it possible. Upward of four hundred perished in the struggle, but as a community they crossed the border, escaping what had seemed to be unavoidable doom. (For more about the Missouri exodus see History of the Church Volume III.)

This extraordinary deliverance added another wonder to the many that Amasa had been brought to consider since he first met the Prophet seven years before. As the appointed link between past generations of darkness and future generations of light, the truth was being amplified before his eyes for the sake of many. This marvelous Church of Christ, restored again in these latter days, was different from anything known among mortal men since the Master Himself walked among men in Palestine. Distracted with perils and torture and pain, and marked for death by the official order of a state, the Church had survived with its

standards and its people, and was making no compromise whatever with transgression.

With unremitting zeal for the preservation of the Church, the Prophet Joseph had pronounced against the transgressions of Oliver Cowdrey who had stood next to him in authority, and with whom he had witnessed heavenly visions. The Prophet had also pronounced against the other two witnesses of the Book of Mormon, and against every friend, however dear, who had broken the revealed laws of God.

And now, with the Prophet in chains and the Church in desperate need of every friend it could win or retain, Brigham Young thought first of the sacred trust imposed by the Priesthood on him and his associates, and they severed from the Church, William E. McClellan, who had been the Prophet's counselor; and Thomas B. Marsh, who had been president of the Twelve. Brigham and his brethren made no exception for either friend or favorite.

Amasa saw the Priesthood operating with a dignity as devoted to its standards as the laws of nature. This action gripped his admiration, his respect--it fitted into the perfect mosaic of evidence surrounding the true gospel.

In March, 1839, with the last of the Missouri Saints out, or soon to be out, of the state, Amasa departed quietly from the dangers surrounding Far West, and joined his wife in Quincy, where she had been waiting for him since the fall before. With sorrow and alarm she had considered the sufferings and death among the Saints in Missouri where the Prophet Joseph and his brethren still waited in a wretched prison. She had looked anxiously for Amasa's infrequent letters, but now, after all her prayers and fears, he was safe once more.

How sweet their joy of meeting after all the peril and suspense! Into that joy came the glad thought and hope of a home--an abiding place of their own where they would not be sojourners and charity--guests of their friends. But not yet--not while their Prophet lay helpless in the hands of his enemies. The longing for home, as the longing for respite from affliction, must wait its turn; Maria and the baby would have to stay yet for weeks or maybe for months

in the home of the Daniels family.

Free now for the first time since his release from prison to honor the resolution he made at that time, Amasa turned his attention to the difficult problem of freeing his brethren from prison. He knew it might cost his liberty or his life, but Parley P. Pratt had succeeded in getting for himself and the others a change of venue from Richmond in Ray County, to Columbia in Boone County, nearly a hundred miles nearer to the Illinois side of the state, and it offered an inviting possibility of bringing the Prophet in a quick dash to the safety of the eastern bank of the Mississippi River.

Amasa knew their detention in jail was without a shadow of justification, that it was never the intention to give them a fair trial, and he had no compunctions of conscience in setting out to accomplish their escape. Therefore, very soon after he reached Quincy in March, he crossed back again into Missouri with Charles C. Rich, Seymour Bronson and John Killian, all of them disguised as anything but Mormons, and having with them extra horses for the other brethren to ride in the hoped for a dash back to liberty in Illinois. Moving with great tension of suspense, they frequently met men whom they had seen in various mobs, and they knew if they were recognized it would mean serious trouble.

Approaching safely the neighborhood of Columbia, their enterprise gave great promise of success. It was arranged that two of them would throw the court and civil officers off their guard by asking for a delay of the case, while the other two would somehow contact the prisoners and get them synchronized with the details of the plan.

The two who were to contact the prisoners met Brother Watson Barlow, known there as a Mormon from Quincy, who, it was arranged, should visit the brethren in prison and make them acquainted with the program of escape. Brother Barlow got a wrong understanding of some of the essential particulars and as a consequence, at the critical moment, the result was a distressing failure. The plotters waited as long as they dared, and finding themselves in

great danger of being detected, and the delivery quite beyond them, at least for the present, they had to ride in haste to get back across the Mississippi.

Brother Barlow, out of patience with himself, for hindering a good work so nearly accomplished, insisted that if they would come back again, after a few days, he would see that the delivery was accomplished.

They did return. In great hope and constant suspense they rode with their horses again to the place, but again they failed to connect and had to retreat in haste for their own safety. It was another bitter disappointment, for they had cherished the hope of seeing their beloved brethren free, after more than four months in prison.

"Again we returned to Quincy," wrote Amasa in regretful tone, "leaving our friends to their fate. Brother Pratt told me later that they were ready to act on our proposition for their rescue".

Before Amasa could devise some other plan for the delivery, the Prophet and some of his fellow prisoners came to Illinois by a plan very similar to the ones that had twice failed.

Even now, Amasa was not through with the evils lurking west of the big river. That desire for home, long deferred, would have to wait indefinitely, for there was, as he called it, "unsettled business in Missouri". It had nothing to do with his own personal interests, for his personal belongings consisted still of some half-worn clothing in use by himself and his family. The call to Missouri was for something more important than property of his own, even if he had owned any property. The interests of his destitute friends were the considerations impelling him back to the dangers west of the big river.

After much unavoidable delay he started on what he calls "a dangerous trip". Setting his foot on the west bank of the Mississippi River again marked the beginning of long days of suspense and anxiety. The familiar scenes constantly reminded him of violence and outrage.

Making his headquarters in or near the doleful ruins of Far West, it was his intention to finish his business

quickly and return before his presence there became known. But the days stretched into weeks while his safety hung uncertainly on what seemed to be the chance turn of events, and he says the business "occupied most of the summer." He does not explain just what it was that occupied his attention---scattered Saints or important matters which in the headlong rush and confusion of the exodus had been neglected, but whatever it was, being ever under the necessity of avoiding the spying eyes of hateful enemies, his task was slow and difficult of accomplishment. Somehow the chance turned each time in his favor so that he succeeded in avoiding the men who threatened his liberty or his life, and when at long last the work was done he stole quietly away, praying to be able once more, and he hoped it would be the last time, to get out of the state of Missouri in safety.

While among them he met face to face with men whose presence gave him alarm, he heard disturbing threats and rumors, yet again his heart was made glad when he looked from the safe eastern bank of the big river with gratitude for his deliverance, and he hurried away to the Daniels home where Maria and the baby had stayed through the summer.

However, in spite of his fond hopes that he would see Missouri no more, it was in the program of future events that under an assumed name he must pass again through the places of their suffering. However the bitterness of his soul for what he had gone through, did not provoke him to desires of personal revenge and in writing to a friend he said "Of our sufferings in Missouri I have nothing to say, only let silence cover them till the Avenger of our wrongs shall reward our enemies according to their works."

Chapter X

The Prophet's Last Charge to Amasa M. Lyman

When Amasa returned in the late summer or early fall of 1839 to Maria and the baby, still waiting for him in the home of Brother Daniels, that homing impulse rose up in an eager plea for its long delayed right to attention. But where could he go now to make a home? He wanted to by all means to be with the body of the Church, and where they would gather was still a troubled question. Some of them had gone up the river to settle at a little place called Commerce, and Brother Turley, with whom Amasa had stayed in Missouri, was the first one of the Saints to build a house there. Yet it was an insalubrious place. The people who had lived there, had suffered fevers and other maladies because of the swampy nature of the soil.

Besides not knowing where to go, Amasa found it too late in the year to begin without means to make a home, all the more so because of the many immediate necessities he had to meet. Another hindering factor, as revealed by one of his letters, "Since we left Missouri my health has been very poor."

Maria was soon to be a mother again, and in order to meet the increasing needs of his family, he would have to content himself with being a sojourner while he turned his hand to whatever profitable work he could find, till conditions became more favorable and he could know more surely where to undertake the building of his long-desired home.

"In the fall", he relates, "I went with my family to spend the winter with my old friend, Justice Morse, in McDonnough County, and remained there till spring."

It was here in MaComb, where the town of Good Hope was later to spring up, forty miles east of what was to become Nauvoo, that Amasa's first son was born on the twelfth of January, 1840. Their choice of a name for the little one reflected their admiration for the heroes of the American Revolution, and they named him, Francis Marion.

With the opening of spring after all these five years of delay, the long desired opportunity of making a home seemed really to have come. The Saints had been welcomed into Illinois and were settling in and around the little town that had been called Commerce, which by the favor of the Lord and through the power of the Priesthood, had been changed from an unhealthy swamp to a delightful place for habitation, and had been given the pleasant name of Nauvoo.

Very early in the spring Amasa went to the country just across the Mississippi from Nauvoo to what was known as "the half-breed tract", and built a cabin. Its beauty was the rude beauty of the frontier, but it was home. He had made it with his own hands and it expressed the glorious kingdom-instinct which awakens in the soul of men as they become the head of a growing tribe. He brought Maria and the babies there to live, and in spite of its many privations and discomforts, it became the blessed little world of their own towards which, through all the homeless years they had been looking hopefully and trustingly forward.

No call to missionary work broke into this choice interval, and Amasa turned eagerly to the welcome business of providing with his own hands for the needs of his family. This time it must not be done by working slave-like for some other man, that way would not accord with the splendid independence which this little period was meant to afford; to carry on in keeping with this gallant enterprise he must devise his own work, be his own master.

Getting a suitable boat he began collecting drift-wood along the banks of the big Mississippi, and took it down the stream to sell in St. Louis. He spent part of the summer at this task. The work was particularly delightful while it lasted for it was exactly in his line, that is, it was entirely new to him, and he got from it the huge thrill of meeting and mastering the unprecedented.

However, like a starving man at a banquet, he overtaxed his strength and exposed himself unduly to wet and cold. As a result, in the late summer or early autumn he became sick and helpless on one of his trips and his wife Maria with Captain George Miller met him at Keokuk and

brought him home.

Amasa was bedfast too long to take up his boating again that season, and when he had opportunity to engage again in gainful activity, he was once more to take up something entirely new. From his sickness in the fall of 1840, as from his intervals of helplessness before that time, he seemed to make permanent recovery, yet this succession of ordeals and worse ordeals ahead, were chalking down their score against his endurance.

As the scattered Saints gathered from their different places of refuge, to both sides of the river in and around Nauvoo, Amasa's services as preacher and teacher came into great demand, and the dominant ambition of his nature answered the call like a sheep glad to hear its master's voice. Neither love of home, love of kindred nor love of life itself held Amasa from responding to the call of the Supreme Master whom he had resolved to follow.

Traveling in a sleigh through the bitter cold on the ice of the frozen river and its tributaries, Amasa stood before gatherings of the Saints wherever they came together to hear him speak, and with force and fervor he bore testimony to the perfect plan and the divine authority of the restored gospel.

When spring came, and the lure of his little cabin-kingdom on "the half-breed tract" came to him in the songs of birds and the scent of flowers, it found him in an ecstasy of zeal for his Master's business. He was too human not to hear that pleading call of home, too human and frail not to feel in his soul a longing difficult to dismiss. But the call of home was for his individual and temporary well-being only, while the call of the Master was for the eternal welfare of many, and in serving them Amasa could serve himself in the greatest possible way.

The Church was to have a temple in Nauvoo, a temple greater than any it had yet undertaken. Its completion was imperative to the progress of the work for in it important ceremonies which had been lost to mankind for many generations were to be performed. Men with the winning appeal of faith and understanding were needed to initiate

this movement, and Amasa was called with John Murdock and others to explain it to the destitute Saints, and to gather means for beginning construction of the sacred edifice.

After all the toil and tribulation through which the Saints had waded to build the Lord's house in Kirtland, that sacred structure had gone into the hands of their enemies, and from the temple excavation in Far West the Saints had been driven away, barely venturing back to lay the corner-stones. No one without a burning testimony of the truth could have courage for such an undertaking so soon after being stripped by Missouri's robbers, but Amasa and his co-laborers went forth to find and to appeal to those who had the testimony. From his cabin-home across the river Amasa moved Maria and the children to Nauvoo, and placed them in part of a house occupied by Brother Osmyn M. Duel.

Besides his travels in the interest of the temple, Amasa filled other calls, and on the seventh of June, 1841 he was with the Prophet Joseph Smith at Monmouth where, on the eighth, the Prophet wrote, "I was requested to preach to the people of Monmouth, but as I was a prisoner, I kept close to my room, for I could not even come down stairs to my meals but the people would be crowding the windows to get a peep at me, and I therefore appointed Elder Amasa M. Lyman to preach at the court house on Wednesday evening." (History of the Church, Volume IV, page 366.) The next day the Prophet wrote: "Elder Amasa Lyman during the evening preached a brilliant discourse in the court house, on the first principles of the Gospel, which changed the feelings of the people very materially." (History of the Church, Volume IV, page 369.)

Speaking of this occasion, Elder George Q. Cannon says, "Elder Amasa Lyman preached a sermon to which a large crowd listened attentively. His address was marked with such power and spirit, that a total revulsion of sentiment took place and when the court next day decreed a discharge of the prisoners, (Joseph Smith and his associates) the populace could no longer be incited by jealous priests into demonstrations against Joseph." (Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith, page 371.)

From their first meeting at Hiram, Ohio, a warm friendship grew up between Amasa and the Prophet. Their trying experiences together in Missouri, sanctified that friendship as nothing else could. Referring affectionately to Amasa the Prophet recounted that they had been bound with the same chain in Liberty Jail, that chain was an emblem of the everlasting friendship between them. (History of the Church Volume V, page 120.) During the rise of Nauvoo, with Missouri reaching its murderous hands after the leaders of the Church, and the people of Illinois growing indifferent and then hateful towards them, this love and understanding between Amasa and his beloved leader took on positive proportions, as proved by circumstances and events which were soon to unfold.

In that summer of 1841, with but fleeting opportunity of doing something for himself and his family, Amasa began to work promptly on the first thing his hand found to do. True to the fortune that followed him, this work too, was right in his line: something he had never done before. He relates, "I worked with Brother Theodore Turley in his shop at repairing guns". He had an unusual appetite and aptitude for the new thing, and the skill he developed in working with tempered steel is proved by some of his work which for a long time was carefully preserved by his son, Platte De.

Into the welcome diversion of this gun-repairing business when he "had been there but a short time", broke another rush call for missionary work. It was a call to go to Wisconsin, and the steamer on which he was to start was in sight on the river when the call reached him. As a minute-man in the actual sense of the word he stood ready at the first call to spring forward with his time and his concentrated attention, to drop whatever he might be trying to do for himself, to postpone his efforts to make a home, or to leave for his family such shelter as he had been able to improvise.

This was late in July when the Prophet sent Charles Shumway with a call for Amasa to go at once to Wisconsin. These orders were as peremptory as the order of the

Christ to the fishermen of Gallilee, "Follow thou Me." No promise of a dollar in return, not a cent for the expense of the journey, and as to the family and their needs, they were left to believe and to trust.

To Amasa the authority of the Prophet Joseph Smith was greater, in its way, than the authority of a military chieftain. The obedience of his followers was spontaneous; there was a divine bond of understanding between him and them, they recognized the inspired righteousness of his requirements, and he knew he could depend on them. Thus the Prophet offered no apology, made no plea, but told the Saints plainly what the Lord required and left their faith and their conscience to determine their reaction.

Why did Amasa Lyman, purposeful, progressive, and with a kingly ideal of human rights, obey the orders of Joseph Smith and the men whom Joseph appointed? It is unthinkable that Amasa was subdued, overawed or deceived. It had been fixed beyond question in his understanding that Joseph held the keys to a heavenly power; He had conferred that power on Amasa, and by it Amasa could do things otherwise utterly impossible. That power was the wonderful Priesthood in commemoration of which Amasa's ancient fathers had handed down their sacred symbol on the Lyman coat of arms.

This is why he could relate without comment, "The steamer on which we were to go up river was in sight when I received the word in the shop. I went to my home, a mile away, said adieu to my family, and was at the landing as the boat rounded to. We went on board the boat which I left at Galena. I preached in this region and in Wisconsin till October first, when I returned to Nauvoo, arriving in the afternoon the last day of conference."

Before Amasa's arrival home from Wisconsin, it had been decided by one of the councils of the conference that he should go at once on a mission to New York, but the Prophet countermanded this call, allowing him another respite to care for his family and learn more valuable lessons from temporal activities. He seized this opportunity at once, as indicated by a letter to a friend, "I am engaged to

do carpenter work for \$1.25 a day through the winter. I expect to stay home for a season, how long I do not know."

And what of Maria Tanner, the Puritain maid of Lake George, how was she reacting to all these changes, this suspense and poverty and hardship, she who had become a sojourner when she left her father's roof? In a letter she wrote to a friend in November, 1841 she says, "The reason I have not written before, I had nothing good to write. We have either been harrassed about, or some of us sick, or Amasa in prison. You have undoubtedly heard that a mob had him and some others chained in Richmond Jail, for some time. He has been at home but very little; he travels and preaches a great part of his time, as he has done ever since he joined the Mormons."

In Amasa's letter, written about this time, he expected to be home "for a season", but how long that "season" he did not know. He soon found out that it was not long, for he answered another call to solicit means for the temple and the Nauvoo House, and traveled as far east as Indiana. During the winter he became increasingly prominent in Church affairs, growing in the favor and confidence of the leaders, and in May, 1842, he traveled as far as Tennessee in the interest of the temple and the Nauvoo House and spent most of the summer doing missionary work in the southern states.

On August 16th, 1842, the Prophet, writing in his journal named certain men who had won his love by ministering to his comfort, among them Amasa Lyman, and went on to say, "My heart feels to reciprocate the unwearyed kindness that has been bestowed upon me by these brethren. They are men of noble stature and of noble hands, noble deeds, possessing noble and giant hearts and souls." (History of the Church Volume V, page 109)

With all of Amasa's callings in the ministry, with the honor they had brought him, and with the unusual power by which they had enabled him to speak, if he cherished any secret ambition for greater power, he never betrayed it. He had seen the fearful price of prominence in the Church, he had comprehended the killing burden which leadership

imposed. After sharing with the Prophet and others in the fiery trials of Missouri, it is hardly thinkable that he distressed himself with longings to drink more deeply of their bitter cup.

Yet, with his keen appreciation of their confidence, he could not fail to vibrate with a holy thrill in August, 1842, when the Prophet called him to be a member of the Council of the Twelve. (History of the Church, Volume V, page 120.)

This call, however, held some surprise phases of suspense and humiliation. His call was to fill a position which had seemed to be vacant because of apostasy, but suddenly and very unexpectedly the brother whose place he was to fill, made full and free repentance and reparation so that he was retained in his place. Thus Amasa's call was suspended in uncertainty for six months, that is, until January, 1843, when the faltering brother was formally re-instated, and Amasa's position became embarrassing.*

But the Prophet knew the source from which he was prompted to make the call, and with the confidence and love confirmed by their close associations in times of deep trouble, the Prophet declared, "I will take Amasa Lyman into the First Presidency." (History of the Church, Volume V, page 255.)

Here again, strange as it may seem there awaited more embarrassment still, and a delay which was destined to carry beyond the Prophet's life-time, and to figure in momentous events of Church history. The prophet's inten-

*Editors Note: The following is taken from a document compiled by Mrs. Gene L. Gardner, Delta, Utah, most of which is printed in the appendix:

On 20 August, 1842 while the Prophet and Porter Rockwell were in hiding from their enemies, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and George A. Smith ordained Amasa an Apostle in the place of Orson Pratt (E. C. H. page 332) who had been handled for his fellowship. Amasa was the 19th Apostle to be ordained since the reorganization of the church by the Prophet Joseph. He was 29 years of age at that time.

tion was to have Amasa take the place of his first counselor, Sidney Rigdon, who was disaffected, and whom he declared he would not carry on his shoulders any longer, and he conferred on Amasa all the authority which Sidney Rigdon had held as counselor.

Joseph expected the Saints to withhold their support from Sidney when his name was presented again, but they failed to understand the Prophet's feelings; Elder Rigdon had taken part in one of the most sacred manifestations ever given to the church. He had been so prominent and so influential, the saints thought they must uphold him, and their vote of support added awkwardness to the situation.

None of these things confused the Prophet in the source and nature of his prompting to appoint Amasa Lyman, and when the expected vacancy failed to materialize in the council of the First Presidency, he appointed Amasa counselor to the Presidency till such time as the vacancy should occur, for both his counselors, Rigdon and Law were on the high road to apostasy, if they had not already reached it.

Soon after Amasa's elevation to this position of trust, he was declared regent of the University of Nauvoo in place of Vincent Knight, deceased. (History of the Church, Volume V, page 120.) His unusual school of experience had added substantially to his meagre education which he brought from the remote little village in New Hampshire. By careful study in the midst of extreme hardships and limitations, he had been unwittingly preparing for this place. He had such outstanding talents and aptitudes that he could have excelled in the field of education if his energies had been directed in that line.

His promotion, however, was more to increase hardship than to increased honor. If the building of the Kingdom had been the main thing before, it was now everything; he was now a part of that organization which requires complete surrender of every personal ambition. His thrilling little vacations to build cabins, to begin a boating business on a big river or to take up gun-repairing for the diversion or gain it might afford, were matters of the past. The

Church needed his ability for new fields and set him to finding ways and means for doing things on the trackless frontier.

Missouri, like a dragon foiled of its prey, had been reaching vengefully after the Saints ever since they escaped the infamous order of extermination, and the mob-spirit was slowly but surely taking hold of the people in Illinois. The old storm-clouds of Jackson County off to the southwest of Nauvoo, had spread along the southern and eastern horizon. The fury was rising again---this time it would be more extensive, more dreadful.

Yet the enemies most to be feared by the Saints were not those who came with roaring threats from the outside, but the apostates and Judases who worked serpent-like from within. John C. Bennett had been mayor of Nauvoo, and being a man of unusual ability and unusual appeal, he had been trusted and promoted. When he was detected as a traitor, plotting against the life of the Prophet, and was condemned as an enemy, he began circulating false reports to incite the enemy to renewed violence.

This Bennett attack constituted one of the most disturbing phases of what the Church had to meet just at the time when Amasa was called to be one of their leaders, and prompt efforts were being made to counteract the threats of his "exposures". (For more about John C. Bennett, see History of the Church, Volume V, page 35.)

In spite of the pleadings and efforts of the Saints to be understood, sentiment throughout the state developed against them, while streams of new converts to the faith arrived steadily from all the states, from Canada and from beyond the Atlantic. Nauvoo, proudly referred to now as "The Beautiful", was growing more rapidly than any other city in Illinois. It was the attraction and envy of a wide territory, and its throngs of arrivals necessitated the building of auxiliary towns all around it.

Along with this expansion, Amasa had bought some land in Shokokon, Henderson County, north of the city of the Saints, and in the winter of 1842-43, the Prophet asked him to move his family there and superintend the survey-

ing and laying out of a town. Again it was peculiarly in his line, a much appreciated opportunity for an experience he had not enjoyed hitherto. He had a way of concentrating his attention, of living his life and focusing his interest on the problem in hand till it was mastered, and into this new town which he says, "we commenced building", he took his whole round of energy and application through the months of spring and into the summer.

Here, on the first of August, 1843 his third child, a daughter, Ruth, was born.

He had been in this town-building venture undisturbed about as long as he was ever permitted to center on anything besides missionary work, when a startling message arrived; The Prophet had been kidnapped! His implacable foes had sneaked over from Missouri and intended to drag him back to their realm of shameless injustice for torture and death.

The seizure had been made at Dixon, nearly two hundred miles off to the northeast---some of the brethren had made horse-killing rides to that place, and others were racing with their lives in their hands, resolved that their beloved leader should be rescued. Amasa dropped everything and joined the movement. That movement involved the guarding of roads, river-ports and crossings, for it was reported that a formidable force of Missourians had come over to rush Joseph across the river beyond reach of his friends. Men dashed away from their farms and their shops, and the Nauvoo Legion hurried off in the two companies to complete the perfect chain of defense. (For more about the Dixon arrest, see History of the Church, Volume V, page 440.

The Prophet was delivered, not only from the hateful hands that gripped him, but from illegal procedure and false charges in preparation against him. The violent exertions of this glorious and victorious fight, heaped suddenly on top of Amasa's intense application to the building of Shokokon, resulted in another spell of helplessness for him, and he moved for better care to Nauvoo. (Editors Note: This illness was probably Malaria again.)

Partly recovered from his sickness, though in no condition to continue his work at Shokokon, he was called on a mission to Indiana. He took his family with him, November 2nd 1843, and traveled by river steamer to the little town of Alquina, in the southeast part of the state. When he had found there a small home for Maria and the children, he traveled and preached till spring, returning alone to Nauvoo for the conference in April, 1844.

His meetings with the Prophet were always occasions of delight and always too infrequent. When he returned from Indiana in the spring of 1844, since it had already been determined he should go very soon to Boston, he listened earnestly to every word the Prophet had to say. As the special, and really the only counselor in the First Presidency, (William Law and Sidney Rigdon having become disaffected,) Amasa stood nearer than any other man to Joseph, and was thus eligible to all the inner confidences reposed in any of the brethren. He had already been made recipient of sacred endowments pertaining to the Priesthood, and Joseph had implied in his references to the chain that bound them in Missouri, that it was typical of their friendship never to suffer betrayal.

And now the prophet had something very sacred and important to tell him, something he entrusted to those only whose hearts he knew. It was in the destiny of events that after Amasa's return to the east, these two should meet no more in the flesh, and with his keen prophetic sense of what was impending, Joseph made known the advanced principles of marriage which had been revealed to him.

This was the eternity of the marriage covenant, when solemnized by proper authority, and it included the principle of plurality of wives, a matter which as yet was to be kept carefully from the ears of the world. With very impressive words the Prophet explained the import and obligation of this ancient law, and then in that irresistible force with which he could speak, he directed Amasa to obey that law as one of the essentials to salvation.

To Amasa it was strange, startling, astonishing. With his deep-seated traditions of monogamy, he drew a

long breath and tried to consider---it was rather too much to grasp in a moment. From any other man than the Prophet Joseph Smith, he would not have heard it without protest, but coming from the Prophet, it was either true, or Joseph had fallen from his place of favor with God.

They met again---Amasa had been given time to adjust his prejudices, and it was imperative that he declare for or against it. When the Prophet spoke of it, his tone of power and authority was by no means the tone of a fallen Prophet; Amasa knew the tone of that authority as the chime of a familiar bell. With all the dignity of command in which Joseph was wont to speak, he declared that the doctrine was from the Lord, and that if Amasa rejected it he would be damned. It was too clear to doubt, too solemn a command to resist; he accepted it as he had accepted other advanced principles which were at first surprising in their scope. Yet of all the burdens laid upon him to date, of all the assignments "anomalous and strange", he had been given no such assignment as this. Besides the difficulty and danger, the shame, disgrace and loss of friends it might involve, it was a burden which would increase in solemn weight with the years. It might develop into hopeless tangles of dissatisfaction, discouragement, separation, bitter estrangement and irreparable heart-break. What unthinkable anguish might this not lead to in the vicissitudes of the dour years ahead?

The thrilling drama of what transpired in those years, as a result of obedience to this momentous injunction, is a most unusual picture from real life of how the practice of this principle tried the very souls of eight women and one man, consuming their dross and refining their gold in a furnace peculiarly adapted to developing great powers of soul which are not reached and tested by following prevailing inclination along lines of least resistance.

With confidence and friendship swelled by these new bonds of trust and understanding, the Prophet felt relieved and more ready to meet the dark moment ahead, having successfully delivered his sacred charge to another dependable follower. "On the day of my parting with him", says

Amasa, "He said, as he warmly gripped my hand for the last time, 'Brother Amasa, go and practice the principles I have taught you, and God bless you'," (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

The thousands of Lymans who must attribute their parentage and birth to this command to Amasa Lyman, are indebted to the Prophet Joseph Smith for having ordered the unions from which they have their existence in the world. Considering the general excellence of the Prophet's contributions to mankind, it is a matter of pride to be a part of that contribution.

After that April conference in 1844, it took Amasa till the fourth of June to finish up his work in Alquina and go on to Cincinnati. There he waited for Elder G. J. Adams, with whom he was to go to Boston.

He was still in Cincinnati on the 27th of June, 1844, when the great tragedy happened at Carthage, Illinois. With the slow-moving mail of that time, it was days before the news could reach him, but he was depressed on that tragic day. His spiritual susceptibilities which had shown him the Battle of Crooked River being fought in the darkness ten miles away, gave him a pronounced fore-boding of something tragic and terrible, but he understood clearly only when he heard that the Prophet and his brother, the Patriarch, had been murdered.

In the wrath of the storm which was gathering over the Saints in and around Nauvoo, the Prophet recognized the desperate pitch to which it was climbing. He knew that his enemies were more wild than ever for his personal destruction, and that unless something were done to turn the tide or get the people away, the outrage of Far West would be repeated on a magnified scale. In February and in the following months of spring he talked often with the brethren about sending scouting parties to the distant west to find a retreat for the Saints. Rising feeling against the Saints around Nauvoo had delayed the undertaking, but it was contemplated as a definite part of the program.

In January the Prophet's name had been mentioned by the People of Nauvoo as a candidate for the president of

the United States, and in a state convention held in Nauvoo in May, he had been nominated for that position. The Saints having been denied redress or recognition by judges of the courts, by the governors of states, and at last having been refused protection by the president of the United States when their cause was laid before him, stood now, ready to sustain their own candidate for the place of chief executive. This, perhaps more than any other one thing, stirred the mob element to fever heat.

Yet in spite of impending wrath which the Prophet could not fail to foresee, he sent members of the Quorum and many other leading and influential men away to preach the gospel, to electioneer for him or to attend other business, just at the time when the storm was due to break. Perhaps with his inspired vision of the future he did this purposely to have them out of the way that what had to happen might not be complicated by any futile, and possibly detrimental resistance.

However, that may be, when he saw that the end was near, and he knew that the people would soon be left without a leader he sent for the members of the Quorum, and along with Amasa's news of the martyrdom, he received the Prophet's call to return to Nauvoo.

The unavoidable delay before he could start home, the slow means of travel, and the long depressing days before he reached the sorrowing city on the bank of the Mississippi, made it a torturing contemplation of what had happened, and of what his oppressed people had before them to meet. Where would they go? Where could they go? It could not be to some neighboring state as when they left Missouri, for now they knew how far and how fiercely their enemies would go to accomplish their destruction.

And who would take the Prophet's place? On whom would his mantle fall? Amasa's vital interest in the Lord's work could not fail to entertain that concern. Of the two men who had been Joseph's counselors, one William Law had been severed from the Church in April, and Joseph had positively repudiated the other, Sidney Rigdon. For more than a year Amasa had been acting as special coun-

selor to the First Presidency, and with the elimination of the two regular counselors, it left him nearest to the Prophet at the time of his martyrdom, and possibly, since no precedent had yet been set, Amasa was the man to succeed as the leader of the Church.

He knew the Council of the Twelve would gather at Nauvoo and face this dark situation; He knew that all the keys of the Priesthood which the Prophet held had been conferred on the Twelve to exercise when the Prophet should leave them. This would be a situation without precedent and a grave question to decide without the Prophet's guiding voice. Amasa recalled, however, that the Quorum had acted in Missouri when necessity demanded, and the Lord had given potency to their efforts.

He reached Nauvoo the last of July and listened eagerly to the account of terrible things which had happened since he left in April; terrible events of cold tragedy had trodden one on the heels of the next in quick succession--the vicious issue of the Nauvoo Expositor, the malicious work of enemies within and without, martial law in the peaceful city and the appalling murder of the beloved leaders. John Taylor of the Council of the Twelve was still suffering with gunshot wounds he received at Carthage Jail.

Even now apostates were conspiring with mobs and murderers to express their hatred on a big scale. They had set themselves at all hazards to clear in court the murderers of the Church leaders, and they intended to drive the Mormons from the state as the ruffians of Missouri had done six years before.

Three days after Amasa's arrival in Nauvoo, Sidney Rigdon came from Pittsburgh to claim the honor of first place in the Church because of his having been first counselor to Joseph. He called a meeting in which he made a long talk to prove that because of the position he had occupied he should become "Guardian of the Church". (History of the Church, Volume VII, page 224.)

Three days later Brigham Young and others of the Council of the Twelve reached Nauvoo, and on the seventh of August they met in solemn council at the home of John

Taylor to consider the claims of Sidney Rigdon. Great concern and anxiety filled the minds of the Saints, and to the meeting appointed for the next day they came in great multitude. Broken hearted and fearful for the welfare of the Church, earnest and eager to know what was the right course for them to take, they waited with rapt interest for the outcome of the meeting. (A full account of this meeting is given in History of the Church, Volume VII, chapter 19.)

Brigham Young told them they had three propositions from which to choose: They had Sidney Rigdon, the Prophet's former counselor; they had Amasa Lyman, as counselor to the First Presidency; and they had the Quorum of Apostles with himself at their head. "Do you want the Church properly organized, or do you want a spokesman to be chief cook and bottlewasher," he asked in his ready, frontier English.

Then, that they might have full opportunity to hear all three, he let them listen a long time to Sidney Rigdon as he tried ineffectively to make it clear that he was the man to stand at the head. His words lacked that essential ring of inspiration which the Saints knew and loved; he was not the man---his light had gone out.

After that, Brigham called Amasa Lyman to present his claim or take whatever stand he wished to take in the matter. Amasa arose, as it were, in the limelight, the searching limelight of Latter-day Saints who, when they are living righteous lives, are not to be deceived by pretenders and self-seekers. Already they had pronounced as a body in their feelings against Sidney Rigdon, and they listened eagerly to know what Amasa Lyman would say, and more still, the spirit with which he would speak.

He was not blinded with foolish ambition. He had recognized the true ring of authority in the voice of Brigham Young, and he knew that no man was able of himself to stand at the helm and steer the Church safely through the fury of the tempest. His first thought was for the welfare of the precious ship and its trusting passengers.

"I do not rise to electioneer," he declared, wanting the Saints to know at once that he was making no claims to

leadership. "I am gratified with the plain, open and frank exposition of President Young; he has seen the relationship I bear to my deceased brother. I never did conceive it gave a precedent to go before the Twelve. ***** No man can carry on the work, but the power is in the Twelve as has been stated. *****It is for you to know the right and be united, it has been presented to you by President Young, and I will back him up. ***** I have been at the back of Joseph Smith and I will be at the back of the Twelve forever, and then I will be saved." (Page 236, Volume VII, History of the Church.)

If Amasa Lyman had not been in full accord with the Spirit of Truth at that critical time in the history of the Church, he would have become the progenitor of but a small part of the multitude now numbered among his posterity. Being awake with "his lamp trimmed and burning" at that momentous occasion, he was able with thousands of Latter-day Saints to see the splendid and undisputed manifestation of the power of God in presenting Brigham Young before the Saints as the martyred Prophet, for Brigham spoke with the Prophet's voice and appeared so nearly like the martyred leader that many of the people thought it was really Joseph Smith, and in this way they were shown clearly that the Prophet's mantle had fallen on Brigham Young.

The order of succession in the presidency, given now to the Church, as all such new light is given, at the time when it is most needed, and set as a rule to govern similar emergencies in the future, provided that the death of the president dissolved, or disorganized, his council of three, relieving the surviving counselors of the honor and responsibility of their position. This technically left Amasa on about the same standing as before his call as counselor to the First Presidency, since instead of becoming a member of the Quorum as the first call intended, he had become a counselor to the First Presidency. Yet the Council invited him to sit with them in their deliberations, and on the twelfth he was sustained as one of their members. (History of the Church, Volume VII, page 248.)

Chapter XI

Hell raged without, but quiet reigned within;
 They built a shrine in spite of Satan's horde ---
 In spite of threats and wrath and war-like din
 They kneeled in sweet communion with the Lord.

Author

Amasa was still homeless. He was innured to homelessness as an inherent feature of the life-long service to which he had devoted himself and homelessness was but a small part of the responsibility and obligation adding intensity to his life in Nauvoo after the martyrdom of his beloved leader. He had been a prey to conflicting emotions of duty and the desire for a home, but the love and longing for home had yielded always and at once to his fervor for the restored gospel. With his inherent instinct to build foundations for posterity, he made a glad eager start with the cabin on the "half breed tract", and with more carefully planned beginnings at Shokokon, but at the first beckon of the Church he had dropped his work in every case to obey its call. From every improvised shelter and from every cherished project, he had hurried away on a minute's notice to do the bidding of his presiding officers.

His consuming desire was still to obey the restored gospel and conform to the Priesthood which now imposed upon him his most imperative obligation. The Priesthood, represented by the martyred prophet, had enjoined him to live the law of plural marriage and he was resolved to honor that injunction in spite of all his pronounced prejudice against it.

With his wife and three children he was a sojourner as he had been from birth, and his new obligations of leadership barred his way even more than in the past from making a home and developing a business of independent livelihood. Maria Tanner had proved herself a woman of exceptional love and faith---she endured cheerfully all the privations his unusual ambitions imposed upon her, and she had faith to meet the fierce persecution a Saint must expect

from an apostate world. Was it possible that Amasa could find among the thousands of people in the Church, any other women, or even one woman, like her to fight her own battles with Maria's unfaltering devotion? Could there be other women to be trusted with this extraordinary matter, who would not become exasperated and betray him and the Church to their eager enemies?

It was a tempestuous and perilous sea on which he had been ordered to embark, it offered a thousand chances of disaster and wreck to one chance of reaching any desirable port in safety. Yet on his obedience to this order of the Prophet hung the promise of Destiny as whispered to him before he left his Uncle's home, "I will make of thee a great nation."

With every opportunity in those busy and troubled months, while the mob-element around Nauvoo grew more bold and clamorous all the time for its prey, Amasa was building and making home improvements, though needless to say this was done in the main by proxy, for the City and the Church claimed all his waking moments and many moments when he should have been sleeping. He had small reason to hope he would enjoy these improvements long, even if he could complete them before pandemonium broke over the city, but this building was in glad answer to the languishing lure of home. It afforded welcome expression to his longings as a wanderer. Furthermore, this problem of a home had been intensified---it was no more the problem of just one home, but a number of homes.

The Priesthood quorums helped him build---why not? He was giving his time and his energy to public works that produce no revenue. The brethren of the Priesthood quorums dug his well and his cellar and walled them up; they hauled the material and worked on his house. From his long hours in council, revising Church History, preaching to gatherings or superintending public works, he would go with pleasant anticipations in the evening to contemplate what had been done on his home building since morning.

He and his people would no doubt be driven from the city, but Nauvoo was a beloved place; in their love for it

and for the Prophet who had blessed it for their sake, they had reverently begun to call it the "City of Joseph". Amasa wanted to have his homes there to remember as a sanctifying feature of this great gathering-place for the persecuted Saints. Also he wanted to build homes, it was a wise precedent for what he would have to do in the future.

The frequency of the times that he became sick and helpless is quite understandable, in fact, it is about the only thing to expect after considering the many committees of which he was a member, and usually the chairman. He was a member of the committee to finish the Nauvoo House, a member of the Nauvoo Trade Association whose responsibility it was to increase the business turnover of the city; he was a member of the Seventies' Library and Institute, a joint stock company to supply good books and encourage more profitable reading. He was one of the City Council; one of the committee to negotiate with the mob-element; and besides all this he was one of the Quorum of the Twelve which in itself was quite enough for one man at that time. But he was also a regent of the University, he was the speaker at dedications, celebrations and gatherings, civil and religious. The music of his words had him in constant demand and some helpful work occupied all his waking moments.

From the day of his return to the bereaved city the last of that July, 1844, every scene seemed to droop with memories of the beloved martyrs who had been magnetic figures there since Beautiful Nauvoo had sprung up from the poor little place called Commerce. And every reminder of the Prophet was solemn with his last injunction to obey the advanced principle of marriage or fail of eternal life.

Obedience in this case seemed the most difficult of all the tasks that had ever been required of him, yet he remembered that strength and courage had come to him for every new and difficult position he had been called to fill. The inspiration came in this case also, for as he yielded in his feelings it gave positive answer to his query; the Church did have other girls who would be as true as Maria had been, and that Spirit which knows the hearts of all man-

kind was amply able to direct him to them.

On to the screen of his inquiring mind came the face of Caroline E. Partridge, a daughter of Bishop Edward Partridge who, as a result of mob violence had died soon after the exodus from Missouri. Caroline and the other children and their mother had endured the storm in the night-time in the open prairie when they hid from the ruffians who inflicted injuries from which the father of the family never recovered. The Partridge girls had firm faith in the gospel and courage to meet its hardships. Caroline's older sister, Eliza Maria, had been one of the plural wives of the Prophet.

Amasa felt assured he could trust Caroline, she was the personification of faith and fidelity. With this assurance he had courage to court her favor, the superior courage for this unusual situation. This courtship was different indeed from that of men and women who regard marriage as a temporal contract only, with its objectives and rewards encompassed by the narrow and uncertain limits of mortal life. The contracting partner in this revealed order built none of their hope on deceit or misrepresentation, they painted no rosy dreams for their journey through earth. Caroline knew it was the path of tribulation, her young life had already been made heavy with suspense and anguish and she knew the future might bring fortunes more bitter still.

This understanding was not kept in any way from the faithful Maria, she agreed to it as an essential step towards their salvation, and was present with her full endorsement when the marriage was solemnized on the sixth of September, 1844.

After the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, it was decided by the Council of the Twelve that the Prophet's wives should be invited to make their choice of marriage for time among the twelve men of their own council. This was not only to show special respect to them as wives of the beloved martyr, but to forestall their marriage with men not entrusted with this sacred principle, men who might be the cause of this becoming known to the enemies

of the Church. Answering this invitation to choose for mortal life, a husband from among the Council of the Twelve, with the understanding that if she were blessed with children they would belong in the eternities to her and her first husband, Eliza Maria Partridge Smith, Caroline's older sister, chose Amasa Lyman and became his third wife on the twenty-eighth of September, 1844.* Her faith in Amasa Lyman was no doubt related to or inspired by, her husband's confidence and preference as shown by his elevating Amasa next of himself as a counselor to the Presidency.

Whatever difficulty and danger these steps might lead to, and they threatened plenty of both, Amasa determined to be as true to his trust as if his beloved Prophet were there to ask for his report, and when the inspiration which had given him a second and third wife, directed his attention to Cornila Eliza Leavitt, he told her of the sacred injunction of the Church, and with the consent and approval of his three wives, she became his fourth wife on the fourteenth of November, 1844.

Unbelievers may ask scornfully if there was really the genuine element of love in these unions, and if this love were mutual. The evidence of perfect love is beyond challenge. Not with these four only, but with the four yet to join with them. The years were to prove the unfailing hand of destiny in bringing together these souls so fitly adapted that they could brave the flames of persecution, the floods of trial, poverty, change and disaster, and yet hold true and faithful to these pledges.

Although Amasa's labors were more strenuous after the death of the Prophet than before, they were performed now more at home than abroad. Aside from the short trip to Cross Keys, Virginia, in October, he was busy till March in Nauvoo where he and his associates shouldered the difficult business of cleansing the Church from within, and doing what they could to placate the increasing horde of its enemies.

They cut Sidney Rigdon off the Church; and reorganized the disrupted presidencies of quorums. In spite of their growing need for help and support of strong men at

* Date may be in error, see Appendix page 297.

home, they remembered the great responsibility of preaching the gospel and sent Parley P. Pratt, one of their number, to New York, and other strong men to various parts of the world. They issued a special appeal to the Saints in all nations, assuring them that the martyrdom of the Prophet would be sanctified to the growth of the kingdom if the Saints continued faithful.

Governor Ford of Illinois, whom they feared and mistrusted because of his treachery at the time of the Prophet's betrayal, came to Nauvoo with 500 armed men and three pieces of artillery, pretending to be looking for the murders of the Mormon leaders, but more likely with the thought of intimidating the Saints, and checking the help which the Saints might give to the prosecution of the assassins of the Prophet.

The storm was coming---coming! On the 26th of January, 1845, Amasa made in his journal but one ominous observation, "This day I heard of the repeal of the charter of our city."

What he was doing to complete his home, or homes, seemingly but to have them ready for the enemy, was the same thing on a small scale which the Church seemed to be doing in completing the Temple and the Nauvoo House. In spite of armed troops in the city, and in spite of terrible men nursing their wrath on the outside; in spite of menacing threats that grew louder and more ugly every day, that prayerful body of the Priesthood, of which Amasa was a member, did not get its sense of values at all confused: The first and most important of all objectives with the Council was to carry out the orders which their martyred Prophet had given them.

The Prophet had laid upon them the sacred responsibility of completing the Temple, at least to a point where it could be suitably used for the holy appointed ordinances, and the Council had resolved, in spite of all opposition, to prepare the building and receive their blessings therein before their enemies should thrust them forth again to wander homeless and destitute.

This next expulsion would visit such injustice and

agony upon them as to embitter the souls and shatter the faith of all who had not made every possible fortification against it. Those who went forth unprotected would be the victims of their own wrath, they would grow dark in their minds and be lost. Their position might be compared to that of the ancient Saints who were told, "Tarry ye in Jerusalem till ye be endowed with power from on High." (Luke 24:49)

Thus the Saints in Nauvoo, and the Quorum of the Twelve in particular, bent every effort to get the temple ready for these blessings, so essential to their endurance when the storm should break again in fury upon them. When they had completed it, and it had served its purpose to sanctify and to save, though its building had cost their life's blood, no matter then, if it were in the program of things, that their enemies should take the sacred house or that it should be shattered with lightning from heaven, or burned by the hand of a depraved mob and be so demolished that it "was left without one stone upon another". If they had seen all these things ahead as we see them now, a matter of history, they still would have completed that temple, The Lord being willing, and with its benedictions on their heads they would have fled again from the enemy of all righteousness, as their pilgrim fathers had done before them. Twenty thousand Saints in and around the "City of Joseph" resolved to make the temple ready for dedication at the earliest date possible.

Working in the Church at home might seem to be more easy than traveling abroad, and yet the few trips Amasa made now afforded sweet respite from his heavy grind of responsibility. His trip to Cross Keys in October, 1844 came as a vacation just in time to relieve an undue tax on his endurance, and in March of the next year the strain upon him was eased again by a strange and unusual trip he was required to make into Iowa in search of a deluded company headed for regions unknown and for serious trouble.

Among the six or more men who, after the death of the Prophet, foolishly took it upon themselves to become leaders and draw away a following, was one James Emmet,

who led a hundred and fifty people off into Northwest Iowa. When word reached the leaders of the Church that this company was in great distress, and was grossly deceived about conditions behind them, the Quorum decided to send "advice and counsel."

Amasa was chosen to find this Emmet company and to deliver the message, and he took with him Daniel Spencer who had been a fellow member in Zion's Camp. From the Quorum he carried a letter of counsel introducing him as, "Our beloved, trustworthy and faithful brother, Amasa M. Lyman". (History of the Church, Volume VII, page 377.)

The two men, after following the wandering company a hundred and fifty miles through a newly-settled and very interesting country, found them in a half-starved condition. Most of Emmet's company were delighted to see these messengers and hear what they had to say, to know the dark picture he had painted before them was not the will of the Lord and was not binding on them as Saints.

In his report, after returning to Nauvoo, Amasa said, "The sufferings of the company are too bad to talk about. I stayed with them one night; my heart was sick!". (History of the Church, Volume VII, page 384.) He predicted they would return. This they did eventually and were forgiven and restored to fellowship in the Church.

Coming back from this delightful breathing spell on the scenic prairie of Iowa, Amasa faced a distressed state of affairs, aggravated anew by the opening of spring, and its necessary seed-time activities. It was a race between the Saints and their enemies: with the Saints it was to complete the holy house and attend to the ordinances therein before their enemies could force them to go; and with their enemies it was to force them to go before the house could be made ready. The suspense, the exertion and uncertainty made it a gripping contest. To the Saints it was a fight for the very existance of the Church, a fight for something dearer than life.

To the Council of the Twelve the achievement of the Church program was more imperative than their protection from death as individuals and as families, for they were

watchmen on the towers of Zion. With the perils they were in as bearers of the keys of the kingdom, and with "the kingdom of heaven suffering violence and the violent about to take it by force" (Matt. 11:12), they counseled about what to do in this threatening emergency. The judges of courts, the governors of states and even the president of the United States had turned a deaf ear to their petitions.

Therefore on the 6th of April, 1845 the Council issued "A proclamation to the kings of distant nations, to the president of the United States, to the rulers and the peoples of all countries". It was a cry of distress to all the world, the cry of the Saints of Latter-days for relief from the arch adversary.

The appeal met only with silent contempt or a mocking sneer, and on the 12th of the month the U. S. Marshal of the State of Illinois arrived in Nauvoo with a writing for the arrest of Brigham Young and others on unfounded and unreasonable charges, but the brethren had been warned of his coming and they could not be found. (History of the Church, Volume VII, page 396.)

The Saints would surely have to fly again to escape the fury of their enemies, even though they dared to delay long enough to prepare the sacred edifice, but where, in this world of woe they would find a safe retreat, was a vexing and troubling question. There had been serious talk of the west, while the Prophet was with them, but the west was far away and unexplored; to explore it would take a long time and call for extensive equipment beyond the power of the people to provide especially on short notice. It was imperative that they find some resting place at once in which to prepare for the journey.

Surely in some one of these United States, most of them having been founded in the first place by people oppressed and seeking for liberty, there would be one state to extend a hand of welcome. The Pilgrims, the Puritans, the Huguenots, the Quakers, men and women from debtor's prisons, and the oppressed from all walks of life had come to build here the sacred shrine of human rights, dedicating it to the lofty proposition of "securing to ourselves and to

out posterity the blessings of liberty." (Preamble to the Constitution of the U. S.) Surely in such a country the cry of these thousands who prayed only for the "right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience", would find one state ready to hear or receive them.

On the 24th of April, 1845, the Quorum decided to send an appeal in behalf of the distressed Saints, to the President of the United States, and to the governor of every state in the Union, excepting Missouri. (Letter recorded in History of the Church, Volume VII, page 402.) Again no response except in the case of Arkansas, whose governor wrote in kindly tone, but with no word of invitation. No state wanted them within its borders. The most friendly suggestion from any quarter was that they go to Oregon or some other remote region, the more remote the better.

The Council could see before them no thinkable course but to brave the impending storm and finish the temple which they had begun, whatever it might cost, and then with the strength of its benediction upon them they would go where they could, trusting the Lord to protect them. There was but one Ruler from whom they could expect a compassionate answer, the Great Judge of all men, and they fasted and prayed that He would stay the hands of their enemies till they could do what His Prophet had required of them. They could be reconciled to drivings and exile and death, but let it come after and not before the discharge of this supreme duty of completing the sacred house.

The refreshing effect of Amasa's vacation-like trip through Iowa lasted but a little while under the weight of his responsibilities as a member of the Council of the Twelve back in Nauvoo. On the fifteenth of May he was prostrated again from overwork and anxiety. President Young and Willard Richards were also confined to their rooms or their beds, and the wonder is that any of the Twelve could bear up under the burdens they carried. Besides being sick, President Young was still in exile to avoid spies and officers eager with their writs of arrest to drag him away into the hands of his tormentors.

At Carthage a shallow mockery of a trial was in prog-

ress for the murderers of the Prophet and his Brother. Some of the Saints attended its sessions and bore witness that the guilt of the accused was too plain to be mistaken, but the court had determined to acquit the murderers, and the judge shamelessly overruled every question in their favor. Again it was "truth on the scaffold" and justice was made to wait for its great day at the bar of God.

With the all-important efforts made to finish the temple, when construction had progressed to the point of laying one of the cap-stones in latter May, President Young came out of hiding and the other members of the Quorum let nothing prevent them from attending. Building the holy edifice and getting the choice blessings they were to receive therein, was a sacred passion with the saints. The plans of their tormentors failed to disturb the program, but the menace of threatening fury became so alarming that the Twelve devoted the 29th of the month again to fasting and prayer that they might be permitted to carry on according to their earnest desire.

In June the Saints devoted all their energies of arm and faith to the big objective, and while they prayed and worked, their opposers plotted and raged against them. On the 23rd of June, 1845, a constable came with a writ of arrest for Brigham Young and others of the Council, but again the brethren were not to be found.

On the 27th of June, the first anniversary of the Prophet's martyrdom, the Saints gave the day to fasting and humbling themselves in appeal for the success of their tremendous undertaking.

Peace and the glad bloom of bounteous summer spread over the fertile prairies of the Mississippi Valley, yet around the little Mormon capital reigned the tension of anxiety and deep concern. In all the thirteen years since Amasa had left his Uncle's peaceful New Hampshire home to follow this unusual pathway, it had led him from one bitter pass to another. He alone of all his kindred was identified with this unpopular people, this people hated throughout the United States and the world. Yet he clung to the Mormon people in all the toil and torture which this clinging entailed

upon him. Their sorrows were his sorrows; their burdens his burdens, and he staggered forward under their heavy weight, struggling again to his feet whenever they bore him helpless to the ground.

Was he aware of the unusual part he was taking? He, the chosen representative of hopeful generations who had looked forward for ages to him and his time? He, the patriarch and pathfinder for a numerous posterity who would look back to him with wonderment at the magnitude of his achievements? Yet if he had been fully aware of all this, he could not have done more, for his very life was freely on the alter---his life, his time, his talents, his hopes and his loves---he had nothing more he could offer.

To his unbelieving kindred he was dragging the family name into strange and unsavory precincts. Yet he was expressing in a most lofty way the highest ideals of the Lyman generations from the indefinite past. He was expressing the ideals of his ancestor, Thomas Lyman, who faced an angry court in his refusal to be a party to an inquisition; he was expressing the faith of Richard Lyman, of High Ongar England, who parted with his wealth in 1632 and went through killing tribulation to plant his posterity in free America; he was representing the infirm old John Lyman, his great grandfather, who in 1776 sent all his sons to the patriot army and poured out his soul in prayer for the cause of the colonies.

What Amasa Lyman was doing here with the most hated of all people was expressing the sacred hope which the Lymans had cherished as part of their escutcheon from the dim past--the thing "without beginning of days nor end of years"--the holy Priesthood once held by a righteous generation, yet lost by their rebellious children. To Amasa's ancestors that Priesthood had been but a doubtful tradition shrouded in mists of antiquity, but to him it was the power of God direct from heaven, a power which he had seen and felt and which he recognized beyond doubt. It was vested in him to speak the mighty word of healing, it was the splendid testimony and prediction of immortality. In its majestic power he had seen the Prophet of God live a

Christ-like life and meet a martyr's death.

This Priesthood had disciplined Amasa to conform to these restored standards, even though he knew it would incur the hatred of the world. The Lord said by revelation, "Now here is wisdom ***** and the mind of the Lord let the house be built not after the manner of the world, for I give not unto you that you shall live after the manner of the world". (Section 95:13 Doctrine and Covenants) Thus the ways of Saints were not only strange but unaccountably offensive to unbelievers.

It is because this violent opposition was foreseen, and because it would prevent plural marriage from getting so much as a preliminary hearing if a report of it should come at once to the ears of a hostile world, that the practice of plural marriage was kept at first a carefully guarded secret.

The years were destined to bring far reaching changes before it should be generally known that in July, 1845, Amasa Lyman and his four wives had an agreement with Dionetia Walker, and she became his fifth wife; also that six months later, he and the five had a mutual understanding with Paulina Eliza Phelps, and Priscilla Turley, and they became respectively the sixth and seventh wife. Priscilla will be remembered as the girl who helped Amasa to hide in the loft of her home from the murderous mob in Missouri.

When a knowledge of these Unions should come to the world, the world would see in them nothing to admire; the constancy and devotion of these friends one to another through long years of bitter tribulation would call forth no approving word. Even the sturdy men and women owing their existance to these unions could not placate the wrath of condemnation for what was regarded as the unpardonable offense of departing from age-old tradition.

The quality and temperament of these women to whom Amasa was attracted, and whose love and cooperation he obtained throughout the dangers and hardships their marriage entailed, is outstanding evidence of his good judgment of human nature and his broad calibre as a man.

Eliza Partridge Lyman, writing about the conditions under which she entered upon her life career as a plural wife, said, "A woman living in polygamy dared not let it be known, and nothing but a firm desire to keep the commandments of the Lord could have induced a girl to marry that way. I thought my trials were very great in these lines, and I often wondered how it was that a woman of my temperament could get along with it and not rebel. But I knew it was the Lord who kept me from opposing his plans, although in my heart I felt that I could not submit to them. But I did submit, and I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for the care He had over me in those troublous times."

(From the journal of Eliza Partridge Lyman preserved by author.) It is doubtful whether the children of any mother were ever more grateful to her for their birth and their teachings than the children of Eliza Partridge Lyman. She infused her faith and ideals into their souls so that, using the words of the old Prophets, "they arose up and called her blessed." They held firmly to her way of life through all the long and troubled years of their earthly pilgrimage.

No women ever showed the courage of the convictions with more firmness of purpose and more continuity of character than these wives of Amasa Lyman. They knew the unspeakable condemnation and shame they would have to meet both from within the Church and from without it if their affairs were made public. But whether it should be made public or not, they knew it would mean sorrow and poverty and hardship, dismal to contemplate. As the wives of Amasa Lyman they would be wanderers and exiles for conscience sake, greatly dependent on their own resources or on charity.

It was in the program, and not difficult to discern, that they would bear their children in wagons or in poor shelters hurriedly improvised, and that they would partake freely of the want and privation incident to the tremendous sacrifice their husband would make for the building of Latter-day Zion.

Yet in this unusual family responsibility which he had dared to assume, he was to become a more "fruitful bough"

than any of his family left behind in New England. While their posterity diminished through race suicide, his was to increase and "become as the sands of the sea." The standard of the ancient fathers in the days of righteousness was not only to make an inspired choice of wife, but to have numerous posterity.

These marriage contracts with their stern obligations, were entered into at a time of, and in spite of, awe-inspiring peril from relentless persecutors, at a time when the Saints were, as they well knew, on the verge of a forced exodus beyond the wild border of civilization. The parties to these agreements had already gone through the flame of hateful abuse and oppression, had placed their all on the alter for their religious convictions, and they stood ready now to endure whatever else it might cost to maintain their standards. To challenge their motives in this courageous stand, simply fails to make sense.

Whatever may be said or secretly thought about means of becoming "a fruitful bough", it will stand the test to be applied to it later on, a test offered by the Redeemer Himself, "Judge a tree by its fruits---either make the tree evil and the fruits evil, or make the tree good and the fruits good." (Matthew, Chapter I.)

Amasa had a farm near Nauvoo. He had little time to till it with his own hands but he directed the work, and his farm preached for him the gospel of thrift and temporal salvation so essential at that time with grave emergencies ahead.

In the little farming communities surrounding Nauvoo, the Saints applied themselves with all diligence, not only to support the great work of completing the temple, but to prepare for the exigencies of expulsion looming distressingly near. On the 4th of September they held a harvest feast six miles from the city where over six hundred adults sat down to a series of tables spread with the richness of what the soil had produced, and the leading brethren gave fervent thanks for their prosperity. Among other wonderful crops they had, were 30,000 bushels of corn.

The sight of all this served only to inflame the greed

of the plunder-hunters who gathered in mobs to raid the city. They could not understand why, if the Mormons intended to move from Nauvoo, they should continue so resolutely with their farms and the temple. Within a week of that harvest feast the mob broke loose in mad fury, burning stacks of grain, ricks of corn and houses belonging to the Saints. The mob whipped and drove the Mormons away from their homes then circulated the flaming report that the Mormons had caused all the fires and destruction.

To save their crops from this savagery, the Saints began hauling their corn and wheat as fast as they could into the city. A committee of sixty, Amasa Lyman being one of them, mustered 135 teams and kept them going to and from the fields, starting before dawn and working into the night. Not only that, but the Saints from these surrounding towns gathered into their central city even as they had done when the big storm gathered over Far West.

It was a most difficult situation. The Quorum had to exercise great wisdom and diplomacy, praying continually for divine guidance, lest by some rash move their people should plunge the Church into the jaws of destruction. Up until the repeal of the charter, the city had had its thousands of disciplined defenders in the Nauvoo Legion ready for an emergency. These men were still ready and willing to give their lives for the right, but they could not constitute a legal military body as before, and their concerted action might result in unspeakable disaster.

It was necessary to calm the indignation of an outraged people and when they were called together, Amasa Lyman was one of the men to address them.

On the 14th of that September, 1845, the Quorum devoted themselves again to prayer, and then sent to the mob-leader, Colonel Levi Williams, entreating him to call off his forces till spring, and promising, on the part of the Saints to go from Nauvoo, "as soon as water ran and grass grew again."

Renewed outrages were the mob's answer to the petition, and two days later Amasa Lyman and George A. Smith called their crews of workmen from the Nauvoo

House to join the force which was gathering and arming to defend their homes and their families from violence. With President Young and others of the Quorum, Amasa reviewed six hundred men ready for action.

Sheriff Backenstos of Hancock County made a bold stand for the protection of the Saints, and when the mob failed in their efforts to kill him for it they drove him from Carthage. When the sheriff gathered a force of seven hundred men and went to arrest the mob, these outlaws scattered into Missouri and other places, circulating false reports and gathering force for a new attack on the Saints.

In the midst of these things John Taylor, Charles C. Rich and fourteen other brethren were summoned to Carthage to answer a charge of treason. Amasa went with them, also President Young and a good sized company. The evidence in the case was too flimsy to justify a hearing, and there was no trial.

This unusual and unexpected privilege, provided as it were by providence to go in peace to the headquarters of their enemies, afforded them the opportunity to be shown by John Taylor, the scene of the Prophet's martyrdom. They went to the jail, viewed the bloodstains on the floor, the bullet-marks on the walls and in the doors, and became life-long witnesses of the unforgettable evidence of this great latter-day tragedy. No one molested them in their visit and they all returned safely to Nauvoo.

The peace of their visit to Carthage was but a brief lull in the storm. On the last day of that troubled September, General Hardin arrived in the city with 400 armed men, pretending to hunt for criminals, and for the bodies of certain men who were alleged to have disappeared there. He searched the temple and had the members of the Quorum appear before him, seeming to be eager for some occasion against them. In one of his consultations with the brethren, where Stephen A. Douglas took part, Douglas repeated the popular suggestion that the Mormons find for themselves a home in distant Oregon.

The Council was occupied with council meetings, with special prayer, with revising records and preserving the

history of the Church, and above all, with directing the steady work on the temple. If they could just be permitted to remain "till water ran and grass grew again", they could finish the building and attend to the important work for which it was intended, and be more reconciled to the impending banishment.

On the 5th of October they had the temple to such a state of completion that they held in it a meeting attended by five hundred people, and the next day they held there the first general conference they had held for three years. The Prophet had ordered that the general conference should not be held again till it could be in this temple, and the Council recognized that if they failed in the conference this October, the failure entailed upon them very grave consequences. That is one of the reasons why they had applied themselves with unsparing determination, and they hailed the conference as a blessed victory.

In their meeting the next day, October 7th 1845, Amasa Lyman being one of the speakers, said in part. "The course of this people is unalterably fixed. We have contended with opposition when it appeared impossible for us to overcome, and yet we have triumphed and are becoming a great people. *****When this people first heard the gospel they hailed it and cherished it with joy, and have come up here to receive additional instruction, yet perhaps they have made but a limited calculation of how far they would have to go in obedience and sacrifice; how much persecution and suffering they would have to meet to come out of the fire as gold seven times refined. ***** It had been said *** that after men have endeavored to build up kingdoms and have seen them crumble to dust, the Lord will build up a kingdom which will become universal. The Prophet Daniel has said it shall break in pieces all the other kingdoms. ** **** and will stand forever."

"It has been said we shall leave this country next spring if the Lord is willing, and the people have no objections. We don't care whether they have or not, we calculate to go about next spring, preserving the principles which have caused us to grow and to expand as we have done.

This people has grown till there is not room for them to grow, and now they need transplanting where they can have more room. However much people may seem indisposed to go, the sails are set, the wind is fair, and we are bound to weather the point whether we will or no. For we are not at the helm; ***** God did not say that this man or that shall build up the Kingdom that would break in pieces all other kingdoms; He said he would do it Himself; and whenever this people are unwilling to do as the Lord would have them do, he has taken the rod and scourged them until they were willing to do it." (History of the Church, Volume VII, page 468.)

From this it is plain that the people were cherishing no delusion about their being able to stay in their beloved city.

Persecution became more bold and more vindictive. Major Warren arrived in the latter part of October with an armed force, pretending to be there to protect the people, and he threatened to place the city under martial law. With cause to fear him more than their avowed enemies, the authorities of the Church sent special representatives to Governor Ford, asking that this detachment be removed. Whether or not Ford had in his heart any kindness for the Saints, he had no courage to dissent with popular sentiment, and he took no notice of the appeal.*

* Of interest is Governor Ford's comment concerning the Church, recorded in his History of Illinois and also recorded in the History of the Church, Volume VII, page 40.

"The Christian world, which has hitherto regarded Mormonism with silent contempt, unhappily may yet have cause to fear its rapid increase. ***** The name of the martyred Joseph [may] ring as loud, and stir the souls of men as much, as the mighty name of Christ itself. Sharon, Palmyra, Manchester, Kirtland, Far West, Adam-on-Diahmon [Adam-ondi-Ahman], Ramus, Nauvoo, and the Carthage Jail, may become holy and venerable names, places of classic interest, in another (Footnote continued on next page.)"

Matters became so serious that President Young had to go again into hiding, and Amasa records that he and George A. Smith visited him in his exile on the 29th of October.

Neither sickness, persecution nor the shackles of adversity made a break in the steady work on the temple. Sustained with the holy passion of their divine hope, the Saints applied themselves to that difficult task as if their lives depended on it. Their enemies could not comprehend how, in the face of all this effort, they could really be intending to leave it all as soon as the grass grew again. Yet while they toiled through that November, they began organizing for an orderly retreat, appointing captains and arranging the people into companies for the impending necessity of getting away from Nauvoo as soon as the temple was finished, if really they could endure the pressure and stay until that was achieved.

The strenuous race between the eager workers in the city and the hateful plotters on the outside, was rapidly approaching the climax. Which one would get first across the line was still uncertain, although the mob seemed to be a full neck in the lead. The very best that could be hoped for now from the temple, was but a few perilous days or weeks of service before the avaricious rabble swarmed in and smothered all its sacred operations.

(Footnote continued)--age; like Jerusalem, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, and Mount Calvary to the Christian, and Mecca and Medina to the Turk. And in that event, the author in this History feels degraded by the reflection, that the humble governor of an obscure state, who would otherwise be forgotten in a few years, stands a fair chance, like Pilate and Herod, by their official connection with the true religion, of being dragged down to posterity with an immortal name, hitched on to the memory of a miserable impostor. There may be those whose ambition would lead them to desire an immortal name in history, even in those humbling terms. I am not one of that number."

It is certainly true now that Governor Ford is remembered only because of his part in the Mormon Persecution.

The Saints viewed it as nothing less than a war waged by the prince of darkness for the overthrow of the Church at this critical time in its progress. If the little army of the kingdom could be foiled in this important effort, the people would go away into the wilderness whipped and weakened, a prey to the sting of disappointment and despair. In that never-to-be forgotten month of November, 1845, one of the brethren of the Church was murdered at Green Plains and another was poisoned at Carthage.

On the last day of the month it was possible to dedicate the attic story of the temple and to begin with the ordinances. In the sweet sanctity of that upper chamber the Church crossed quietly over the outcome in the long hard race, while their enemies plunged on after them, thinking themselves still in the lead.

Amasa refrains from giving his sacred emotions of that day to his diary, saying simply that he helped with the dedication. People without the light of the gospel in their souls could not guess from anything he might write, the exquisite joy of the Saints in winning their way to what the adversary had tried so hard to keep from them.

By the tenth of December they had the big east room of the Temple ready for use, and the eight members of the Quorum in Nauvoo began actively on a program of giving the Saints the blessings for which they had been working. This was a labor of even greater intensity than they had been doing before, lasting not only all day, but often all night as well.

With this gospel dispensation committed by the Lord through his Prophet to the hands of the Quorum of the Twelve, it made the Quorum solemnly responsible for the destiny of the Saints who had worked so heroically for the promised benefits. Sustained now by spiritual strength in their effort of duty to the people, the Twelve worked on and on regardless of the clock, and in defiance of the impatient hammering of the adversary at the city's gates.

The Saints would soon be forced to fly, they knew it, the world knew it, for the world near around them had determined in spite of all things that the builders of Nauvoo

should be made to go, and the avaricious mob waited impatiently to seize upon the spoil. Human vultures in all directions sat ready to swoop down from their limbs and claim everything that had to be left behind when the Mormons could stay no longer. Two Catholic Bishops came from Chicago hoping to buy Nauvoo for a song, but their hopes were vain, for the gangs that had been plotting for it all these months had resolved to have everything without so much as singing a song for it.

Two days before Christmas, the ordinance work in the temple still carrying on with all possible diligence, federal officers arrived in the city with writs for arrest for Brigham Young, Amasa Lyman and others, but the time was too precious to squander on these trouble making officers, so President Young sent Bishop Miller to meet them. The Bishop looked very much like the President, and jumping to the conclusion that he was really the President the officers served the papers on him with peremptory abruptness and rushed away with their man to Carthage or some other distant point only to find with chagrin that he was not the one they wanted and had to be released.

The ordinance work continued Christmas Day---every day, and frequently all night, although the federal officers came again on the 27th of December, only to leave again without making the intended arrest. On the evening of December 30th, these grateful workers celebrated in the temple; it was not as the world celebrates---this was a sacred expression of thanksgiving, of holy exultation and gratitude for the triumph of righteousness. They danced, yet the dance was appropriate to an inspired program in which they spoke in tongues. To the unbelieving mind all this is incomprehensible foolishness, but to those who know, it is a matter of intriguing interest.

All through the first month of the new year the Saints continued with the sacred ceremonies, stopping only as it became necessary to eat and sleep. The time was precious, the very hours were numbered. On the last day of January they officiated for 230 persons, and Amasa was so nearly prostrated with exhaustion that Heber C. Kimball adminis-

tered to him for his health.

The fury of the enemy had become too terrible for the people to delay another day. At half-past ten on the evening of that January 31st, 1846, they brought their sacred services to a close, removing all emblems and vestiges which might fall into impious hands. They had achieved their objective, they must go now or be destroyed; The City of Joseph was surrounded; the enemy was ready to fire upon it with heavy artillery.

February first 1846 saw confusion and anguish in the once-peaceful city; enforced partings, bitter cold, families bowing to the stern dictates of necessity and going forth from their firesides into the inhospitable winter. (For a more detailed account of the last few months in Nauvoo see History of the Church, Volume VII.)

Chapter XII

Before them lay an endless wilderness,
Behind them howled the foe from whom they fled,
They paused in prayer for strength and faith and courage,
And trusting God's protection went ahead.

When work stopped abruptly in the temple, the last day of Janaury, 1846, the attention that had been focusing on that sacred work was united at once on the three-months-old preparation to cross the Mississippi and head for some unknown place in the remote distance. Where they would go, nobody knew, but it would be far away, possibly to Oregon, California or the wild Rocky Mountains of which they had vague and fragmentary reports. Wherever it was to be, they must get out of their city before it was stormed with artillery fire as if it were a strong-hold of outlaws.

New snow lay deep on the ground, and cold winds moaning down from the northwest filled the big river with blocks of ice that bumped and grated on each other with a chilly roar. It was the one time of all the year when people want most to nestle under their sheltering roofs by their warm fires, but as Amasa had said, "The course of the Saints was unalterably fixed". Cold, hunger and privation awaited them, and they must start right now to avoid worse fortunes still. The state of Illinois, with its governor, Thomas Ford at the head, had aped the example of Missouri eight years before, in resolving that no Mormons should live within its borders.

It would be many weeks yet before water would run free of ice, and even longer still before grass grew on the hills, until which time it had been the understanding they would not be required to go. The worth of a promise, however, depends on the honor behind it---behind this there was none. The Saints had to go at once. Their start from the city was as sudden as the burst of juice from an orange when it is crushed.

They had hurriedly fitted out a great number of teams and a lot of wagons, yet enough only to move but a small

part of their thousands of people all eager to get away. Of those improvised wagons it is related that when a certain man examined one of them and asked with an amused smile who made it, he was told, "God made the wagon, but Gibbs peeled the bark off."

They counted on the use of horses, mules, oxen, any animal that could pull. Experience was to teach them the homely secret of working broncho heifers all day and milking them at night. But with such equipment as they had, at least those who found it physically possible to do so, were compelled to make a start, even though it be on foot with their bundles on their backs. A long procession moved slowly and toilsomely down the snowy road from the city to the river bank, to get across as best they could.

It was quite out of the question for Amasa and his seven wives to travel together, or to have any comfortable conveyance. His first wife, Maria, was in a delicate condition of motherhood, and had to wait with others in Nauvoo till she could be moved with safety.

The prospect of Amasa getting anything for his farm or his improvements was too slim to induce an effort to sell, and what he and his people could not take with them had to be left for the enrichment of the enemy. It was for such values as this that the enemy had risen up against them, and now the avaricious mobsters would not buy nor allow any one else to buy what was soon to be theirs by right of conquest.

Amasa's third wife, Eliza, records in her journal that with him and his wives, Dionetia and Caroline, "We started west for some place where we might worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. We went about a mile to the Mississippi and waited about three hours and then succeeded in getting a boat in which we put our horses and wagons***** and crossed the river. When about midway of the stream we saw a boat some distance from us, sinking, but they got on a sand bar, and another boat reached them and took them to shore."

"Our boat got into the ice which held us about an hour but did no damage. We went to the home of Brother John Tanner and stayed several days as the weather was very cold,

and we were in no hurry to camp out till we had to."

Commenting further on this desperate start from their warm homes into the bitter cold, she says it was their cherished hope to find a place where they could serve the Lord as the gospel required. The uncompromising testimony of this woman, with her keen sense of right and her inherent Puritan ideals, she bore more positive assertiveness as her tribulations increased, putting the fact of her marriage boldly and fearlessly in the limelight. Her diary, covering the flight from Nauvoo and the terrible months and years that followed, gives a vivid picture of the family life and the distressed situations to which they were subjected.

Their stay with the big-hearted John Tanner could not continue indefinitely, though his generous hand was always held out, and his warm heart always open to the needy and the distressed.

"After a few days," according to Eliza's record, "we left Father Tanner's and joined the camp on Sugar Creek. The weather was very cold, the snow deep, and we could not help but be very uncomfortable, as we were poorly fitted for such a journey at that time of the year."

John Tanner remembered them after they had gone to the bleak banks of Sugar Creek---it is refreshing to see him again, to contemplate the good part he was always taking. Scarified now from the violence of his persecutors, old and weary from toil and tribulation, he was still vigorous in all that makes for true manhood, and he sent the Lymans two loads of hay and a quantity of potatoes, besides helping to deliver a load of corn from Amasa's farm. Also, writes Eliza again, "Mother Tanner gave Brother Lyman twelve yards of factory to line his wagon cover, which I made this morning."

There at Sugar Creek, within sight of Nauvoo, and near enough to hear on a frosty morning, the dear temple bell still calling as in farewell to the Saints, the Lymans found four hundred wagon-loads of destitute refugees. A few of them had improvised shelters, but warmth and comfort was not even expected. If the weather moderated, they had to wade in slush and mud; it snowed and the wind blew,

it was a difficult problem to keep from freezing.

On the nineteenth of February, Eliza wrote, "It snowed all day and made us very uncomfortable, as the wind blows the snow in every direction, and our fire is out in the storm so that we cannot get warm by it. I am almost frozen, so I shall go in the wagon and make my bed and get into it as that is the only way I can keep warm."

On the twenty-third she continues, "The weather is very cloudy and cold. We received word from Nauvoo that Sister Maria Lyman was sick and I started with Brother Lyman about two o'clock to go and see her. When we had gone about three miles our buggy broke down and left us in the mud. Fortunately a wagon came along and took us to Montrose. We found the ice running in the river so it was impossible to cross that night, except in a skiff, which Brother Lyman succeeded in doing with great difficulty, leaving me on this side to stay all night with Sister Tanner."

Amasa returned in the morning to the west side reporting that Maria was better, that she had presented him with a son to be called Amasa.

He went back to Nauvoo, leaving Eliza to return to the camp on Sugar Creek, and when he came again he brought, very much to their delight, a sheet-iron stove which he installed in their tent.

It seemed quite impossible for that company of destitute and shivering people on Sugar Creek to brace up against the cold and move on from there, and as the date for their departure was postponed from day to day, Eliza and Dionetia resolved to make a visit to the first wife, still with her new baby in Nauvoo. The weather had become fiercely cold, and the Mississippi was frozen over solid so the two women crossed on the ice. They waited two days for their husband to come and get them, but instead he sent word, telling them to come, as the camp was moving next day. She relates that in the evening when they reached the edge of the camp, the guards stopped them, refusing them admission till they were duly identified, so strict was the vigil against the plots of their enemies. Amasa came himself and took them across the line.

On the second of March "A. Lyman and family" which though not traveling together, included the two Partridge women, "Aunt" Priscilla, "Aunt" Dionetia, and perhaps the other two wives with their outfits of "ox teams arrived at sundown" in the next camp to the west. (Eliza's journal.)

On the third they traveled ten miles, and on the fourth they stopped to bake and wash. On the fifth, according to Eliza's journal, they made an early start and covered six miles over "the most muddy road I ever saw. ***** Several teams gave out before night. We reached the prairie a little before dark; made no fire but ate a little cold meat and went to bed. "

"Aunt" Priscilla was traveling now in the same wagon with Eliza, and Eliza's references to this woman, as to the other six wives, was always with the tenderest care as of one sister for another. With these seven wives, to be joined later by an eighth, every one of them, women of vigorous temperment and pronounced individuality, the surprising fact that they got along together in peace, cooperating with their husband and with each other under tremendous difficulties, is proof that he was a master diplomat, or that he really did hold, as he declared, the power of Divine Priesthood which maintains its dominion by righteous measures. . He had been taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith, who sounded the note of true government when he said, in answer to the query as to how he was able to govern the thousands of people in and around Nauvoo. "I teach them correct principles and they govern themselves. "

Amasa and his six wives plodded westward across Iowa, through storm and mud and tribulation, while the first wife waited still with her new baby in Nauvoo. These six women became reconciled to what the first wife had been going through since the days of Kirtland. Their husband was a minute man, ready to go without previous warning whenever and wherever the interests of the kingdom called him, and they had to become minute women, resourceful, game, ready to adapt to whatever hardship circumstances might impose upon them, to care for themselves, to be

helpers and never a hindrance to him in the important kind of service he had the courage to give. He and his wives belonged to that Spartan minority among the exiles of modern Israel, whose difficult business it was to set the pace in a pathway of hardship reaching hundreds of miles into the wilderness, and more than a long way into the tempestuous future.

As one of the twelve men under the never-ending responsibility of thinking a way through or around the continuous difficulties of that destitute and inexperienced string of refugees, Amasa met often with the Quorum to help determine what course they should take. Being a captain, along with George A. Smith of one of the companies toiling westward from Sugar Creek, he had ample opportunity every day to meet situations he had never met before. There was the problem of food for his company and the companies; the problem of getting work-animals to take the place of those that gave out or died, and the problem of some kind of provender for the animals to eat. There was the problem of a tent for each family, camping and cooking utensils, the repairing of broken wagons or providing new wagons if repair was impracticable. It was a vexing situation with surprise disasters somewhere in the long procession at every turn in the road.

At one of their Quorum meetings they decided to buy 5,000 bushels of corn, and at the next they found it necessary to get still more corn, and also tin-ware to supply the camps. They asked the people to sell their earthenware and other dispensable things too heavy for their over-loaded teams, and use the money for equipment more suited for their needs.

That multitude, gathered from all walks of life in widely different places, was forced suddenly now to adapt to radical and difficult changes, and it had by costly and unpleasant experience to learn a new way of life. This teaming and road-building, this existence in the raw and primitive outdoors, was about as new to Amasa as to them, but he was called to teach the essential ethics of economy of time and utilities, the necessary ways of health and how to get along

in peace together according to the peculiar demands of this new life.

Besides the concern of the Quorum for the multitude crawling at a snails pace along the muddy road across Iowa, they had occasion to be gravely concerned for those who had been compelled to wait for the present in Nauvoo: the sick the aged and people otherwise unable to leave with the first company. They had been left there in the confident hope that surely the men of the mob, if they had any trace of human kindness in their souls would not molest them till it was possible for some of the teams to return and bring them. This lingering faith in the humanity of that mob was like confidence reposed in a rattlesnake. On the sixteenth of March, when the camp had succeeded in getting but fifty-five miles from Nauvoo, and had not yet found a place to wait while some of the teams went back for those left behind, alarming reports said the mob had made terrible threats unless the remaining Saints got out at once.

These toiling companies in Iowa could do at present nothing more than they were doing---the dangers behind them as well as the perils in the unknown regions ahead, would simply have to bide their time. The storms continued days at a stretch, bringing deep mud, delay, exposure and sickness. It is surprising they had no epidemic though some of them suffered to the death and found sweet rest in rude graves by the roadside. Sometimes the mud was over their shoe tops---their wagons mired to the hubs, no outfit was able to move without doubling teams.

In one entry of her diary Eliza says, "We pitched our tent in the mud and water". In another, "We tried to dry our clothes, but one side got wet while the other was getting dry. It rained all day and it was almost impossible for us to get anything to eat."

But no complaints, she refers always to her husband in the kindest of terms as "Brother Lyman," or "The Captain", and she speaks with equal kindness of the other six wives. In spite of their vigorous temperaments, they retained their poise and their testimonies through all this affliction, still loving one another, and looking up with re-

spect to "The Captain", not only as the head of their company, but as their partner and pilot in the great pilgrimage for eternal life. His hold on their hearty good will under these extraordinary distresses, and his magic of preserving domestic peace in the tempest of vexations around them, is quite as remarkable as any other of his phenomenal accomplishments by virtue of the divine power conferred upon him.

These were long and tormenting days in March and April, with little to eat even when the weather permitted them to prepare it. Amasa sometimes found time to relax from the strain by answering the pleasant lure that had made him a youthful hunter on the hills of New Hampshire. Now it was not for pleasure only, but to foil the spectre of starvation, and when he returned with a duck or turkey it was an occasion for thanksgiving.

On the thirtieth of March Eliza wrote, "Brother Lyman is thirty-three years old today. He has been hunting and killed three ducks and a squirrel." Next day in referring to this wild game she says, "They made an excellent dinner."

While spring delayed and necessity became more biting, the Quorum at one of its meetings considered the propriety of selling the temple to relieve the distress of the Saints. The sacred building had served its purpose and was divested of its special equipment, why not let it serve now the way of temporal salvation. But there was no chance for sale---it was to go without price as a trophy of conquest. Stripped of its sanctity it was to be shattered by a shaft from heaven, gutted with flame at the hand of an incendiary and razed to the ground. (For more about the destruction of the Nauvoo Temple, see History of the Church, Volume VII, page 617.)

Heavy rains continued all through the month of April and into early May, imposing on these bedraggled exiles torments which cannot be imagined by those who never waded through similar circumstances.

One entry of Eliza's diary relates, "We had to double teams before we could leave the camp-ground. Few teams

could move more than a half mile without help. "

Another entry, "We are camped in a wide prairie tonight without timber and we can have no fire, let the weather be what it may. "

If Captain Lyman really had an appetite for new and difficult situations to tax his ingenuity and impel him to think out solutions to problems he had never known before, he must have been more than gratified with the opportunity in these problems of crossing the storm soaked prairies of Iowa. The Quorum made special appeal to the governor of the state for permission to cross his territory in peace, and there is no evidence that he took anything but a tolerant attitude towards them. Remembering the answers or the silence of other governors to whom they had appealed in vain they could now be thankful for permission to go unmolested when they would be prostrate and helpless if set upon by an enemy.

In one place some of the wagons, bogged in the mud to the axle-trees, had to be left there on the bare prairie with their occupants and without shelter or fuel, while the rest of the company struggled on looking for a place to camp before turning back with the teams for those left behind. In these wagons behind was the food and bedding of those who went ahead, and when at last the lead part of the company found a possible place to stop in the storm, and Amasa with others, water soaked and chilled, plodded back behind the slow moving oxen for the wagons and the people waiting on the cheerless plain, the people ahead waited too, through long night hours for their beds and for something to eat.

"Our beds and our provisions," writes Eliza, "were out on the prairie with D. P. Clark and wife and Pricilla Lyman, without fire nor food for their teams. We had to sleep as best we could, some on boxes, some on chairs, some in wet beds. ***** I do not know why I did not freeze, for I had no bed and very little covering. "

In another entry, "In the morning we could not get from the wagon to the tent without getting nearly mired. "

Again: "The brethren took all the teams they could

raise and went back to help those who were left out last night. They returned towards night with some of the families; the weather is cold, and they have no fire and very little food."

Another phase of the struggle, affecting Captain Lyman and his wives in particular and the company in general, is indicated in this entry, "Brother Lyman went to attend a meeting of the Council of the Twelve, five miles distant. He returned towards evening nearly distracted with the tooth-ache."

Wet, cold, hungry and exhausted for hours at a time; restricted to an insufficient diet, only as he or his hunters brought in a deer, a turkey or a duck, it is not surprising that in the latter part of April, with a body that had already been many times overtaxed, Amasa became sick and lay helpless in his wagon while it rained and rained, and the wretched company toiled on in mud and tribulation.

Under the killing ordeal of these storms, a brother Edwards was driven to distraction, and while his friends exerted themselves to keep him from running wildly away in the mud, his terrible cries from a near-by wagon, threw a boding of gloom over the camp. It was a relief to himself and all of them when he died.

It was still in April when Eliza writes, "Brother Lyman was able to dress himself and leave the wagon." His recovery must have been rather slow, however, in the twelve days of that almost continuous storm that followed.

After the first week in May the belated spring seemed really to arrive, the sun beamed in warmth upon them, and their hunters found plenty of squirrels. They made it an occasion of thanksgiving.

On the eleventh, Amasa's company reached a beautiful place which some of the brethren called Garden Grove, and since it was getting late in the season, and the destination of the Saints was still very uncertain, but undoubtedly far away, it was decided to have some of the people stay at Garden Grove till the following year and raise crops.

Amasa's companies were well towards the lead of the big procession. More than a thousand wagons behind them

were on the road from Nauvoo, and more than three thousand people were still waiting in the city for a way to start. The demand for food, both present and future for so many people, was a problem for which they had to make provision, and planting time admonished them not to let it pass unimproved.

On the twelfth of May, Amasa went back to meet his first wife and her four children, who had been for some time on the road, and he returned with them next day. It was a great satisfaction to have his families so near together again, and yet, considering that his marriage to his first wife made him twice as homeless as before, he was now one of the most homeless men in the camp.

This, however, was now quite the fashion, for 15,000 or more people had come to think of their wagons or of their fires as their homes. Amasa found it about as possible as at other times to attend the meetings of the Quorum, and these meetings were still held with as much regularity as circumstances would permit. These gatherings, now that they had no temple or other sanctuary for meeting purposes, were often appointed for some quiet retreat on the prairie, where the brethren counceled earnestly together and prayed for wisdom to lead modern Israel out of bondage. Quite often their meeting was held in a special tent with buffalo robes spread for a floor, and it was dedicated as a place of sacred communion. They had wonderful experiences about which they said little to the general public.

From Garden Grove Amasa went with President Young and others of the Quorum to explore the country ahead. When he led his company forward again, they arrived on the 26th at an inviting place they called Mt. Pisgah, and decided to make there another temporary stopping place for the Saints. However, neither Amasa nor any of his family were among those who remained, and Eliza happens in her diary to mention four of the wives besides herself as they started on.

Although spring had come with this month of May, poverty, sickness and misfortune made it a time of depression and sorrow. As their ox-teams crawled wearily on

towards the Missouri River they passed carcasses of oxen that had sunk under their heavy yokes and lay bloated by the roadside to vex the eyes and nostrils of all who passed. To Eliza this was a bad situation, for she was in delicate health, and could find no comfortable place of rest by day or night. She was more distressed still when Captain Allen of the U. S. Army passed them on his way to the main camp ahead, where he was ordered to raise an army of five hundred men from that destitute company of refugees.

Of this she says, "There was a requisition from the United States for 500 men to be taken from among our camps to go to Mexico and fight for the nation that had driven us out from its midst. Our people responded to the call and sent 500 men, many of whom left their wives and children in wagons, not knowing where they would settle or find a place to call home, but they left them in the care of their brethren and their friends; many of them never to meet again."

Reaching the Missouri River about the first of June, Amasa had little time to meet the pressing needs of his own families; his was the responsibility of helping to solve the problems of thousands of outcasts who, at this trying moment felt outraged at the call to fight the battles of a government that had refused them a hearing, driven them out and bade them be gone from all its territory. They felt incensed all the more because this levy on them in their distress was many times greater per capita than the levy made on the millions behind them who were resting peacefully in their homes in the states.

This was another sore and delicate crisis for the Council of the Twelve to meet, and as one of its members Amasa had to give that his first thought, leaving his families to prove their faith and loyalty to him and to the cause of Zion, by fighting their own battles as best they could. He was honoring the last solemn charge of the martyred Prophet, and he must rely on the promised blessing made along with it.

These seven courageous women faced the issue with Spartan courage---not a white feather nor a whimper among

them. They made their homes in their wagons or wherever else they could, shouldering their crosses as stoically as other women, more unfortunate still, who had to see their protectors march away in the battalion with the stern probability of never seeing them again.

It is not likely that the other six wives had experiences equally distressing with that which Eliza had to endure, yet her story indicates the kind of accommodations they endured. Her quarters, however wretched, may have been better than theirs because of her approaching ordeal of motherhood.

Writing July 14th, 1846, she says, "My first child was born here in a wagon. I have named him Don Carlos. I am very uncomfortably situated for a sick woman. The scorching sun shines on the wagon through the day, and the cool air at night is almost too much to be healthy."

After making an entry next day to the effect that "Brother Lyman went over the river," she wrote no more till the ninth of August, and then, "Since last I wrote I have been sick with childbed fever. For many days my life seemed near the end, and I am now like a skeleton, so much so that those who used to know me do not know me now till I tell them. It is a fearful place to be sick with fever in a wagon with no shade but the cover, and the July sun shining on it every day. All the comfort I had was with the pure cold water from the spring near by. But the Lord preserved my life for some purpose for which I thank Him. My baby, in consequence of my sickness, is very poor, but as I get better I hope to see him improve."

She relates that in the ordeal she lost her hair, and for a time she had to cover her head with a cap. Giving her careful attention, as she recovered, to little Don Carlos, he filled out and became the life of that part of the camp.

When the Saints had sent from their impoverish ranks the last of those 500 able bodied men, like the last bleeding ounce of flesh for some unremitting obligation, the Council of the Twelve met to consider the new necessities this condition entailed upon them. Many families had been robbed of their main support. Also, however much unprepared

they were in this crisis to do it, it was imperative that relief be sent at once to the Saints, afflicted and persecuted still in Nauvoo, or waiting in helplessness where they had been driven from their homes.

It is quite impossible to consider the multitude of difficult problems the Council of the Twelve had to meet, and it is hard to understand how they met them. Their unimpeachable fidelity to the spread of truth is proved by their sending, at that most difficult time of desperate need, a company of missionaries, able-bodied men, including four of their own number, to preach the gospel in various parts of the world.

Their sacrifice of manpower to form the battalion ended all lingering hopes of reaching a permanent stopping place that season, and President Young told them they would stay there on the Indian lands that year, and some of them would stay longer still. They bought an Indian village, and from the chief, Big Elk, they got permission to stay there two years. Along with other members of the Quorum, Amasa helped select a site for a settlement, and by the second of October its people were divided into thirteen wards.

To this temporary city, Winter Quarters, on the west bank of the Missouri River in Nebraska, Amasa moved his families, and on the first of October he went with others of the brethren up the stream for house logs. On the third they returned with a huge float of logs in the form of a raft, the first logs to reach the new place.

On the fifteenth, Eliza's diary records, "We went into our log house, the first house my three-months old baby has ever been in".

She said it was the first house in which they had eaten a meal for seven months, and they were very thankful to have it, though it had no floor but the ground, and its covering of sod would not turn the rain. It did have walls to protect them from the cold wind, and they could gather around its open fire and keep warm.

Yet that damp earth floor, the rain dripping dismally from the sod above them, and the cold searching winds of

autumn, proved too much for the little Don Carlos. "My baby is sick and getting worse," says Eliza's diary for the sixth of December, "He cried all day but I cannot see what ails him."

After a week of sleepless anxiety we read again, "My baby is dead, and I mourn his loss. ***** My sister Caroline and I sat up with him every night and tried to save him, for we could not bear to part with him, but we were powerless. The Lord took him and I will try to be reconciled and think all is for the best. He was my greatest comfort and always in my arms. ***** I believe there is a power that watches over us and does all things right."

This and other distresses of Amasa's numerous family burdened him with great concern in addition to his anxiety for the Saints in their struggles to be ready for winter. Then "The Poor Camp" arrived from Nauvoo, and the general struggle goaded him to a strenuous existence. Living always dangerously near to the limit of his endurance, he responded too freely again to the urge of necessity, and in latter December he lay sick and helpless in one of his sod-covered huts, and could not attend the council meeting of the Quorum.

Chapter XIII

Their hunters sought in distant solitudes
A place to rest from long oppression free,
And in the most remote of earthly hills
They chose a spot beside an inland sea.

The brethren of the Quorum felt keenly their grave responsibility in determining the course of the exiled Saints and they prayed often for guidance, placing the welfare of the people first, their own affairs second. Eliza, in her account of most important events in camp, makes frequent mention of "The Captain" being away to his Quorum meeting. Sometimes this was the full substance of her entry, the only thing that mattered. She agreed freely with his estimate of what should claim first attention.

With the opening of the year, 1847, the Quorum viewed the situation as one of very grave importance. They had reached the wild border of what was called the Great American Desert, and they hoped and believed that somewhere in its wide expanse there was a place where they could sustain themselves as a people and live in peace. How far it was to that place, or how much difficulty they would encounter in reaching it, they had but vague notions.

They entertained no thought of trying to save themselves or their families individually at the neglect of the main body of the Church. The only proposition for temporal salvation must be broad enough to include all these homeless thousands. They could not turn back now as "to the flesh-pots of Egypt," they must hazard the uncertainties of the big wilderness. They had appealed in vain to all the states, and their only hope of preserving the Church of Christ and saving themselves from destruction, was to answer the mute but friendly call of the unknown west.

In every major crisis during the life of the Prophet Joseph, the Saints had looked to him for the sure word of the Lord, and had found comfort and safety in its reception. Hovering now over the smouldering fires in their sod-covered huts, the dead of winter around them, the wide desert

stretching away before them with no alternative but to answer its challenge, they contemplated in sorrow the hard straits to which they had been driven and wished the Prophet might speak to them again. Then into the gloom of their uncertainty came once more the welcome sound of revelation: "The word and will of the Lord," through his Prophet, Brigham Young. The quorum recognized the sound at once, and the Saints received it with thanksgiving. They had not been captivated by the individual charm of the man, Joseph Smith, but had really learned through his ministrations to know the voice of the master when he spoke through the medium of his Priesthood, whoever his appointed servant might be.

For this time it was not the voice nor the appearance of the martyr of Carthage, but it was still "the will of the Lord", as much so and as unmistakably so as when Brigham spoke with the voice and appearance of Joseph at the great Conference in Nauvoo.

The Lord was with them still! Amasa had not transferred his allegiance from one man to another, but he was loyal still to the Priesthood and ready to be directed by it through the Prophet Brigham Young, as he had been directed by it through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

In His word given at Winter Quarters, January 14th, 1847, the Lord said, "I am He who led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, and My hand is stretched out still in the last days to save my people Israel." This revelation maintained the same generous standards as the former revelations, admonishing the Saints that if a man tried to build up himself he would have no power, but every man was to use his influence and his means to help the Saints out of their distress and carry them to a refuge from their enemies. The widows and the fatherless and the poor were to be remembered and cared for---it was the genuine love and unselfishness which characterizes "The true Shepherd who loveth his sheep." This revelation told the Saints to organize, to prepare and discipline themselves for the big journey, and promised them their enemies should not have power to stop the work. (D. & C. Section 136.)

The Council of the Twelve was to organize and become leaders of companies. Amasa Lyman and George A. Smith were told to organize a company between them and in the following weeks this organization of the camps went forward on a big scale.

The Lord who led Israel out of Egypt worked at that time, and always by wise and safe methods. Preliminary to the great move from Egypt, He caused that Moses should spend forty years in the wilderness, not only to learn the wisdom of leadership and become acquainted with the voice of the Lord, but to make Moses familiar with the country through which he was to lead the people. Ancient Israel's destination was less than two hundred miles from their starting point, and the country to which they were going was already built up with cities and towns.

Israel of latter days, camping in western Iowa on the banks of the Missouri River, were twelve hundred miles from their destination, and that destination was a howling wilderness, the home of savages and wild beasts. Even when they reached it they would see in its drought and desolation nothing for them, only as their eyes were opened by the inspiration of the Almighty to perceive that it had been prepared for them with the greatest of care.

Moses had forty years of preparatory training, forty years in which to make the transition from life in the royal court of Egypt, to that of desert chief of an exiled people. Surely this same God, who with his natural, wise methods, made such ample arrangement for efficient leadership of ancient Israel to escape from their enemies, would provide for his modern leaders at least a short period of preliminary training. Before they became responsible guides for these waiting thousands, and other thousands to follow, they would have to have an adequate process of transition from the lives they had lived thus far to the very different life necessary for all who would survive on the desert.

Thus it came about that these leaders were to form a small company and go forth themselves, not only to find the appointed place but, in a few short months, to get the

training for which Moses had been allowed forty years. A few short months of special intense schooling---Amasa was delighted to be one of the eight leaders to receive these "anomalous and strange" lessons intended to fit them as competent captains and guides into the tops of the mountains where, according to the ancient Prophets, the Saints were to be established in latter-days.

A strange and unusual thing was happening to these Mormon leaders, a miracle too splendid to be fully appreciated by the Saints themselves. Brigham Young's education had fitted him to be a cabinet maker and builder, and he had followed that trade till he joined the Church, at which time he became a preacher; now he was to become an explorer, a pioneer, a colonizer, with the extraordinary ability to handle the intricate and unprecedented problems of planting an impoverished and inexperienced people successfully in a country new and different from any in which civilized men had been able to live.

Amasa Lyman, since he left the little world of his uncle's farm, had been essentially a preacher, traveling in populous areas of country. Now he was to be transformed into a rugged frontiersman, battling his way through 2,000 miles of primeval wilderness to the Pacific coast and meeting emergencies which would tax the ingenuity of trappers and hunters innured by long contact to the barren west.

Every member of the Quorum, however poorly fitted for it by nature, was to accomplish in himself this prodigious transition if the Mormon People were to survive and save the Church from the maze of danger into which it had been driven.

These Mormon leaders had been meeting new and perplexing emergencies, doing the seemingly impossible and setting safe standards for multitudes to follow, until their accomplishments had become common place. It was taken for granted they would find a way in every crisis, and their remarkable achievements were viewed as a matter of course and nothing at which to wonder.

The Council of the Twelve formed the Pioneer Com-

pany for the special trip of exploration. It was a peculiar education it was to give them. They selected men especially adapted to go with them, making their number up to 153, besides three women and two children. They had 73 wagons and a boat. Amasa Lyman's outfit consisted of a wagon, three horses and a riding mare, and with him in the wagon were Albert Carrington and Starling Driggs. Carrington kept the daily record for this unit of the company, writing it in ink and in letters so small it is difficult to read them with the naked eye. (Record preserved in Church Historian's Office.)

This Pioneer company was to leave their families there on the river or in the other camps, and go till they found the place divinely appointed, however far that might be. Getting everything ready and making the start seemed strangely impossible like a troubled dream. A swarm of problems and difficulties claimed the attention of these leaders all the time, resulting in so much unexpected delay that President Young in a public address recognized it as the interfering influence of the adversary, and told the men appointed to go, that they must be ready, and nothing must be allowed to stand in their way.

In a meeting held April 4th, 1847, Amasa was one of the speakers, and he declared that their readiness and their resolution to start was the most important need of the time, and told them to muster their courage not only for this, but for other difficult starts they would have to make in the future.

Next day, April 5th, Heber C. Kimball broke the strange spell by actually heading off to the west with six teams, although he got but four miles away. The others slated for the journey gathered to this nucleus and moved slowly towards the Elkhorn river. Amasa joined them on the ninth, returned on the twelfth, and left again on the 14th with President Young and four others of the Quorum, joining the camp on the Elkhorn. Eight of the Quorum were in the company, the other four being on foreign missions.

"The Pioneers have started", says Eliza Lyman's journal. "They are going west to look for a location for the

Latter-day Saints, and have no idea where that is, but they trust the Lord will lead them to the place."

Later she said, "Brother Lyman has gone with the Pioneers, and we do not expect to see him again this summer."

Eliza and the other six wives were to support themselves by their industry, resolution and resourcefulness, applying their attention to anything they could find to do. Eliza had learned the tailor's trade in Nauvoo, but the dwellers in these sod-roofed cabins with dirt floors, were glad enough to have denim or buck-skin or anything with which to cover their nakedness, and had precious little for a tailor to do. So the Lyman women carded and spun wool, if they could get any wool to spin---they worked in the fields, knitted stockings, wove baskets, or did any kind of work promising relief to their necessities.

Being cramped for room in the cabin they had occupied, Eliza and her sister Caroline began building a log house twelve by twelve feet in size, and when they had raised the walls as high as they could lift the logs, they offered half of the house to a certain man and his family if he would help to complete it. They built a fire-place of sod, making the chimney as high as they could reach, and when the house was done, they occupied half of it, a space six by twelve feet, separated from the other half by a wagon-cover hung from the roof-logs.

On the second day out from Elkhorn, April 16, 1847, the Pioneers organized more fully for their long journey. They formed strict rules for their travels and all their operations, having it stipulated that they should rise promptly in the morning at the sound of a bugle. There was to be a time for prayer, a time for breakfast, a time for starting from camp. Every man, not otherwise occupied, was to carry a loaded gun and stay by his wagon or in the company when they were on the road, and the camp was not to be at any time without one or more guards on duty. They had with them a cannon which they fired when it seemed wise to advertise to skulking indians, or any one else, that they intended to defend themselves if they were attacked. (For more about the Pioneer Company see A Comprehensive

History of the Church, Volume III, Chapter 78.)

Their long train---horse teams, mule teams and lumbering yokes of heavy oxen, pulling heavy wagons, light wagons and carriages, crawled like a huge worm across the prairie. Scouts on horses rode ahead and along the side, and they made their own road as they went, not following, although they traveled parallel with the Oregon Trail.

On that beaten track of the Oregon Trail, lurked an unpleasant possibility that they might encounter some of their old enemies from Missouri. They decided therefore to play safe by observing "The Mormon Creed: Mind your own business." So they broke their own road on the trackless sand, built their own bridges and traveled mainly on the north side of the Platte River for the peace and safety it promised.

At night they stopped their wagons in two semi-circles facing each other to form a corral for their animals, or to serve as a defense if such should be needed. Sometimes they formed one semi-circle with the Platte River as the other side of a temporary pasture.

Amasa rode ahead much of the time with President Young to look out their way and select suitable camp-grounds. They were not old men, as compared with the Prophet who let Israel through the wilderness of Sinai. From that angle these leaders were hardly beyond the realm of youth, Brigham being forty-six and Amasa thirty-four years old. Each day these two scouts gazed across the limitless plain to its dim and mysterious horizon; there was inspiration in its magnificent distances. The sun seemed to come up out of the earth in the morning and to retire from the red clouds into the earth at night. In the strangeness of it all hung a pleasing lure---it suggested boundless possibilities, it challenged Amasa to review and reappraise his past, to anticipate and replan his future for wide and far-reaching achievements.

As they penetrated more deeply into the wild stretches of the plains, sometimes sighting Indians or Indian villages in the distance, they stiffened their vigil for every hour of the day and night, guarding their stock from thieves and

themselves from surprise. They forded streams or improvised rafts and bridges to make the crossing. At one point where they had to cross the Platte, they made two rafts, one of which floated away from them down the current in spite of their efforts, and the other got hopelessly stuck on a sand bar, leaving them to ford the stream where the quick sand was more dangerous than the water.

Considering what had happened to other companies of white men in this savage-infested wilderness, the chief reliance of these Pioneers was on that matchless power which had stopped wild mobs and invalidated the decrees of tyrants for their protection. On their success hung the destiny of the trusting Saints waiting hopefully on the Missouri, behind, and eager to start for the place of refuge as soon as it could be found.

Indians fired on them, but no one was hurt. Indians attacked them in the night time, but were frightened away. President Young admonished the company, "Remember your prayers and keep your powder dry." Their success is amazing. Even the historian, Bancroft, with his slim and grudging compliments for the Mormons, declares their journey was more successful from every angle than that of any other company crossing the plains in those years. (See Bancroft's History of the United States.)

Following up the Platte, they encountered herds of hundreds of thousands of buffaloes moving northward to their summer range. Also they saw herds of antelope and flocks of water-fowl wending their way along the course of the river. The country was corrugated by deep-worn buffalo trails, and in some places roughly pitted by their wallows. This treeless plain was a hunter's paradise. Amasa might have refrained from its lure, but hunting was an essential part of the work of the company; it supplied one of their principal necessities.

Therefore with a delightful sense of duty instead of an accusing conscience, the hunter from the hills of New Hampshire rode away often with his gun in an ecstasy of relief from toil and responsibility. Chasing buffalo! Stalking antelope! It expressed a positive passion from some

distant ancestry of hunters. In a way it was new to the Mormon preacher, but in a greater sense it was his wonted self, one phase of his many-sided nature. It is still pronounced in some of the posterity of Amasa Lyman to race after the wild stag over the hills, to ride whip and spur up and down ledges and rims of the fresh track.

In the graphic chronicles of that pioneer camp it is related, "Amasa killed two cows", "Amasa killed an antelope", Amasa Lyman shot a goose". It was a delightful feature of the universal school he was attending.

On the seventh of May, when the Camp rested on the banks of the Platte, Amasa was asked to be one of the speakers in the meeting they held. Beaming with thankful appreciation for their changing and profitable experiences in this long journey across the plains, he said he considered they were in a great school and what they learned from it was more precious than the silver and gold to which many men dedicate their effort.

The grave nature of this mission into the remote wilderness, and the sacred values hanging on its success, was ever the chief concern of the eight members of the Quorum. No doubt it was equally the concern of the four members in their distant missions abroad. The eight met often by special appointment and preparation for prayer; they went away by themselves to plead with the Lord for wisdom and understanding in handling the destinies of his exiled and trusting people.

On the second of June, they reached Fort Laramie. A little company of seventeen Saints from Mississippi were waiting for them there, having started the year before and wintered at Pueblo with a disabled detachment of the Mormon Battalion. That detachment and other Saints from Mississippi were soon to leave Pueblo for California by way of Fort Laramie, or to join the Pioneers, and the Council felt impressed to send one of their number to Pueblo in the interest of this company.

Pueblo was 250 miles away, and it would be a perilous journey for a few men to undertake through an Indian country, but the Quorum, after fasting and praying for wis-

dom to meet this situation, decided to send Amasa Lyman, accompanied by Roswell Stevens, John H. Tipets and Thomas Woolsey. These three men had been to Pueblo and had gone back to Winter Quarters in March in time to start west again with the Pioneer Company.

When Amasa and the three men started on this long and dangerous trip, the brethren of the Twelve accompanied them as far as Laramie Fork, and praying there for their welfare, told them to go in peace. When the four had been traveling to the southwest for a week, they met the Mississippi Saints and the detachment of the Battalion under Captain James Brown, and Amasa had not been long with them till it became very clear why the Twelve had decided to send one of their number to meet this company.

An alarming condition had developed among the Battalion boys: After all their splendid responses to the call of the government, and the good services of which the Church is still proud, homesickness, disappointment and one grievance after another had bred unrest and dissatisfaction in their minds, till some of them had planned to mutiny when they reached Laramie.

Their detachment had been ordered to California, and had left their winter quarters at Pueblo to answer that call, but in spite of their captain's efforts to dissuade them, a great part of the company had agreed one with another to turn east at Laramie and go to their families in the Mormon camp on the Missouri River.

It was not just a fleeting fancy which had sprung up in their minds, a fancy to be brushed away by persuasion; it was rooted in bitter longing and heart-break. Items of injustice had been whispered with resentment, kindling at length into aggressive resolution. They had had enough. They were on their way home. Already they anticipated the blessed meeting with their loved ones whom they had left in want and sorrow nearly a year before. The very thought of going on west over weary deserts to far-away California, to be months and years yet before they met their dear kindred, or possibly never to meet them again at all ---it stirred hot blood deep in their hearts. They would

return to the east in spite of every force high or low that could reach into their remote world. Neither Captain Brown nor anybody, nor anything else could stop them.

To the captain it had become a vexing problem, almost a crisis when Amasa Lyman and his outfit appeared in the solitude ahead of them. This was the unseen difficulty which Amasa had been sent by inspiration to meet, a difficulty which, again, was peculiarly in his line, doing something he had never had to do before.

He listened in silence, yet in astonishment and alarm to their story. He heard their grievances, saw how much they had suffered, and felt the fixed force of their resolution to return to their families. Already in their feelings they had started homeward, if those humble camps on the river could be called home, and they were impelled by the kind of emotions that carry men through fire and flood to their goal.

Amasa considered how their intended insubordination would undo the enviable record of the Church for its loyalty to the government, and at the same time he felt the anguish of their heart-break. He was moved with their concern for their wives, children, and dependent ones waiting in sorrow and suspense on the distant river-bank. How could he, with his fervent sympathy for what they suffered, insist that now instead of going home, they go a thousand miles farther away, meeting all the added hardship and hazard it would entail? He prayed for help from the only source which had ever made him victor over his difficulties, and asked Captain Brown to call the boys together in the evening.

When he stood before them he could sense that they hoped he would not try to stand in their way, for they would have to resist if he did, however unpleasant that might be. Fully half the men in the company had declared their determination to take their teams and their provisions and go east from Laramie.

Amasa was large and heavily bearded, very impressive in appearance, his voice magnetic in tone. Transcending all that would naturally be expected of one chronically

homeless, without scholastic training or opportunity. He had that wealth of appeal which honest souls cannot resist, and now, as ever before in his devoted service of the Master, he brought it to bear for the cause of right.

"I am sent to you from President Young and the Quorum," he said, his voice carrying clear on the cool June air. While they listened fearfully for his interfering order, he continued with a sympathy which was winning their intuitive response. "Always conduct yourselves as if you were followers of Jesus Christ," he continued, "and your pathway will not lead to trouble." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

He was winning them, their tears of disappointment notwithstanding, but it was not to be fully accomplished that evening, it was a slow and difficult matter. Instead of returning at once to the Pioneer Company, hunting its way on towards the west, he traveled with the detachment in their slow motion to Laramie, and succeeded at length in winning every one of them to the course he proposed.

In a letter written on the 16th of June, to President Young, he explained why he had delayed so long and added, "I laid the instruction before them which had the effect of quelling the spirit of mutiny, and instead of leaving as they intended, they followed the counsel."

On the 8th of July, the president wrote to Amasa, sending the letter by Samuel Brannan and Captain Williams. Brannan told Amasa in glowing terms about San Joaquin Valley in California, and made very disparaging reports of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, into which the Pioneers were soon to enter.

When Amasa reached the Valley of the Great Salt Lake on the 27th of July, behold the Quorum had decided to stop in the very place which Brannan and other experienced westerners had declared most unfit. In spite of Brannan's urgent invitation to come to the rich countries he had found near the coast, and in spite of Bridger and Goodyear and all the men who knew the west and said Salt Lake Valley was no place to live, the Pioneers had stopped in that sunburned desolation and President Young had declared,

"This is the place".

Amasa was not with the Pioneers as they approached the valley, he had not heard them tell the particular impressions that came to them. He had not heard the inspired words of the President, nor had he seen the tears of the three women as they begged to go on to the coast rather than stop in the desolation by the strange lake. Instead, he had heard the glowing account of the coast and naturally he had cherished the hope that when the Pioneers did stop, it would be in some better place than any they had passed. Finding them settling now in this desolation after all the good country through which they had gone, he could have been bitterly disappointed.

Far from being disappointed, Amasa was in full and hearty accord with the decision of the Quorum to stop in Salt Lake Valley. Their inspiration had followed him the same as if he had been with them, and when he was called to address the people in meeting, he declared himself enthusiastically in favor of all that had been done, and thanked the Lord they had reached the refuge appointed.

The lapse of a century has obscured the magnitude of inspired discernment by which the Quorum was able to see in the desolation, a dwelling place for a mighty people in the mountain valleys for hundreds of miles in all directions. So clearly did they see that the place had been prepared for them, that with swelling hearts they prayed the Lord to forgive the weaknesses they had indulged in their afflictions, and as an expression of their gratitude, they renewed their covenants by rebaptism. They surveyed the ground for a city, they drew for their lots and began making improvements; they chose a site for a temple.

But time was flying---while they worked in a transport of delight from the gray dawn into the darkness to discover and prove the hidden resources of their newly-found Zion, the summer was slipping swiftly over their heads. They must begin the long journey back to the waiting Saints, or winter would overtake them on the plains. Although one company of Saints was supposed even now to be following their tracks from Winter Quarters, the main body of the

Church waited hopefully for the Quorum to report they had found the place, and then they would begin the great journey to the west.

The Twelve and all who were to return to the Missouri that year would have to start back before the end of August, and the following year they would come again to the Valley, bringing their families. They should by all means have some kind of shelter prepared to receive them at that time. They therefore began building, conserving their effort and at the same time preparing for their defense against the Indians by making their building a community affair in the form of a fort. Amasa would need seven houses, but he had barely time to begin two.

They made adobes; they hauled and hewed logs. Every able bodied man, including President Young, took eager and active part. In dust and perspiration with uprolled sleeves, they applied themselves with that superior energy of men who give their hearts eagerly to a cherished objective. After all these weary years of persecution, they had found a place of freedom and safety, and they beamed with the same joy that had filled the hearts of their Pilgrim Fathers when they landed at Plymouth Rock more than two centuries before.

The Quorum wanted to apply their effort in the Valley up to the last permissible hour, and since most of the returning company had slow-moving ox teams, the President and his party of eighty or more men with their horses and mules, decided they could start a week later than the ox-team company, and overtake them on the plains. The slow company started on the 18th of August, carrying with them most of the provisions on which the second company was depending. The horse and mule teams started on the 26th with provisions to last them only till they could catch up with the company ahead.

These two returning companies rationed themselves to the limit on provisions, expecting to subsist mainly on buffalo meat as soon as they reached the plains, and thus leave all that they could in the nature of food for the people staying in the Valley who would have no way of replenishing their supply till crops could be raised, or till other com-

panies from the east could bring more. Both those who went and those who stayed faced desperate chances of going hungry, but they arranged the best they could and trusted the Lord to provide.

When the President's party had been on the road fifteen days, they discovered in the morning that they had only 49 of the 71 horses and mules they had the night before; the Indians had got away with 32 head. The company faced a grave and serious situation, yet there was nothing to do but go ahead and try to overtake the ox-teams which should not now be very far away. Also they expected soon to meet the company of immigrants who were to leave Winter Quarters, at that time and hoped it would be possible to replace, at least in part, the teams they had lost.

At South Pass they met the immigrants, 2,000 souls with 600 wagons, following the tracks the pioneers had made in the spring. but these people too, had suffered from Indian depredations, and had no more than enough teams to get them to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. They could not give the president's company any help, but they made the meeting a great occasion, prepared a banquet, and rejoiced in the report of the goodly refuge found in the wilderness. (See A Comprehensive History of the Church, Volume III, page 297.)

The Quorum and their party moved promptly on, for now it was imperative that they overtake the ox-teams, whose drivers had been ordered not to go more than fifteen miles a day till the two companies got together. The 49 horses, doing what had been quite enough for 71 horses, made slow and difficult progress, and the President's party scrutinized the tracks in the road every day, hoping to find they were getting nearer, but try as they would with the longest drives their over-worked teams could make, the imprint of the ox tracks in the dust appeared as old each evening as the morning before. They toiled on through the weary days of September, subsisting on their kills of buffalo, and still no sight of the wagon train on the hazy plain to the east, not even on the clearest days and the most level stretches. And they looked in vain for a smoke or a glimmer ahead of them

in the night time.

Some of their teams gave out, increasing the burden of the other teams already on the ragged edge of exhaustion. At this rate winter would overtake them on the plains where they must perish of hunger or eke out a precarious existence on buffalo meat. They had been blessed in finding the long-sought refuge for the Saints, but now, unless they took some extraordinary measure, they would not survive to make official report of it. With the best they could hope for, their deliverance would be accomplished only by a most trying effort.

Something had to be done at once or the early snows would catch them in a pitiable state of helplessness. If they could get word to the ox teams to wait, that would solve the problem; that seemed to be their only hope, and that itself was a problem. Their horses were too nearly spent to make the necessary haste in a ride to overtake the company forty to sixty miles ahead; and the men, subsisting mainly on meat, were about as unfit as the horses for the effort.

If any chase were to be undertaken after that lead company, it would have to be made afoot, for no other way seemed possible, and Amasa volunteered to undertake it. Ten others volunteered to go with him. The President gave them written instructions for the lead company to stop and kill buffaloes and dry the meat till the Presidents party could overtake them, and the eleven men started off afoot in the gray dawn of October 5th. The prairie road, deep scared with wheels and hoofs, stretched off towards the horizon, and they sent their gaze reaching after it, cherishing grim resolution to overtake the ox-teams company if it took the night time as well as the day. With life or death hanging on their effort, it behooved them to go their last desperate limits for the accomplishment of their objective.

Haste or no haste, they had to take time to hunt and kill buffalo, the sole article of their subsistence, and they had to burden themselves with as much of the meat as they could carry, that the next hunt might not delay them too soon. This ordeal of nerve and tissue would have been suf-

ficiently unbearable even with plenty of wholesome food, but those who have lived on meat alone for days at a time, know how nauseating it becomes, and how it may produce weakness instead of strength.

Amasa had discovered when he left New Hampshire fifteen years before, that he was not built for walking, and frequent relapses into a condition of helplessness had warned him that in spite of his size he lacked the endurance to match his energy. But thoughts of all that was hampering to his speed in this crisis, which had to be met, he thrust out of his mind. Let the morrow years take care of themselves. The fate of today was hanging breathless on the effort to overtake that company of ox teams.

When the eleven men sank down in the road for a short rest, they wrote a note for the President's company to find when they came along assuring him of their high hopes and resolutions. When they met a company of Frenchmen, Amasa sent another letter, declaring their determination to overtake the teams even if they had to chase them to Winter Quarters. But they could not be sure they were gaining in the race though they watched the tracks eagerly hoping to find them with a more fresh appearance.

The beds of these eleven men, beds without mattresses quilts or pillows, drew heavily on their imagination for a small part of the comfort a bed is supposed to give. Their loads of meat and guns, and the driving cause of haste, made their bedding a minus quantity. Hurrying forward with little regard as to whether it were day or night, the matter of rest and sleep entered but indifferently into their program. When weariness compelled them to rest, they made a fire, if any inflammable thing could be found, and with nothing to shelter them from the wind above or the cold earth beneath, they lapsed into that dreamless sleep which nature provides as a merciful anesthetic for tortures otherwise bitter to bear, and they roused only when their appointed monitor called loudly for them to be up and gone.

On the second day one man sickened under the strain, and they left him by the roadside with another man to await the President's company, while the nine hurried on. From

a letter written by William Clayton, traveling with the teams ahead, they learned that his camp was out of food and would stop long enough to replenish their meat supply, after which they would hurry to make up for lost time. Amasa and his men resolved to reach them while they waited for that hunt. Goading themselves up to a new burst of speed, they gazed eagerly on from each little rise on the plain, and they bent often over the tracks for some encouraging sign.

That burst of speed soon dwindled to what it had been and then to less; the burdens they had to carry and the doubtful nourishment they received hindered them like a clog. On the sixth day of the chase, October 11, at the junction of the North and the South Platte, Amasa left another letter, posting it in the split of a limb by the side of the road. He said they had been compelled to stop for another hunt, that they had killed four buffalo that morning, but the delay had cut their average progress down to fifteen miles a day. "We are in good spirits," the letter added gamely, "and it is our belief that the ox teams are not more than thirty or forty miles ahead, and that even if they do not stop, we shall be able to catch up with them, weak and faint as many of us are living entirely on buffalo meat." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

This to Amasa was but another lesson in the universal school, yet it was an intensely interesting lesson never to be forgotten. It amplified the solemn message of the wide plains on which he was training for leadership, the wide plains with their breath-taking call and their broad outlook. By these long days and nights of anguish and its magnificent extent, the wilderness wrote its admonition indelibly on his understanding. It was a crisp summary of these seven intensive months which were intended by Providence to fit him for leading pioneer Saints safely through other regions of thirst and desolation more terrible than the plains along the Platte River.

After making their kill of four buffalo and writing their game report to the President, the nine plodded determinedly off again towards the east, sustained more by their invincible resolution than by any nourishment to be found in flesh

roasted on a spit over the flames. The seventh day revealed nothing of the outfit ahead and after the eighth day, they dragged on in the darkness, failing still to see any glimmer of camp-fires in the gloom.

However nauseating the buffalo meat, they had to make another wearisome detour to find and kill the wild creature, and carry back to the road as much of its choicest cuts as their strength would justify, and the remaining hours of that ninth day brought them no encouragement.

According to Arthur Taylor, an old acquaintance of Amasa Lyman, "Amasa was one of the most determined men I ever saw. When he made up his mind to do a thing, it was just about impossible to stop him. He would just about do it or die trying." (Personal communication to author.)

And now in the plains when he and his eight companions sank down exhausted and destitute by the roadside, they saw clearly that their continued effort meant certain death, and however much they hated to stop, they had no alternative but to keep going.

On the tenth day of their chase, with hollow faces like the crew of "The Ancient Mariner", and their supply of meat again exhausted, these nine men discovered they had passed the buffalo country, the game was behind them --- nothing to kill, nothing to eat. They had covered 160 miles, and they felt sure they had been gaining in the race, but with nothing to eat, they sank in exhaustion by the roadside.

After what seemed a long time, the President's company came slowly and toilsomely into view and they deliberated what the next move must be, with their food supply left behind, and the ox teams gone out of reach. It was imperative that they do something---their impoverished teams could not drag their loads to Winter Quarters, even if the storms should hold off till January. That they would have to leave the wagons was apparent, but they must be taken to some suitable place of shelter, and not left as if deserted along the road. They would have the hunters go back into the buffalo zone for meat, and with this to subsist upon

they would make a determined effort to reach the Missouri, the weaker men riding the stronger horses, and the stronger men going afoot.

After battling eight days with hunger and weakness to get their wagons to a suitable place, they concluded that the company was too much reduced in vitality to carry out their program. They would have to make some other kind of bid for deliverance.

On the 25th they selected the best half dozen horses to be found among their worn-out teams, and sent Amasa Lyman with three other men to ride these horses to Winter Quarters as soon as possible. It was about 200 miles to the big camp on the Missouri River, and the problem of the four men was to go as fast as it was safe to go without killing their horses and being left afoot short of their destination. How far they rode without stopping, and how long they allowed themselves to doze in one resting place, whether day or night, was determined only by what their horses could endure. The well being, and possibly the fate of the President's company, hung on the success of this last plan for escape. Amasa and the other men had been chosen for the task not so much because of their physical fitness, as for their determination to do the job.

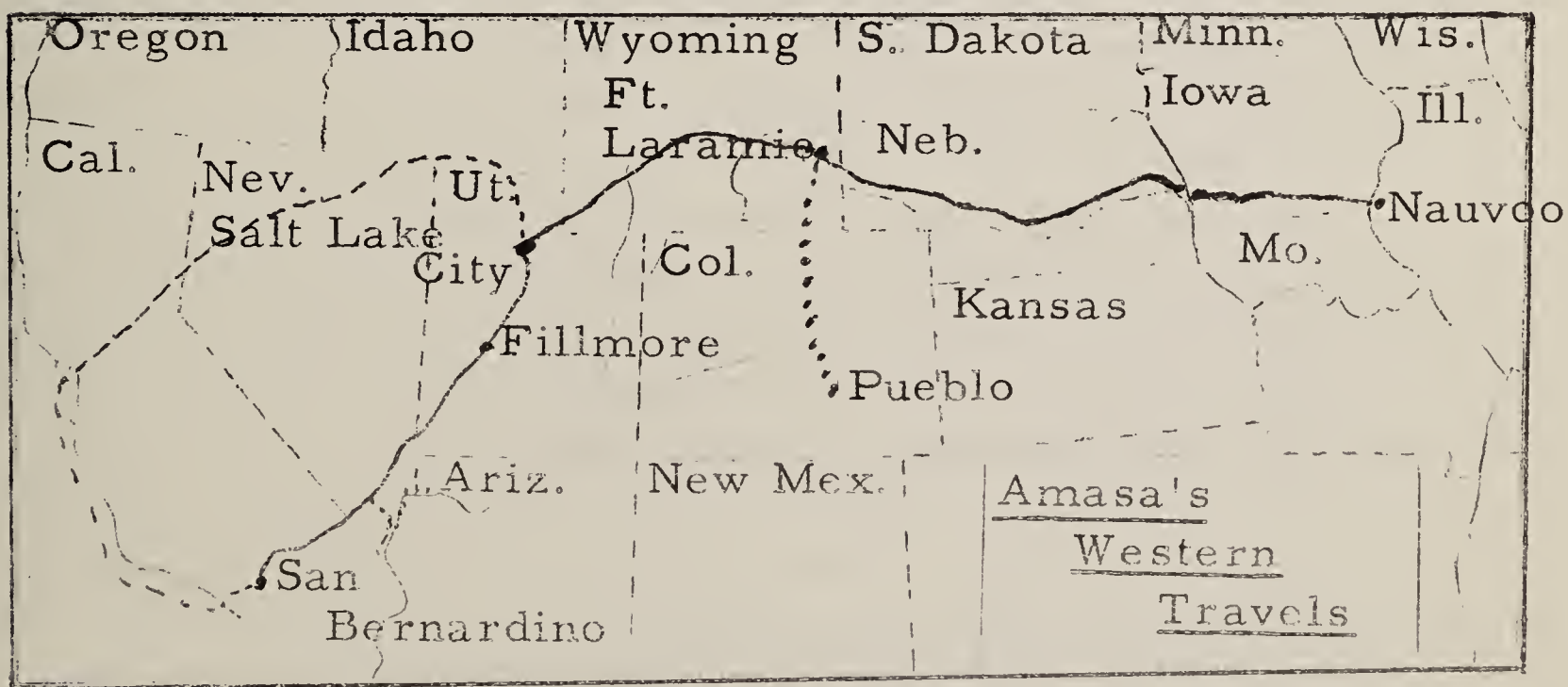
The mileage they got out of those jaded horses puts them on a par with the famous riders of the plains. They averaged fifty miles a day for four days, reaching Winter Quarters on the 28th. But their arrival was not a signal for them to rest. Holding to heart the urgency of the case, Amasa started a relief company off at once, and followed it himself soon after "with provisions and corn to meet the camp".

The return of the Pioneers to the hopeful thousands waiting in their cabins to know the place of their destination, was a great occasion of joy and thanksgiving. Writing of it in her diary, Eliza Lyman says, "Brother Lyman and the Pioneers came home, having found the gathering place that the Lord has designed for his people."

This return marked the end of the most novel and the most splendid experience Amasa had gone through thus far,

and he prized it for its spiritual values which would not fade away. He had met and mastered new situations, he had felt exquisite joy at what had been accomplished towards the establishment of Latter-day Zion. Very choice friendship had been confirmed in long and trying ordeals, and together they had been makers of what would be landmarks in history. Thrilled with joy at having these choice values, he made a feast to which he invited as many of his friends as conditions would permit.

The limiting conditions were very pronounced, for the feast was held in the half of that log room which his wives Eliza and Caroline had built while he was away. The table was crude, the seats and dishes primitive, the food hard-earned and simple, but to the men who sat or stood in crowded quarters around that simple banquet, it was an eloquent expression of perpetual friendship.



Chapter XIV

The Patriarch followed his destiny
And fled with the Saints oppressed,
To plant his tribe in the fertile soil
Of the rich and rugged west.

Big among the joys of Amasa's return to Winter Quarters, in late October, 1847, was his thrill of fatherly love when he gathered his four children again in his arms to kiss and to bless them. He poured from his soul the divine radiations which may find vent in tears or in exclamations with meaning to those only who are in sympathetic response. His nine-year-old Matilda was slender and frail, but seven year old Francis Marion was husky and large for his age. The baby Amasa was going on two, and little Ruth, born in Shokokon, was the embodiment of all that is sweet and charming in babyhood. To her wandering, home-hungry father her sayings and doings had the charm of a fairy sprite, filling the responsive chambers of his big heart, and stirring soul-springs of love that had been languishing for expression.

To allow any view of his public life to crowd these little folks out of the picture, or to imagine that because of his other six wives, this mother and her children were the less dear or had a weaker grip on his heart-strings, is to overlook his greatness of character.

His life was one driving intensity treading sharply on the heels of another. When he returned to Winter Quarters, the problem of sudden transition from a fight for existence on the plains to the varied and complex responsibilities which thrust themselves upon him, demanded unusual power of quick adjustment.

The Saints in the different camps, needy and destitute, saw winter frowning again above them, and while they struggled to fortify against it, they gazed longingly away over 1,200 miles of wilderness toward the remote mountain valleys appointed for their gathering place. They wanted above all else to find a way of starting for that haven as soon as

spring opened. This and the provision for his own loved ones claimed Amasa's time and effort. The sum of it was quite enough to bewilder and discourage him if his estimates of values had not been clearly defined. He had a motto: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33) With any other standard, he would have sunk in confusion.

He and the Quorum spent the month of November picking up the broken threads of their much-interrupted work with the Saints, meeting often to pray and to deliberate on ways and means of meeting the distressed conditions around them. On December 3rd, they approved President Young's proposition to organize a "carrying company", designed to assist the Saints in gathering to the mountains. And on the 5th, in the home of Orson Hyde, they gave their unanimous support to President Young as the Prophet, Seer and Revelator and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This momentous event was attended by remarkable manifestations of the Spirit, which were felt somewhat in the nature of earth tremors as attested by Saints living in the immediate neighborhood. (See also A Comprehensive History of the Church Page 317.)

On the sixth of the month, considering the abject poverty of the people, and their helplessness to meet the situation, the Quorum decided to send Amasa Lyman and others to the Southern States to plead for help from Saints and strangers. They addressed a letter "To the Rich Saints in the United States:

Brethren:

The camp of Israel in the wilderness is in want. The hands of the servants of the Lord are stayed for lack of means; the operations of the Church are paralyzed with poverty, but the time of the Lord to favor Zion is at hand, and we sent you our beloved brothers, Amasa M. Lyman, Ezra T. Benson, and Orson Hyde, of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, to say unto you in the name of Jesus Christ, send us of your substance that the poor may be blessed, the sick may be relieved

the hungry fed, the naked clothed, and the camp may move forward to their destination."

Each one of the brethren carried a letter of personal introduction. Amasa's letter read:

To all to whom this letter shall come:

This certifies that Elder Amasa Lyman, the bearer, is one of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, is in good standing and high reputation in the Church he represents, and is delegated to visit the Eastern and Middle States and cooperate with Elder Hyde in soliciting donations from the rich, the noble and benevolent and all within his reach for the benefit of the Saints, or citizens of Illinois who have been driven from their peaceful homes, and are now exposed to the chilling blasts of winter on the Omaha and Potowattamie Lands, and are desirous of continuing their journey westward and have not the means. Elder Lyman is one of God's noblemen, and is worthy of all the good and excellent of the earth." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

Before starting away again, with the winter upon them it was imperative that he do what he could to provide for the seven courageous women who looked to him as their guide in the difficult part they had undertaken. Yet the three remaining weeks before his departure were occupied for the most part with council meetings of the Twelve, attending conference and otherwise serving the cause in general.

On the sixteenth of the month his wife, Paulina, presented him with a son whom they named Oscar Morris. Just what the surroundings were, and what the comfort of shelter provided for this woman in her hour of need in their sod-thatched dwellings, is not made clear, but Eliza and some of the other wives were there to minister tenderly to her needs in every possible way.

Those seven women considered it their sacred duty to stand by one another in all their afflictions. In this new and strange order where two or more families looked to one husband and father, it was for them to set a safe and

wholesome precedent for many such families to follow in the years ahead. Their successful cooperation in want and hardship, their true sisterly attachment to one another, and their wholesome love and respect for Amasa Lyman, testify of the wisdom, the diplomacy and the heaven-inspired influence of the man himself.

In the minds of these seven women, who had embarked with him for the greatest of all voyages, his work and achievements for the building of the kingdom, were matters of first importance. Often in Eliza's diary she tells of his start and his return from important meetings, as if they were the only matters worth mentioning, and is silent about her own toils and drudgery. Shortly after his call to the Southern States she writes, "Brother Lyman is soon to start on a mission to the Southern States". The hardships this imposed on his families mattered little so long as he, their captain, was working for the salvation they hoped to enjoy.

His departure was delayed till the day before Christmas, yet the urgency of the cause would not permit him to wait one day longer and celebrate the day with his folks, and in her diary of the 24th, Eliza records the main event without comment, "Brother Lyman started on his mission south."

Haughty unbelief may insist that this man's love for his seven wives and their love for him was not equal to the devotion between a man and one woman. Can they presume to say that this extraordinary harmony was achieved without the ordinary supporting cause, love? They should think again. This called not only for genuine love, but for "faith, hope, charity, and an eye single to the glory of God". (D. & C. 4:5.)

Without these supporting factors it would have been impossible. It took all this to sustain them through the anguish of their expulsion from home and country. It is the conspicuous lack of these essential elements that accounts for 250,000 divorces in the United States every year. The love between Amasa Lyman and his wives and their children, echoes positively into the generations that have followed.

It is not to be implied that because Eliza happened to

leave more records than the others, that she is therefore more important; if any one of the wives deserve first consideration, it should be Maria Tanner, with twelve years of constant devotion which led through bitter affliction, to her credit.

This call for Amasa to go again so soon from his loved ones for whom his attachment was intensified by the hard ordeal of the eventful summer, was the more distressing to Amasa because he could not leave them in comfortable quarters. For his little folks, born amidst unusual hardships, his feelings had been sanctified to tenderness of solicitude, and the farewell words of little Ruth came drifting back to his ears when he was far from the poor hut where he had kissed her goodbye.

After all of Amasa's perilous exits from the danger zone of Missouri, and his cherished hope of never having to go there again, he was yet to go once more. Traveling with a Brother Scott in his buggy towards the dreaded region of their enemies, they considered how their mission might be hindered or defeated by violence or imprisonment, and they decided to adopt a little strategm for safety.

The splendid university of Mormonism teaches its pupils to be preachers, farmers, builders, diplomats, pioneers, anything the changing occasion may call for, and to make the transition promptly as the emergency demands. Therefore, these men who had so recently fought out the fierce problem of existence as wolves on the plains, living on flesh and sleeping on the cold earth, spruced up in appearance and transformed themselves into gentlemen from the cultured east, to challenge the respect and not the hostility of the Missourians.

Amasa became Esquire Mason from New Hampshire; Apostle Ezra T. Benson, Colonel Benson from Massachusetts; Erastus Snow became Doctor Snow of Boston; and brother Appleby, Judge Appleby from New Jersey.

Writing from St. Louis to President Young, Elder Benson said, "We passed through the country of our former persecutions, saw the jails where our brethren had been confined and the posts to which they had been chained. But

we did not make ourselves known, not thinking it prudent, but traveled as gentlemen from the east. We fared like kings and were fondled and carressed by those with whom we stayed. "

When Brother Scott's team and buggy outfit proved too slow for the speed they wanted to make, they traveled by stage to Hannibal, but "finding the river closed, we hired a hack to carry us to St. Louis. " Here they stopped long enough to preach to the members of the Church, and as a result, on the 16th of January, 1848, "The Saints in St. Louis subscribed \$116. 15 to Elder Amasa Lyman", and the others who were with him on their way to the south.

From here they took passage to Kit Carson in Tennessee, and from Aberdeen in that State they worked out in every direction, covering much of the state of Mississippi. They traveled on foot, on horses, or any way they could. Sometimes it was in the deep mud or the driving rain, sometimes "The king of day illuminated our pathway and the heavens smiled over our heads". They met people who welcomed them "warmly", and others "cold and distant". They met the learned and the refined, receiving entertainment "in homes that were truly splendid". One of these was the palace of Major Bluett, near Columbus.

Also they found themselves in places "notorious for their depravity" and contacted infidels,atheists and apostates who declared that the preachers were "a damnable class of scoundrels". Most of the Saints they met "were not able to do much", and some of them had been poisoned in their minds by an apostate who traveled ahead of the missionaries to defeat their purpose.

In spite of poverty, indifference and opposition, Amasa's company collected \$1,222. 00, rather more than they had been led to expect though not much more than their wages would have amounted to if they could have found work from the time they left Winter Quarters.

They returned to St. Louis early in April, and on the 11th, in company with 106 Saints, they boarded the river steamer, Mandan, for Winter Quarters, but it was wrecked on a rock in the river and the passengers were put ashore

to await the delivery which their tickets promised. Amasa was not content to sit comfortably down there with that company of inexperienced travelers awaiting the good pleasure of the ship company to see them to their destination. He stayed determinedly on that steamer on its trip back down the river for repairs, demanding that they make no delay in getting the vessel back to duty. After repairs were made, he and the company reached Winter Quarters on the ninth of May.

This was to have been another happy meeting with those who clung to him and loved him, a meeting soon to be celebrated by their long hoped for departure to the appointed Zion in the mountains. Yet this meeting held for Amasa a deep and bitter sting which could not be eased into his feelings by any precautions of his companions. With his frequent changes of address while he was away, he had received no tidings from home for months previous to his return, and now he was to hear for the first time what had happened weeks before. When his loved ones came to meet him, little Ruth was not with them. She had been numbered among the victims of dampness and exposure in their poor homes, and in February they had left her under one of the little mounds that had been reaching in ever longer rows across the sand since their first arrival on the big river. As he contemplated what she had been and the fleeting troubled years that she had stayed with them, he associated her tenderly in his memory with the many splendid souls who had fallen under the fury of the storms they had had to meet.

These exiles had disciplined themselves to let no scene of death unman them for the stern battle of life; hard experiences admonished them to brace up from their tears and go firmly forward. Right now in the big Mormon camp, pleasant anticipation of starting for their blessed haven far in the west, was mounting over all the sorrows incident to their exile.

In "The word and will of the Lord," as given by President Young more than a year before, Amasa Lyman and George A. Smith had been commanded to organize a com-

pany. They had begun at once with that organization, and then along with the other "captains of Israel" they had gone west to attend the special school of experience designed to fit them for leadership in the wilderness. This experience was indispensable to the training of competent leaders. James Emmett, had not been able to lead a hundred and fifty people across the state of Iowa without bringing them to disaster, how then could these men by human wisdom alone and deprived of this experience, lead twenty thousand safely across the Great Plains?

On his return from the south, Amasa found his company ready to go. Twenty-two wagons of another company had started on the day before, and within three weeks President Young's company of 1,229, and Heber C. Kimball's company of half that number were due to make their start.

Yet it was preparedness and not haste that was to be the watchword in this great pilgrimage; they were to be carefully organized and carefully prepared for all likely emergencies. Every man, woman and child was to know his place, every one to take his part, every one to be strong and resolute. Necessity, as the voice of God to Ancient Israel commanded, "Be ye strong and very courageous, for I the Lord, Thy God, am with thee whithersoever thou goest!" (Joshua 1:7)

Women were to muster Spartan courage; boys to do the work of men. Amasa's eight year old son, Francis Marion, made vigorous by hardship like a sapling whipped in the wind, was to drive a team of oxen all the way to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. He was too young to lift the ponderous yoke on the necks of the big steers, that would have to be done for him, but he was equal to every other part of the process, and with his childish voice he could give the imperious commands: "Gee Buck and whoa Kenno."

Every teamster, every wagon and yoke of cattle was to be prepared and ready for service so that the big procession, once started, would not be delayed. Every outfit was to be properly equipped, provisioned and fitted for the long and strenuous journey. Amasa was trying to keep an infinite array of details on the front page of his memory.

With the first entry in her diary since the beginning of April, Eliza Lyman says, "We have been very busy making preparations for our intended journey to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, where we hope to live in peace and serve the Lord as He has commanded us. ***** We are somewhat better fixed for traveling than when we left Nauvoo, but our outfit is very scant. We have provisions to last us a few months after we get there, but not enough to last till we can raise more, but we trust the Lord who never forsakes us. Sister Caroline and I have one wagon for our own use, to cook and eat by ourselves.

We have a bedstead laid on the projection so that our bed does not have to be moved about. We have room for a chair which is a luxury to me under the circumstances."

To impress his company with the vital necessity of vigilance and preparation for every emergency, Amasa not only talked to them and inspected their equipment, but on the 14th of June "about 8:00 a. m. the bugle sounded at Amasa Lyman's house in Winter Quarters, and Colonel Scott ran through the streets calling, 'The Indians are upon us, every man turn out!' About 70 footmen and six horsemen responded, and Colonel Scott took charge of the footmen, while Captain Flake took charge of the horsemen. Amasa addressed the brethren and said that a great deal of excitement had prevailed as to the whereabouts of the Indians, but the alarm had been sounded to ascertain who would be ready in case the Indians did come. The cannon was fired and the arms of the brethren inspected. George A. Smith and Wilford Woodruff addressed them on the importance of always being ready, safe and careful."

Starting every morning with or before the dawn, the work of preparation continued like a machine getting keyed up to its highest gear of efficiency, and again on the 23rd, "Dr. Richards and Amasa Lyman spoke to the men on the propriety of being ready and on the alert, day and night."

On the 29th of June, 1848, Eliza Lyman wrote in her diary, "We started on our journey, traveled six miles and camped."

Being in delicate health and great discomfort, and

starting thus away to meet the fearsome crisis of motherhood in some wild, forbidding region, the wonder is, after that nerve-wracking day of getting that whole big procession ready to move, she found heart to write anything at all ---but they had made a start for the promised land. It was a glorious event!

And yet that start was delayed by difficulties and surprises till four in the afternoon before the cracks of big whips, the hoarse command of "bull-drivers" and the rising rumble of wagons announced that they were moving off over the prairie, leaving the sod roofed city with few inhabitants.

So far as distance was concerned, they could have seen Winter Quarters from where they camped but for the brow of the cliff, yet they had made a start, and it served to show them where they must make still more preparation before venturing further. They spent all the next day, the 30th, completing the organization for the journey.

In this organization, James M. Flake was made Captain of hundreds, and under him were placed captains of fifties and tens. Starting early on the first of July they crossed the Popea, but were halted by a heavy rain. On the second, with their new organization in responsive order, they reached the Elkhorn at nine in the morning and spent the rest of the day hunting for a safe place to ford the stream.

A change of program provided that Amasa's company, instead of traveling with that of George A. Smith, should travel with the company of Willard Richards, and after waiting at the Elkhorn till the seventh of July, they sent some of their teams back to help the Richards company advance to the head of the procession.

A full account of any three days on the plains is quite typical of the three and a half months it took them to reach Salt Lake Valley. On the night of the 8th of July the two companies camped half a mile apart, and spent next day taking a census and completing details of regulation and understanding between the two camps. The count showed for the two camps: 502 white people and 24 negroes, 169 wagons, 50 horses, 20 mules, 515 oxen, 426 cows and loose

cattle, 369 sheep, 63 pigs, 5 cats, 44 dogs, 107 chickens, 4 turkeys, 7 ducks, 5 doves, and 3 goats.

At a meeting half way between the two wagon-corrals they adopted rules to govern their travel activities. Each group of ten was to travel in lead once every ten days. Lost property, when found, was to be delivered to the captain of fifty. Dogs were to be tied up at dark. No man was to leave camp without the consent of his captain, and captains of tens were to instruct their men to have family prayers at the sounding of the horn.

"The Captain of fifty shall place a guard around the camp at 8:30 in the evening to relieve the captain of the herd, who shall sound the horn in the morning and take charge of the herd till the evening guard is placed again. The sound of the horn in the morning shall be the signal for the camp to arise and tend their duties of the morning, and be ready to start at 7:00 a. m. Implicit obedience to officers shall be required of every man in the camp." They had still other rules to govern the teamsters.

On the 10th they moved ten miles; on the 11th, 13 miles. The boy, Marion, put stern command in his youthful voice as he ordered the lumbering oxen to right or left, swinging the great bull-whip with manly pride.

On the 12th under the burning July sun, some of the oxen staggered as if about to drop, and two pigs died with the heat. Next day, "The last of the teams did not get into camp till about dark, and many of the animals are giving out."

The two companies kept near together, they had reached Indian country, and from their seats in the wagon or from their places plodding along-side, they kept careful watch for Indians on the hills or the distant horizon. At Loop Fork, where they spent most of the day getting their long string of teams, wagons and cattle across the river, the sudden appearance of nine lodges of Indians made a tense situation, and the two companies doubled their guard.

Fortunately for Amasa, in the unremitting tension and strain of his responsibilities, he had the faculty of relaxing for recreation and amusement with every opportunity,

thus preventing his burdens from getting him down. Sacred to the indispensable cheer and courage of the camps was their singing, their dancing and social gatherings, and President Lyman joined in with a relish, but there was nothing else on the plains quite so refreshing to him as riding away to the hunt. It was business as well as pleasure, and leaving the company in reliable care, he went frequently to stalk buffalo, antelope or smaller game.

On the 19th of July, as his company moved peacefully up the Loop Fork River, Amasa and Captain Flake went hunting and succeeded in killing an antelope. When they were about to place the carcass on the cantle of one of the saddles, the horses became frightened and dashed away over the plain, leaving them afoot. The day was well advanced, and under the burning sun they soon developed a torturing thirst. Finding it impossible to overtake the horses, the two men left their game to rot and plodded off in the direction of the wagons, becoming more faint with thirst and weariness at every mile they covered. When at long last they overtook the company, Amasa was ready to collapse and took to his bed. Five days later when they met Captain Daniel S. Thomas, with a letter from President Young traveling a week ahead of them, there was somewhat of a meeting in the camp, and the record relates that "President Lyman was better, but not able to speak."

Game was plentiful at this stage of the trip, buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, and the hunters of the camp kept them well supplied. On the evening of July 23rd, they had "four buffaloes, some antelope and deer".

They still had reason to be watchful of the Omaha Indians around them, and from Captain Thomas's company, they obtained an addition to their supply of arms, in case they might have to defend themselves from attack. Also, for this same reason, it was thought best for the two companies to unite, at least for the time being.

In a census taken at this time of the Lyman Company, before the merging of the two camps, it showed: 252 white men, women and children; 21 negroes; 551 cattle; 28 horses;

15 mules; 110 sheep; 39 pigs; 57 chickens; 16 dogs; 8 cats; 5 ducks; 4 doves. They had 108 wagons "in tolerable good condition, and the people in good spirits to go ahead."

To that census record was appended the statement, "No death so far". But the next day, "a fourteen year old girl was run over by a wagon and severely hurt." "The day after that, "A six year old boy, Sidney Tanner, was run over by a wagon and killed.

As the companies moved beyond the zone of the Omahas, they traveled separately again, the Richards company ahead. On the first of August that lead company met suddenly with a band of Sioux Indians with anything but brotherly love in their faces, and the company contrived to win their favor with friendly words and presents while they waited for the Lyman company to overtake them.

After Eliza Lyman had made that entry in her diary for the first exciting day of the journey, tortured and weary to death of her crowded place in the jolting wagon, she recorded nothing more till the 20th of August when, perhaps impelled with respect for the sacredness of the occasion she wrote, "My son, Platte De Alton Lyman, was born at six o'clock on Sunday morning. This is the second son that I have had borne in a wagon, and I still think it a most uncomfortable place in which to be sick. He was born on the east side of the Platte River, opposite Ft. John, or Ft. Laramie. The journey thus far has not been pleasant for me, as I have been very helpless all the way. But it is all right---we are going from the land of our oppressors to where we hope to raise our children in the fear of the Lord, and where they will never suffer by the hands of our enemies as we have suffered."

Next day, August 21, 1848, she wrote, "We crossed the Platte River; the rocks in the bottom were so large it seemed at times they would tip the wagon over. I held fast to the baby and Sister Caroline held to me, so that I was not thrown out of bed."

What more could be asked as evidence of these two women's sincerity? Nor was it the sincerity of ignorance, based in any degree on deception or a misunderstanding of

human affairs and human values. They had the courage of their convictions, and those convictions were born of prayerful study and diligent consideration of unquestionable evidence. They had not been limited in their vision of human affairs to a back woods corner where superstition thrives like disease in the dank shade of ignorance. They had been truth seekers. Seekers of the virtuous, the lovely, the things of good report, the praiseworthy, and because of their great faith and courage these virtues had become as jewels set into each woman's character.

Amasa Lyman, traveling through nearly every state of the Union, had come in contact with people in all walks of life; he had heard their beliefs, contemplated their ideals, and had extended his range of vision by all the good that he found among them. While he looked for the adopted virtuous and lovely thoughts and principles from all sources, he had found nothing superior to the newly revealed plan of eternal life, and in this plan he became more firmly fixed by truth wherever he found it. He knew the safety of the rock on which his feet rested, and he was not swayed from his purpose by all the ridicule and abuse that ignorance and prejudice could heap upon him.

What an extraordinary drama of human purpose! A man dedicating his whole life and fortunes to the most unpopular doctrines in all the world, and flying from the world's reaching wrath with his seven wives to bring forth a generation of men and women in whose hearts the truth would be written too deeply for all the powers of opposition to erase. This purpose, uncompromisingly expressed by Eliza Lyman, was to raise children who would love and obey these saving principles, and have freedom to serve the Lord. To this end she and her people were getting away from the interfering hands of persecution, even though it was to a remote and forbidding wilderness. If they could but usher in an age of righteousness like that from which their ancient fathers had drifted away, what difference did it make how great the tribulation or how long the journey necessary to its accomplishment?

Can it be a matter of surprise that a child born of

this resolute parentage, the child born there in a wagon without so much as an attending nurse nor the comforts considered indispensable for such emergencies, should declare from his childhood to his old age that he nursed in with his mother's milk the testimony that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God? Is it surprising that the potency of such conviction should carry on to the fourth and latest generation?

A hundred years after that migration of Amasa Lyman and his wives to the Rocky Mountains, his posterity are found from Canada to Mexico, from the plains to the Pacific, and in regions beyond the sea. They are too numerous and spread too widely over the earth to know themselves how multitudinous they have become. In that multitude are some of the most staunch supporters of the gospel as taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith and practiced by Amasa Lyman. In that multitude are apostles, mission presidents, state presidents, bishops, missionaries, educators, workers in all the offices of the Church---an army of resolute men and women fixed in their purpose and declaring with their life's labors that the sturdy pioneer and his wives did not cross the plains and make their splendid offering in vain.

The day after the birth of his son, opposite Ft. Laramie, Amasa wrote to President Young, who was traveling somewhere on the road ahead, "We have come this far with little or no difficulty. We are divided into four companies with four tens to the company".

These tens, however, were keeping together and taking their turns traveling in the lead. They felt that they had "no difficulty" so long as they avoided major calamity, but their progress was slow and toilsome. In September they began to hope for help from Salt Lake Valley, lest the winter should overtake them on the road.

On September 5th Amasa wrote. "The loss of 24 head of oxen and nine cows has somewhat crippled our teams, but with the blessings of God we shall continue to roll on with such speed as the strength of our teams and the feed

will allow, still hoping we shall meet some assistance from the Saints in the Valley." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

It is evident from this that from among the loose cattle they must have pressed broncho heifers into service, but in spite of these reserves they needed assistance. Writing from Devil's Gate on the 12th of September, Amasa said they needed 25 yoke of cattle and six wagons to come and alleviate the wants of the company. If they had belonged to any other than a free mutual-assistance organization like the restored Church of Christ, where the strong help the weak and everybody takes a part, these hopes of assistance from people already pressed with their needs, would have been in vain.

The two companies encountered rain and snow, delay and hardship, accounts of which come down to us only with dim echoes, for they had quite enough to do without stopping to write of what they had to pass through.

After recording the crossing of the Platte River, following the birth of her son, Eliza Lyman found no heart to write again for weeks. In her next entry she said, "I have been quite as comfortable on the journey from Laramie as could be expected under the circumstances. Some of the time the weather has been very cold with rain and snow so that I could not be comfortable anywhere as I had no stove in the wagon, but my child and I have been preserved through it all, and I feel to give thanks to my Father in Heaven for his care over us."

On the 4th of October Jeddediah M. Grant and Company with teams and wagons met the Lyman Company at Fort Bridger, to help them to the Valley. The October conference in Salt Lake was postponed awaiting the arrival of Apostles Richards and Lyman, and going ahead of their companies the two brethren reached Salt Lake on the 10th. Their companies arrived seven days later.

Writing on the 17th, Eliza says, "We reached the place of our destination in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The weather is beautiful, the country barren and desolate. I do not think our enemies need envy us this locality, or

ever come here to disturb us. "

The naked valley, baked and barren, as well as the unresponsive farms on which the Saints had toiled, had been devoured by myriads of grasshoppers and crickets, and it was a scene of desolation indeed, more forbidding in appearance than anything these pilgrims had known in the fertile valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

From Eliza's diary the next day: "We moved into a log room. There are seven of us to live in this room this winter: My mother, my sisters Caroline and Lydia, my brother Edward, one of Maria's children who is going to school, myself and baby, and Brother Lyman part of the time. We are glad to get this much of a shelter, but it is no shelter part of the time, for the dirt roof lets the water through and the earth floor gets muddy, which makes it anything but pleasant. "

Not much had been done to complete the homes Amasa and the other brethren began more than a year before, and now with winter upon them, they had to unite at once in an effort to cope with it. On the 22nd of October, "Archibald Gardiner, Brigham Young and Amasa Lyman were appointed a committee to supervise the getting out of timber from the canyon south of Mill Creek." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

Amasa and his families rejoiced at having reached the appointed haven where they cherished the belief and hope that were beyond reach of their enemies, and they might have been dismayed if they could have forseen the tremendous difficulties they had yet to meet. They had to find or improvise shelters wherever they could, to endure privation, want and sickness. Amasa's time was to be occupied as before with the general needs of the Latter-day kingdom in its struggle to get firmly rooted on the barren shores of the Great Salt Lake.

Invocation

My Father protector
My guardian and friend
My wives and my children
To thee I commend

May their lives be all precious
Their comfort thy care
And in their behalf
May thine arm be made bare.

When Death may surround them
Or sickness assail.
May thy help be sufficient
And their faith never fail.

Amasa Lyman

(Original poem by Amasa M. Lyman reproduced in his own handwriting.)

Chapter XV

His destiny led him to new frontiers,
And ever he labored on,
To find a way that men might go
Where men had never gone.

Aside from what comes to men as a natural result of their choice of action, they are followed by fortunes which have been determined by some primeval destiny. It was in the program for Amasa Lyman, that his pioneering should not be limited to the mountain valleys where the Saints had found their haven in the heart of the great American wilderness, but his frontiers were to extend on and on. Long stretches of weary desert and rugged mountains awaited him; perils, hardships, toil and anxiety lay along his destined course to the western shore of the continent. It was not for him to travel with ease in the beaten track, but to learn and develop by finding new ways and new paths for others.

It was but a few weeks after he and his families had arrived from their weary journey on the plains, and they had barely begun to settle themselves for a little uncertain rest in their temporary shelters, when he was called on a mission to distant California. The daring and invincible Porter Rockwell and other picked men were to go with him. They were to follow dim trails and vague land-marks through the wide solitude stretching away from the western shore of the Great Salt Lake .

This call came on the 20th of November. Amasa was intent on the big loads of house-logs which his committee was steering out of the canyon south of Mill Creek to where the Saints were eagerly building for the winter, already frowning above them. Besides his concern for the homeless in general, he was striving to provide for his own and devoting every available minute to the missionary effort, a work which was seemingly essential to his vigorous existence.

In addition to this call to California he was appointed to other labors which bid fair to snow the first call under.

He was to act on different committees, to speak at various places, to help lay off the city in wards and assist President Brigham Young to weigh gold dust and pay certain public debts. The Quorum sent him and Porter Rockwell to ascertain whether Utah Valley would be a suitable place to take their stock for the winter. He was appointed with Daniel H. Wells and C. C. Rich to form a military company to be known as the Nauvoo Legion. Besides meeting regularly with the Quorum, he answered a call with four others to form a ticket for the election, and in the time he could claim for his own he was trying to fence his land, make his houses liveable and find food for his dependent ones. These things and many similar activities held him in Salt Lake till the winter had passed.

It was a hard winter. Conditions of shortage lacked little of reaching outright famine, while sickness and children's diseases brought sorrow to many homes. Public and private necessity was justifying the delay of the California mission, but it was mentioned frequently, urgent reasons called for its performance; and in latter March, 1849, "It was resolved that Amasa Lyman and Porter Rockwell should go with the mail to the coast." This did not mean that they should take passage with some established mail-route---it meant that they must take the collection of mail and find a way or make a way to deliver it on the shore of the distant Pacific Ocean, 800 miles away.

Even then it was impossible to tear away from the crying need all around him and go at once---the first Annual Conference to be held in Salt Lake Valley was soon to convene, and there were still other necessities which made it difficult to get away, one of which may be guessed from what Eliza wrote in her diary on the 8th of April. "We baked the last of our flour today, and have no prospect of getting more till after harvest."

Her record of the 13th says, "Brother Lyman started on a mission to California with Orin Porter Rockwell and others. May the Lord bless and prosper them and return them in safety. He left us without anything from which to make bread, it not being in his power to get it.

With a prayer on her lips for his safety she watched him start away to the desert, dreading its thirst and its savages, yet the perils she and the other six wives and their children would have to meet in his absence were more to be feared than all the dangers awaiting him in the coastal mountains or in the tempests of the Pacific. With their children clinging trustingly to them for support, they would have to battle the monster of famine, the fury of storms, the ravages of disease, to live under dripping roofs and on muddy floors, and to shiver under improvised shelters not worthy of the name. It was for them to sew and mend, to work in the fields, to glean wheat in the burning sun behind the reapers, to fight for the lives of their little folks with all the daring that ever inspired a mother eagle to defend her nest.

Not long after Amasa had gone, according to Eliza's diary, "Jane James, a colored woman, let me have two pounds of flour, it being half of what she had."

A little later she wrote that her sister Caroline, the second wife, having nothing to eat, had succeeded in getting a place as a teacher in a little school ten miles north of Salt Lake City. This is the time in the history of early Salt Lake City when a peck of potatoes sold for five dollars, and the price was considered low.

In latter May, Eliza wrote, "Today I saw a head of wheat." Inspiring sight! A slim promise on which to build hope! It is well that her hope was not blasted by foreseeing how inadequate that harvest would be, that 1,400 immigrants were to arrive that summer from beyond the plains with little or nothing to relieve the scarcity. That a hungry horde of gold-seekers would pass through the valley on their way to California and the poor among them would swell the ranks of the hungry, and that starvation would be averted only by the wise policy of the Church and the generosity of its faithful members.

It was on the 8th of April, 1849, that Amasa and O. P. Rockwell received their official appointment to take a consignment of accumulated mail to San Francisco, and they started on the 20th of the month with a company of twenty men. Amasa says they succeeded in fording or ferrying the

Weber River and a fork of Bear River and headed away on the northern route towards the coast. Sitting in their saddles for long hours at a stretch they made good time across the desert,, but they encountered deep snow in the high Sierras. Through four toilsome and hazardous days, with nothing to feed their weary horses, they fought their way up over the lofty summit and down the west side to Sutter's Fort in the fore part of May.

The fort was the center of excitement. The van of a gold-crazed stampede from the Eastern States had not yet reached California, and the men at the fort were trying desperately to gobble everything before that van could arrive. In their mania for sudden riches they had neither time nor inclination to listen to Amasa's message. Even the members of the Church, for whose sake in particular he had been sent, were distracted with eagerness to find the yellow metal or were drunken with a sense of wealth because they had found it.

The defeated Mexican government had withdrawn from the country, the laws of the United States had not yet been established, and California was a terrible region where might was right, and greed of gain took its mad course with nothing to hinder. San Francisco was reduced five times to ash by the savagery of its contending factions, and there was little safety for property or for human rights anywhere on the coast.

Amasa offered his unwelcome message to this world of greed and violence, hunting out the Battalion boys or other members of the Church wherever he could find them, and by the 6th of July he had collected \$4,002.00 in tithing to send to Salt Lake City.

In September, 1849, President Young sent him a long letter of instruction about a movement in which the Church wanted him to join with General John Wilson, then on his way to California, and induce California to join with Utah and appeal as one state for admission to the Union, with the understanding that later they would divide as two separate states. The letter reached him too late for the California Convention, and he spent much time contacting the governor

and other territorial officials, only to be told that they wanted nothing at all to do with Utah.

In spite of the mad swirl of money-lust in California, the Church had valuable members there worthy of careful attention. To find them a suitable gathering place somewhat to one side of the influx of greedy humanity from all over the world, Amasa embarked on the 8th of February 1850, to sail from the Golden Gate to San Pedro, and look around in the southern part of the territory. Delayed by a rough sea it was the 20th of the month when he reached the southern port, and met there Charles C. Rich, one of the junior members of the Quorum of the Twelve, and other brethren from Salt Lake. This meeting was a delightful oasis in the desert of unrelief where Amasa had been traveling for ten months, and writing of it he said, "To strike hands in California with a man having faith in God is a real treat, like a fruitful flower in a parched land." (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

Elder Rich brought Amasa's release to return to Salt Lake as soon as he could feel justified in leaving his responsibilities in California, and the message encouraged him to bring with him to Utah as many people as he thought fit. Much as he wanted to relieve the need of his folks at home, he could not go at once. The country was filling up with men greedy for gold and excitement was getting more intense every day. Prospects of great and sudden wealth upset old standards of faith and judgment like lumber shacks before a cyclone. Samuel Brannan, who had been the leader, temporally and spiritually of Church members on the coast, had become intoxicated with riches and prospects of more riches, and had severed his connection with the Church. He held important sums of tithing money with which he refused to part, and strong hands were needed to restrain his former followers from being led astray.

To this situation Amasa and Elder Rich gave their earnest attention till the 17th of August, 1850, when Amasa started with a company of 34 men for Salt Lake City. A new source of danger on the desert impelled Elder Rich to accompany him the first 150 miles. They had no more than

started before they began meeting men of the wild stampede for the gold that had been discovered at Sutter's Mill. News of this discovery a year before had reached the Eastern States, precipitating a headlong rush for the west. The desert was alive with men, desperate, panting, frantic to be ahead in the race, and they left wreckage and death in the trail behind them.

Amasa and his little company met a thousand men every day, most of them in a state of starvation, each outfit trying to pass the outfit just ahead. With the insane passion to be first in the mad race, they had rushed their teams or their saddle-horses through the heat and the thirst of the desert---rushed them and whipped them till many of the poor animals dropped with exhaustion. With no way to move their loads or their outfits, they left wagons, harnesses, equipment, supplies and headed off afoot with bundles on their backs for the fabulous gold fields.

But in jealous feat that someone might profit by what they left behind, they wrecked their wagons, cut their harnesses to bits, and destroyed or scattered everything which might be of value. Their dead animals lay putrifying under the burning sun as if it had been a battle field.

"On this desert," wrote one of Amasa's party, "the dead animals were so numerous that the stench was almost unbearable. One of our men, while he was riding along, counted 1,400 dead by the roadside, and there were hundreds more scattered over the plain."

It is not to be imagined that this mad scramble in the desert killed horses only---it killed men, some of them with hunger, thirst or exhaustion, some of them by the avaricious hand of desperate competition. Many of them were left in plain view on the desert, as were the animals. Their fellow travelers were too eager for wealth to pause and bury them. What a wierd drama of mad greed! Amasa viewed it with pity and disgust; he was headed away from the gold, he was pursuing riches that endure.

This motley army in its death-race through the heat and the drought, fired the Indians with unusual boldness to rob and to kill, and at times in the 43 days necessary for

Amasa's company to make the trip, they missed disaster by only a narrow margin.

They reached Salt Lake City the last of September. He had been away nearly a year and a half, and he found his families very much impoverished. With such opportunity as his church work would permit, he became active in plans to provide for their needs, but he filled speaking appointments and traveled with President Young and was able to do but little for himself.

The need was great for him to make a start in some remunerative business, but he was not destined to drive any permanent stakes in Utah for long years to come. His experience in California so far was but a preliminary to strenuous years in that land and elsewhere. Many members of the Brannan company who had sailed by way of Cape Horn, were still in California. Some of the Battalion boys had not yet come away, and the Church had there an increasing membership whose spiritual welfare it could not overlook.

Besides that, California was Salt Lake's nearest seaport, and many immigrating Saints from foreign countries would land there, making it necessary to establish in California a headquarters, and a string of settlements connecting it with Utah. Many of Utah's supplies would come from that direction, and everything considered it seemed necessary that the Church have a permanent station somewhere near the western coast.

President Young and the Quorum assigned this California project to Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich, directing them to take a small company and plant a chain of settlements reaching from somewhere near the coast to those settlements extending southward from Salt Lake City. These were to be as stopping points and refreshment stations between the Pacific port and Utah, and were to be made along a southern route which would not be blocked by winter snow. Amasa's acquaintance with the upper route, marked now by a string of wreckage and skeletons, would avail him little in this almost trackless desert through which he was to find a way from Southern Utah, across the

small end of what is now Nevada, to Southern California.

It had been necessary since the first report of gold in the region of Sutter's Mill for the leaders of the Church to restrain the restless element among the Saints from rushing off in answer to the lure of quick and easy riches. So the call was made to a limited number only---no more than twenty-five families to form a company and build.

On the 11th of March, 1851, Eliza wrote in her journal, "Brother Lyman started with his family, excepting Paulina and me and our children, for California."

The prospects before them offered slim and doubtful promise of anything desirable in an earthly way, either for the five women starting again for an unknown frontier, or for the two remaining for the present in Salt Lake City, and Eliza adds to her entry, "Everything looks like desolation."

The little company of settlers, intended by President Young to form the modest nucleus of the proposed chain of stations, was to be waiting for Elders Lyman and Rich at Payson, sixty miles south of Salt Lake, and President Young went there to give them his blessings and instructions before their departure. When he found there, instead of the twenty-five families he had called for, five hundred people eager and waiting to go, he was so much disturbed by the undue advantage they had taken of his limited call, that he made no public speech. Many of the men in this company had made this call an excuse for doing the very thing the President had previously advised them not to do. Thus the original element of this California company was made to include adventurous and rebellious spirits who, at a critical time in the colony's career, would be the cause of serious trouble.

The long string of wagons headed off southward from Payson in two companies, one led by Amasa Lyman and the other by Charles C. Rich. They had 588 oxen, 336 cows, 21 head of young stock, 107 horses, 52 mules. The time they spent in traveling from their start in Utah to their destination in California, lacked but little of being as much as it took the Winter Quarters companies to cover the distance between the Missouri River and Salt Lake Valley. They met

hostile Indians, they lost cattle, they found it necessary to divide up into companies of ten wagons to the company, in order to ease their demands on the little desert springs, that each company might get enough water to keep them alive. Some of the springs were salty, other springs bitter, and in one fifty-mile stretch they found no water at all.

Elder Parley P. Pratt, going with them on his way to fill a mission in the South Sea Islands, declared it "a most horrible desert."

Part of the way they followed a dim Spanish trail, encountering grades ranging in pitch up to seventy-five degrees. On some of the long steep hills they hitched twenty teams to one wagon, the teams at the end of a heavy chain on the top of the hill, the wagon at the bottom, the hillside being too nearly perpendicular for the animals to get any footing. Sometimes, according to Parley P. Pratt, a whole section of the long procession, teams, men and all, sank down asleep in their tracks, and he adds, "It was certainly the hardest time I ever saw."

In June they reached Cajon Pass and made camp in Sycamore Grove, hoping soon to buy a ranch and begin as a colony. In July they held there in the Pass a conference, organized a stake and opened a school for the children in a tent, or under a big tree. At the conference Amasa urged the colonists to settle their difficulties without recourse to law, to live within their means, and otherwise to pursue a course in keeping with the mission they had come to fill.

This camp in Sycamore Grove becomes interestingly visible as through a telescope when viewed in the light of a celebration held there 76 years later in 1927. This celebration was to commemorate the work of the pioneers by unveiling and dedicating a concrete monument bearing a beautiful bronze plaque with the inscription: SYCAMORE VALLEY RANCH, formerly known as SYCAMORE GROVE. THE FIRST CAMP OF THE PIONEERS, 1851. Captain Jefferson Hunt, Amasa Lyman, Charles C. Rich, David Seeley, Andrew Lyttle."

Descendants of these five men, and descendants of other pioneers of the old Grove were in attendance at the

celebration, also in the big assemblage were a number of old people, nearing the century mark, who had been there in the camp, 76 years before. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of Twelve Apostles, a grandson of Amasa Lyman.

Reverting back now to 1851, Amasa and his co-laborers took a steamer from San Pedro to the central part of the territory where in early September they closed a deal with the Lugos Brothers for the San Bernardino Rancho, or Ranch, at \$77,000.00. The ranch, spreading its verdure in the valley southwest of the pass, had held a gripping charm for the people waiting in the Grove, and the news of its purchase gave them a thrill of delight. Abundance of fertile land, water, timber, everything essential to the building of a prosperous city, was a delightful prospect and the people subscribed \$25,000.00 to be ready at a certain time as a down payment.

When the time came to make that payment the little colony had but a small part of the amount promised. They sold their faithful old horses and oxen to raise the money, and then they began breaking wild horses bought at a small figure. For the \$52,000 still owing Lugos Brothers, Lyman and Rich gave their notes at 2% a month, which, by the way, was the initial step into a maze of trouble.

According to Mr. Raup: (a california historian)," Without the Pass, San Bernardino would have had no valid reason for existence, save as a relatively small and unimportant agricultural center. ***** The Pass was the relatively convenient breach in the mountain wall of Southern California that determined the specific location of the city."

The ranch, when Lyman and Rich bought it, was supposed to contain 80,000 acres, but the boundaries had never been clearly defined, and time was to prove that it held less than half that amount of land. The water-right too, was not safely established, and this left another unfortunate loophole through which trouble was due to creep in. Still another source of future trouble for the new colony: all the old Spanish land grants and Mexican titles to the United States government, were to have a general overhauling,

from which some of them were to come out much disfigured, and others not to come out at all. The title held by the Lugos Brothers was to fare badly in the test.

This seemingly attractive land deal, with seeds of trouble germinating beneath its smooth surface, ran into two big contributing causes for vexation and failure: for one thing, too many of the men on whose industry and fidelity the deal was depending, had come to California to get rich quick and easy instead of to do what President Young had expected of them. And then there was the excessive interest rate on money, running in some cases to more than thirty per cent per annum. In the extravagant days of gold nuggets a year or so before, money had brought as much as ten percent per month, and the rates were still wild.

Yet the prospects and possibilities of the ranch inspired high hopes in the camp at Sycamore Grove, and in September they moved into the adobe dwellings there, which had been occupied by the Mexican laborers. Francis Marion, eleven years old, relates that his father's five wives moved into a house with tile floors in two rooms. The other floors were of earth. All the houses had to be carefully renovated and some of them enlarged. They were crowded into a small area where they could be fortified in from attack. (See appendix for Centennial newspaper account of colony.)

It is difficult for us to realize how far this colony had gone from Salt Lake, or, more fittingly stated, how far Salt Lake was from the rest of the world. On the 22nd of September 1851, more than six months after the company left Salt Lake City, President Young wrote, "Nothing has been heard of Apostles Lyman and Rich and Pratt since they passed Little Salt Lake last spring."

The delay in purchasing the ranch, and further delay from Indian troubles, had hindered the California Mission from reaching President Young's expectations who, writing in October of that year to Parley P. Pratt, said, "We are pushing our settlements south as fast as possible, expecting that Brothers Lyman and Rich will meet us with their settlements this fall. This is the only mail route that can be depended on, and we will have our petition before Con-

gress at the earliest possible date."

The President wrote Lyman and Rich urging them to have their chain of settlements out of the Mojave by fall, and in December Amasa sent a message to the effect that they had made a most strenuous effort; they had explored the country for hundreds of miles in every direction, they had built a hundred tenements, and tried to ascertain how practicable it would be for immigrating Saints to come by way of Panama to San Pedro. He said they had finished a stockade for their protection from the indians, but apparently they had no place, or time to begin settlements other than San Bernardino.

He could have written some hair-raising particulars about that stockade, and it is quite likely he did write, though the account is not found. Antonia Garra, an Indian chief, had started a wild and bloody uprising against the settlers of the area. Reports of his massacres came with terrifying sound to the ranch, and the people began without an hours delay to wall-in. When the darkness of night came on them they could not feel safe to sleep, but worked eagerly on till morning, and even then they thought it best not to stop although it was the Sabbath. Fearful that Antonio and his terrible band might at any time appear from the mountain above them they lived and toiled under a state of martial law, keeping men carefully on guard every minute.

In order to include most of their houses within the protecting wall, they had to make it 700 feet long by 300 feet wide, and along this 2,000-foot perimeter, they hurried to dig a trench three feet deep. They cut and prepared cottonwood logs seventeen feet or more in length to make a stockade at least fifteen feet high. Into this defense they gathered their hundred or more families and their one hundred and fifty able-bodied men and placed faithful watchmen on duty before they ventured to sleep.

It took the colony twenty days to finish this stockade. They endured high winds and heavy rains while they worked at it, but they had it completed by the 15th of December. Theirs was the only settlement in the country that had a stockade for protection.

According to Ingersol's Century Analysis of San Bernardino County, California, "In the fort at San Bernardino they had bastions standing out from each corner of the fort so they could shoot along the side of its walls at any one trying to set the fort afire. The entrances to the fort were set in at the end of eight or ten foot wings, so that anyone approaching the gates could be raked with fire from the port-holes on each side. In the northeast corner they had a canvas stretched making a pavillion where they taught school and held religious services. In the fort they used a lot of wagon-boxes with covers over them for bedrooms."

Nearly every one in the fort was armed, and a colored man, "Uncle" Grief Embers, announced the different orders of each day with a blast from his bugle. They huddled for safety in these defenses, and even after Antonio was captured and hung, finding no time to build outside, they stayed there many months, using each Saturday, by common consent, for a general clean-up of their crowded premises.

They fenced and plowed and planted, even in the fall of 1851. The next year they raised such wonderful crops they held a fair to exhibit their fruits and vegetables and grain. Among other phenomenal specimens they had a stalk of corn sixteen feet long, nine feet to the first ear.

They had held meetings and school in a tent until they built "The Bowery", an adobe hall sixty by thirty feet in size. In April, 1852, they held here a rousing conference where Amasa gave a very impressive address. Among other things he said, "We did not come here just to farm, but we farm to fill our mission in this land. We came here to cultivate the principles of virtue and morality."

That was a great occasion, and was followed by eighty-one applications for baptism. Life and industry made San Bernardino a busy hive. They surveyed and plotted a big farm and a city with a temple block in the center, they planted forty acres of vineyard, they threshed with flails and treading animals, and then they devised a water power thresher with capacity of 712 bushels in twelve hours. Amasa and C. C. Rich went into the merchandising business,

the grist mill business and the saw mill business. In thirteen days with donated labor at a cost of \$1,000, they built twelve miles of road with a twenty one percent grade to put their mill in the big timber on the mountain.

Speaking of this road in their splendid book "Heritage of the Valley," Beattie and Beattie say, "This road to the top of the mountain range was selected by Amasa Lyman, Bishop Crosby and George Crosmon in April, 1852, and they reported that the mountain would be easy of access through Spring Canyon. ***** We cannot help being stuck by the assertion that the timber on the mountain top would be easy to reach. Though to drive along the present rim of the World Drive, and pass at the point where it passes the line of the old road, and realize that to only these two men, who had conquered the almost insuperable desert of a trail from Utah to California, could the proposed road seem simple."

This estimate is similar to that of H. F. Raup, of the University of California in his able work on San Bernardino, California Settlement and Growth of the Pass-Site City, who says, "Amasa Lyman, one of the leaders of the expedition, was at the time thirty-eight years of age. He had been for some time associated with the Mormon organization, and had accompanied Brigham Young in the first exodus across the plains in 1847. President Young placed him in responsible positions in the first critical years of the Salt Lake Settlement. He led the third section of the Mormon group to cross the plains in 1848, a train of about 300 wagons. Evidently his experience on the plains for so many years placed him foremost among the Mormon pioneers, and it was undoubtedly because of his skill in organizing, that the San Bernardino settlement made such rapid progress during its early years. Brigham Young could not have chosen a better leader."

Because of the great distance between San Bernardino and Salt Lake City, the people of the fort received in June their first mail from Salt Lake in nine months. It was a long weary stretch between them, and the chain of settlements had not yet begun, yet on the ranch they hoped they had established a permanent base.

After twenty years of homeless wandering, having been called now to this beautiful place with his group of little folks growing up around him, Amasa planned and resolved to build a home. It might take years to complete it, but every day devoted to achieving the long-desired objective would be a keen pleasure and revive the light of hope in the hearts of his wives and children. It is well that their joyous anticipations were not darkened by visions of a future wherein the new home, within a few brief years, would be a shelter for strangers while they trudged forth as homeless wanders again; a vision showing this hard-earned resting place within eleven years dismantled by fire and standing for a long time as a charred and melancholy ruin.

The kind Dispenser of Hope withheld all glimpses of these things from their perception, so that the facts of future history should not nip the tender buds of wholesome anticipation. The hopeful father, with his eager family around him, planned a two-story building, the lower part to be of adobe with a piazza running all the way around. Some far-seeing persons protested that the house was too large, but no one knew better than Amasa Lyman how big his house should be to accomodate his seven women and their children, even if he did not in the near future marry still another wife, according to plans and arrangements.

Neither his buildings, his business projects nor the multitude of his family in California, estranged him from his presiding brethren and his two families still in Salt Lake City. In November he and his co-laborer started back across the wide solitude for Utah. He took with him his wife, Caroline, and his son, Francis Marion, and spent from 35 to 40 days on that "most horrible desert" in perils and hardships too many and too much tangled with detail for this brief survey.

On December 20th, 1852, Eliza Lyman wrote in her diary, "Brother Lyman and Caroline and the boy, Marion, returned from California, making glad the hearts of all of us."

For seven years Amasa had followed the matrimonial pathway outlined for him by the Prophet Joseph Smith at their last solemn meeting, and he had found it strewn with poverty

and pain and the bitter contempt of the world. But that injunction, although it appeared impossible at first, was still cherished as a sacred obligation to be honored with every tribute which a clear conscience demanded. Instead of shrinking from the weight of his burden, he would carry yet more.

Therefore, after his return to Utah in the early winter of 1852, where he divided his time between many missionary assignments and the business of providing for his wives Eliza and Paulina, he married, on the 7th of February, 1853, Lydia Partridge, a younger sister of his wives Eliza and Caroline, President Young performing the ceremony. It was but six months since the revelation of plural marriage had been made public, the practice was in great disfavor even among many members of the Church, and the furious condemnation of the outside world could be heard like a rising storm.

Right here it is deserving of notice that in the years of privation and hardship which followed, these three Partridge sisters lived together in perfect love and devotion one to another, raising their children in complete harmony as one family, and often under one roof. The children of Lydia Partridge Lyman, as the children of the other seven wives, are ample evidence of the propriety of the union that gave them birth.

After giving the main part of his stay in Utah to Church work, Amasa left again for San Bernardino on the 20th of April, 1853.

To those who wonder what was the attitude of the seven wives toward this latest marriage, it is enlightening to know that Eliza made record of it at the time it happened, and on the day of his departure for California she wrote. "Brother Lyman started for California after staying here the brief space of four months which, though short, passed pleasantly away, and all I regret is that he could not stay longer."

It took about forty days to make the trip back to San Bernardino, long, slow, toilsome days, and sometimes many hours of traveling or standing guard over their stock

in the night. Every one of those days carried him farther into a remoteness unknown to the fast moving world of to-day. In San Bernardino he received, on the tenth of July, letters that had been sent from Salt Lake on the thirteenth of May; and in December of that year he received letters sent in August.

The year 1854 found Lyman and Rich with that obligation for the ranch hanging as a mill-stone on their necks. It depressed their thoughts by day and clung as a dark shadow to their dreams at night, adding a ponderous weight to what they already had to carry. As president of the mission, joint signer of that note, head of a large family, mayor of San Bernardino and chief operator in a dozen struggling enterprises, it is little wonder that Amasa suffered a near break down and had a severe spell of sickness in January.

By making a number of extended and expensive trips to San Francisco, racking their wits to the breaking point and exercising all their powers of persuasion, Lyman and Rich succeeded in getting an extension of time on the note by cutting the principal down to \$29,993.00, and agreeing to an interest rate of three per cent a month, to be paid in advance and compounded from the minute it fell due. It was an arrangement to make old Shylock himself green with envy, and it afforded them little more than a breathing spell in which to round up their shoulders for new embarrassments.

Recovered enough from his sickness to be around again, Amasa applied himself with all diligence to his industries, hoping his major effort was still to direct the colony in the way of temporal and spiritual success.

In April, 1854, he sent a small shipment of supplies to his families in Salt Lake, telling them he hoped to visit them again in the fall. In Eliza's record for the 6th of May she writes, "We heard that Brother Lyman will come home next fall, which is welcome news." She and the other wives in Utah cherished that promise and plodded hopefully on through their poverty, and on the 9th of June of that year she said, "I have employed myself so far this spring and summer with very hard work: gardening, housework, washing, ironing, spinning, taking care of the children and at-

tending for the present to the education of my little boy."

These hopes of their husband returning that year, or of doing much to relieve their needs, were quite in vain, for with the three per cent a month and the strenuous effort to manipulate his own affairs and the affairs of the colony to meet the promised payments, in the latter summer Amasa was confined a long time to his bed, compelling him to abandon for that season all thought of a strenuous journey through the long wilderness to Utah.

With his delicately-framed organism and that unyielding determination, of which Arthur Taylor spoke, to carry on with whatever he made up his mind to do, let the penalties be what they would, he was carrying a greater burden than he could endure over any length of time. He had recuperative powers however, and one account written September 21st, 1854 relates, "Amasa Lyman arrived in good health in San Francisco."

To discern positive meanings in the career of Amasa Lyman, and to perceive in his todays the positive foreshadow of enevitables in his tomorrows, one must recognize that boundless energy was riding physical limitations, whip and spur, from one spell of exhaustion and sickness to another. It was piling up a debt, with interest rates comparable to the extortionate terms stipulated on the notes for the San Bernardino Rancho. Considering how he was always doing the most difficult and man-killing labor, and how as a result he lay helpless in bed for weeks and months at a time, must come as no surprise that in the time of accounting he could not maintain his invincible front, and hold with the same unfaltering adherence to his beloved standards.

That ranch obligation increased steadily by every tick of the clock with a persistency to make Amasa worse if he were sick, and to make him sick if he were well. His inherent nature for things cultured and refined was due to be deeply impressed with this ogre-like land deal which admonished him of the inexorable ways of business; ways that he must anticipate in order to keep from under their merciless hoofs.

The year 1855 was as relentless in its demands upon

him as the other years had been, burdening him always with work and worry up to the danger line. These demands had him appraising and selling land, sitting with the City Council, adjusting indian troubles, and trying to finish his home. It had him looking after the store, the mills, the farm, the orchard and vineyard projects. He received shipment of goods from the coast and sent other shipments to Utah.

Writing of this time in later years Francis M. Lyman declared that Lyman and Rich "were sweating blood because of the enormous indebtedness against the San Bernardino Ranch, on which they were paying from two and a half to three per cent a month. ***** During these years nearly every letter from President Young was urging them to send to him all the cash tithing they could safely send. ***** The President was struggling with heavy notes connected with public works and immigration. In all their correspondence I did not discover an unpleasant thing, but the greatest respect and fellowship shown on both sides".

In February, Lyman and Rich had fifty men of the colony sign an agreement to go and work for the mines and save all their wages, above the necessities of actual living, and apply it on the debt. The Lyman-Rich Store advanced necessary credits for the venture on the strength of what it would bring, but it brought nothing.

At frequent intervals in all this intensity, Amasa was too much exhausted to leave his bed in the morning. Times were hard in California, employment difficult to find, and in May the heat mounted to 110 degrees in the shade. Writing from San Bernardino on the 18th of May, Parley P. Pratt said that Amasa Lyman's health was very poor.

In his "anomalous" school of life, directed always by a kind Providence towards a wide range of understanding, Amasa had not in all his experience hitherto, been so badly entangled and distressed with financial problems. Now they had thrust their demands upon him, compelling him to recognize their vital relationship to spiritual growth. Yet the drudgery, the anxiety and the vexation of these big lesson-assignments, instead of blinding him with greed or souring him with bitter complaints, served to clarify his vision of

life's purpose. With increased power he declared that purpose and the way of achieving it. In a letter written by George A. Smith and Bishop Haywood on the 25th of July, they say, "Elder Lyman certainly seems imbued with the spirit of the gospel."

From the days of the fort in San Bernardino, a dissatisfied element gradually gathered strength and watched for an opportunity to start an opposing movement. Some of the willful spirits who came contrary to the wishes of President Young, had been added to from time to time by fault-finders and apostates drifting in with freight-outfits from Salt Lake City. These trouble hunters contrived to complicate the involved finances of the ranch, and make it a cause for hateful complaint. The move was headed by men who had at one time taken a leading part in the colony, and they threatened serious trouble.

On the 25th of October, 1855, Amasa started for his long delayed visit to Salt Lake. His diary tells of thirty-five long days and nights of tribulation through which they toiled to make the journey, taking it all as a matter of course, for there was no easy way then as there is now.

In spite of the reduced circumstances of his folks in Salt Lake City, it was a great relief to Amasa to reach there again. This respite from the financial strain which had tormented him day and night for months, made it seem more like home, especially so when he was sent at once by the president up and down through the settlements to preach. Accompanied by one or more of his wives he traveled from Cache Valley to St. George, meeting everywhere with crowded halls.

This was the work he loved most, this work of delivering the message that had called him from his native hills and vested him with a divine power of appeal to the hearts of men. He had followed it with joy for a quarter of a century through one troubled scene after another.

Then into these delightful missionary labors came a belated report from California that the Lyman-Rich saw mill had been reduced to ashes. It is said to have been a \$20,000 loss, but he let it make no disturbance in his pro-

gram, nor in the spirit of the testimony he was bearing.

Instead of having Amasa return to his post in the spring as at other times, President Young kept him preaching in the settlements of Utah till September, 1856. Also, President Young called him and his co-laborer, C. C. Rich, to settle up their affairs in California as soon as they could and prepare for a mission to Europe.

To this steep and surprising order Amasa took no exception in word or thought. His obedience to the Prophet Joseph and then to the Prophet Brigham, is extraordinary. Right now his affairs were complicated and distressed, his families in great need, but his business ventures in California had reached a point where they promised soon to reward him well for his years of toil and waiting if he could give them his attention.

This call to Europe was in substance a call to forget his rising hopes of relief from constant need, and revert back to all the drudgery and privation that his missionary work had imposed upon him from the start.

Much as he preferred missionary work to the worry and annoyance of involved, financial problems, he had a keen desire to finish what he had begun, and it was no idle theory of his that the property in California, the burned mill notwithstanding, would soon reward him well for all his trouble. And it was by no means his imagination that his folks, more in particular those in Utah, were in great need. The status of their affairs is indicated by Eliza's diary for February 19th, 1856, "We have done weaving to the amount of \$120.00, besides a great amount of other work; sewing, spinning coloring, house-work, gardening, almost every kind of work a woman is ever known to do."

A month later she wrote, "We eat our meals without bread for the very good reason that we have none, although we have a pound or two of flour for the children who have measles."

All the same Eliza was backing her husband in obedience to the call made by President Young, the lack of flour notwithstanding. On the 2nd of September, 1856, when he had been sent by the President to finish up his work in Cali-

fornia, and had started away that day, Eliza wrote, "Brother Lyman started for California, ***** may he be prospered on his journey and return to us in peace."

The same kind of loyal support was expressed by his wife Cornilia when she heard in California of his call to Europe. "I dread the thought of your leaving," she wrote, "still I would not lay a straw in the way of your doing your duty."

Looking at Amasa's affairs with temporal eyes, this is plainly a sharp crisis in his career where it would be only human nature to resent these disturbing interferences. He and his families had fought their way in poverty from the days of Nauvoo and before, now, with apparent relief almost within reach, he was to leave them, to entrust his business to someone else and travel a quarter of the way round the globe on a mission, giving his services gratis.

This ready obedience to the call may appear too easy and spontaneous to indicate the degree of resolution and self denial necessary to the realization of it. In one of Amasa's letters he happened to say, "The keen reproofs and admonitions of the First Presidency of the Church so unsparingly poured upon us, impressed us with the truth of the saying, 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth'."

Neither this man nor one of his wives had a word to say against the call made by the Prophet. He toiled back by way of the Muddy, Las Vegas and the Mojave to San Bernardino, taking over a month to make the trip, and he found matters very much more jumbled than when he left them a year before. The opposition had become positive in its stand against church members, boldly taking the name of the Anti-Mormon Party. On the 4th of July this Anti-Mormon Party had held their independent celebration on the edge of town; they had opposed the city in its prosecution of drunken disturbances, and had declared their ill will for the people in general and for the leaders in particular. They had set fire to a shed under which the Mormons held their celebration, and in other ways had made matters very unpleasant.

In one of their drunken brawls, Louis Rubidoux, a

man from whom they had borrowed \$4,000, became a party to a shooting affray, and because the city took action against him, along with others involved, he demanded that the face of the note be paid at once. The people paid it, working a great hardship on themselves by selling at a loss, the stock on which they were holding for a better sale later on. Even after he had been paid, he was an enemy. His influence against the colony made matters increasingly disagreeable.

In spite of their bumper crops and their high hopes for the future, the payments on the note had been difficult and discouraging. Once when they expected to receive 500 head of stock to apply on the account, they were offered only 36. They had secured another extension of time, and they doted on the rich soil, the good climate and other promising resources, to fight their way out of debt.

A few stations had been planted in the proposed line of settlements intended to reach to southern Utah. Some of these had been abandoned after the initial struggle, and others hung to a precarious existence. But Amasa firmly believed San Bernardino could clear itself in time, become the delightful place and take the useful part the Church had intended. He and C. C. Rich took up the difficult task of arranging for the safety of the enterprise during their indefinite stay abroad. After visiting the wreck of their mill, they planned to replace it with another.

In the heated presidential campaign of 1856, with California wildly eager to elect John C. Fremont, the much-loved pathfinder of their mountains and valleys, Lyman and Rich were approached with an offer of very liberal reductions on the face of their big note in exchange for the Mormon vote. The men making this offer regard its refusal as a mark of great stupidity. But Lyman and Rich knew that the greatest values at stake were not temporal. In their final analysis all worthwhile values were spiritual, and the situation was not to be helped in the least by any secret sale of its honor.

Their cherished ideals were more deep than dollars and cents, more holy than homes and comfort and all the short-lived advantages the world could give. Their dealings

with "the mammon of unrighteousness" was only for the sake of "everlasting habitations."

At once on the arrival of Lyman and Rich from Utah they called a big conference in San Bernardino, and started a reformation in the colony. Speaking with great fervor in one of their crowded gatherings Amasa said, "Why did you come here? You came here to build up the Kingdom of God. If that had consisted only in planting vineyards and fruit trees, building houses and making farms, then the work would be done. But you have come here to build up the kingdom by improving yourselves."

He spoke with that forceful appeal which had moved multitudes, and it touched the hearts of the struggling colonists. The opposition became more aggressive, employing the press to villify the Saints and recruit more enemies against them, but the reformation went steadily forward. On part of the area supposed to be in the land purchase, the Anti-Mormon Party erected a defense behind which they set up a cannon, calling it Fort Benson, and they declared they would not be moved from it. They made vindictive threats against Lyman and Rich, and friends of the two men made it a point to see that the two leaders went nowhere without a body-guard.

Even in the face of all this opposition, prospects became brighter for the colony, not only as a result of their renewed industry, but the stubborn drought relented with softening showers, and other hard conditions became more bearable. An earthquake in San Bernardino gave wholesome stimulus to thought and purpose for the reformation and it assumed encouraging dimensions. In a letter written in February 1857, from the California colony, it was reported that nearly 500 persons had renewed their covenants. The mills were running again, rain had fallen and prospects were good for an abundant harvest.

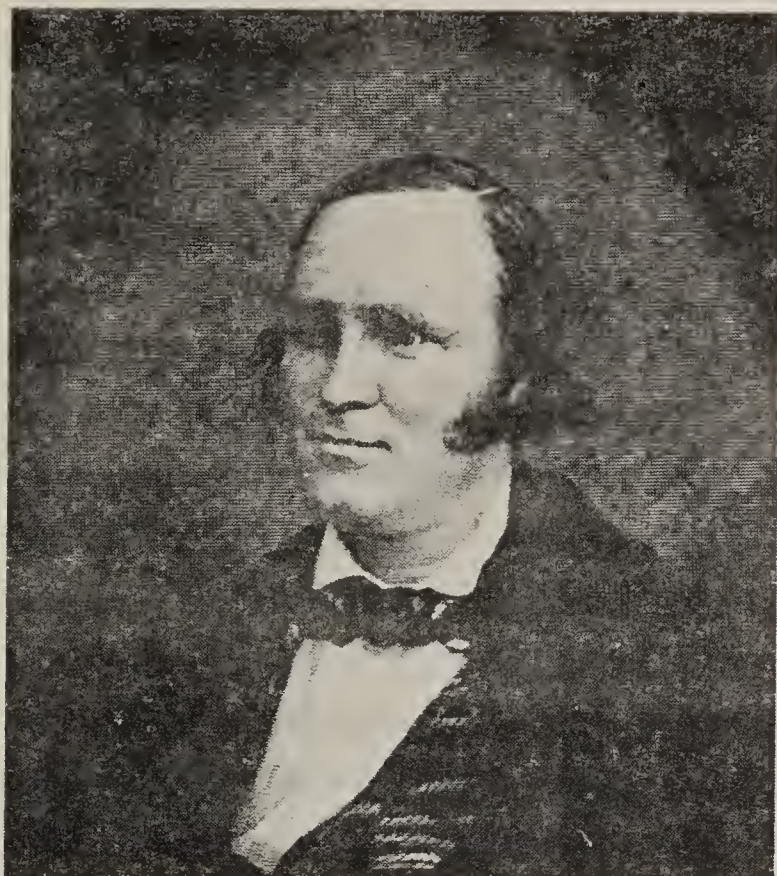
The lure of this promised prosperity and sweet reward for years of hardship and want, did not for one moment tempt the two members of the Council of the Twelve to weaken from their purpose of placing all their industries in other hands and preparing to go away, possibly never to return. They turned the business over to Ebenezer Hanks,

and prepared outfits with which to start to Utah. Their enemies, plotting in their fortified den at Fort Benson with its menacing artillery, boasted that the two men would not be allowed to leave the city, or would be way laid in the Pass if they succeeded in making the start.

Amasa took with him part of his family, including his stalwart son, Francis Marion, who was to accompany him on a mission to Europe, but he left Marion's mother and three others of the wives to occupy the big friendly, but unfinished home, which Amasa was never to see again. His company consisted of twelve wagons, each one drawn by a long line of big mules. Besides the men, women and children, they had an escort of 28 men and the sheriff to see them safely beyond reach of their blustering enemies.

It was on the 15th of April, 1857, that they left this dear scene of their toil and hope with its promise of early reward. In spite of their superior teams, it took the 46 days to reach Salt Lake City where they arrived on the 30th of May, 1857. Thus another period of Amasa's "anomalous and strange" schooling closed just in time to bar him from the temporal fruit soon to be ripe for plucking, proving again that his unusual experiences were intended to develop eternal instead of temporal riches.

To the mind of Francis Marion, then at an age in life where present values overshadow whatever the remote and uncertain future may hold, wrote, "San Bernardino was the loveliest spot on earth ***** too good for Latter-day Saints." (Most of the information in this chapter is taken from the journal of Amasa M. Lyman and Francis M. Lyman.)



Amasa

Mason

Lyman

Age about 40

Amasa

Mason

Lyman

Age about 50



Chapter XVI

And still away from the hitherto
His anomalous pathway led,
Teaching him lessons strange and new
For the wondrous world ahead.

The specialist may do wonders in his narrowed field of endeavor, but the man who is compelled to adapt to wide ranges by necessity, and to meet new situations in fields afar must have a greater understanding, broader sympathies and keener appreciation of what life has to offer. As one of the fellow prisoners of the Prophet Joseph Smith in the dungeons of Missouri, Amasa had been deeply impressed with the words of the Lord to His servant, "***** Know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good." (D. & C. Section 122, verse 7.)

It was well for Amasa that he was given this slant on the surprises, disappointments and strange fortunes destined to keep him ever on the ragged edge of collapse and terminate his career with seasons more agonizing than all the seasons before them. His journey towards the end was to be like a desert trail without a cooling spring; when prospects seemed to grow bright with promise, unexpected reverses were to burden him with new problems. This left none of his time "to pass uselessly away".

He had no thought that his parting with his San Bernardino home was to be a final parting. When he started across that "most horrible desert," separating him from Utah he was peacefully unaware of the abrupt contradictions the next few months were to bring.

The surprises awaiting him after this crossing of the desert were a fitting preliminary to other changes more surprising still. His company was delayed with animals lost, crippled or stolen. They had to travel often in the night to avoid the unbearable heat of the day. They faced high winds, they stopped to repair broken wagons or to nurse sick folks, or because plundering indians had crippled their equipment.

They drank from the bitter springs of the desert and felt thankful for anything to quench their burning thirst. Part of their load was the beginning of what was to become the great tabernacle organ, and one of their company, the builder of that organ, Elder Joseph R. Ridges, who was on his way from a mission in Australia. Progress was slow and difficult.

"At Las Vegas," said Amasa, "we found the fort in desolation, a sad monument to the folly of men who have sacrificed the interests of the kingdom on the altar of personal selfishness". (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

This was one of the intended links in the chain of proposed settlements, and many others of these links had weakened, leaving the chain to fall apart and fail in its purpose.

When the company reached the Virgin River, Amasa, with one man and an indian guide, started for the indian Mission on the Santa Clara. The place was far away beyond high mountains, steep and rocky, and the way by which the guide led them, not along any trail, might have been the course a wolf would have chosen if he had never been in the country before. Being without bedding or food, they hoped to reach their destination before making a stop. But when darkness settled over their silent wilderness, their guide, with a rude torch, had them follow him up a mountain so nearly vertical that they had to cling with their hands to keep from falling. Their horses climbed in desperation after them, and when one of the trembling creatures lost its footing it would have rolled to the bottom if they had not held it by main force till it could get balanced on its feet.

They descended the precipitous other side of that lofty elevation. Their feet were dragging with weariness, and when they felt the level ground under their feet they sank in exhaustion "to await the return of day, without water, without blankets or bread to refresh us." (Journal of Amasa M. Lyman.)

It is quite impossible to pause often for such a close view of his adventures, although his life was a succession of stirring situations intended to give him a broad understanding of human affairs. Traveling northward from the Indian Mission on the Santa Clara, he spoke to crowded

houses in the southern settlements. He joined his company at Cedar in the latter part of May and reached Salt Lake City the last of the month while the main part of his company was toiling northward through the settlements.

He made headquarters at Farmington, north of Salt Lake City, and since the planting season was well advanced, he set his teams to hauling wood and whatever else he could find for them to do. He was facing again the difficult old problem of adjusting his numerous family and his Church duties to the rigid limitations of poverty. With four families in Utah, and four still in San Bernardino, his missionary work and his preparation for two years in Europe, his resourcefulness was taxed to the limit.

It had been a hard winter in Utah, but prospects for harvests were good. The people suspected nothing of what was about to burst with terrifying threats upon them. In latter July jaded horsemen brought word from the east, the startling report that the army of the United States was on its way to drive the Saints from their refuge in the mountains, even as they had been driven from place to place in the eastern states. Alarm and consternation disrupted the wonted course of industries and individuals. Now, more than at any time in the history of the territory, Amasa's services were claimed for public need. Rising indignation had to be soothed and dissuaded from intentions of rash measures. The full text of Amasa's public addresses, (Church Historians Office), still preserved, show how fully he was in sympathy with President Young's policy of wisdom and moderation in meeting this latest thrust from a relentless enemy.

On the 29th of September, in his instruction to a company of men and boys starting off to delay the approaching army, Amasa urged them to refrain from any foolhardy action, and not to take human life if it could be avoided.

The all-important problem was to save the Church and the people from impending danger. The Council of the Twelve met frequently with President Young to consider ways and means of maintaining themselves against the overwhelming force. Every man was supposed to give himself

freely without reserve, and Amasa delivered these instructions of the leaders to the people in all parts of the territory. Faithful to his interpretation of duty in this crisis, he had simply to forget the chaotic condition of his individual affairs, and bury himself in the work of saving the community.

He helped to review the little armies of ragged men and baggage wagons gathered to hinder the approach of the enemy, and he made himself a smoothly-articulating part of this machinery of defense. In the peril and uncertainty of the crisis his mission to Europe was postponed indefinitely, and all missionaries abroad were called home. The Saints in all outlying settlements, including San Bernardino, were advised to return to the main body of the Church in Utah. Prospects of mob violence in San Bernardino and other places made this gathering to Utah extremely urgent, and it imposed on Amasa the necessity of getting his four families back from beyond that long stretch of desert without delay.

He was not free, however, to rush off for them at once, even if all the reports of their danger were true; as one of the shepherds of the Lord's flock, he must care for that flock even at the neglect of the little group immediately around him. The strength of the United States army, with terrifying threats, were demanding admission to this last, far-away retreat of the Saints, and their very existence was at stake.

In the midst of this killing suspense, a most terrible tragedy startled the territory and the world: Two ox-team companies from Arkansas and Missouri had come into the territory and were passing down through the settlements along the southern road to California. Among them were some of the old mob leaders who had helped drive the Mormons from their homes in the east. Their hatred was too rank to be tempered with any wisdom. These men boasted that after they had taken their families safely through to the coast, they would return and help the attacking army do to the Mormons in Utah what they had done to them in Missouri and Illinois.

With their fear-inspiring numbers they passed through

the small settlements, helping themselves boldly to whatever they dared to take, and leaving poison in the water behind them to cause death among animals and among men. The farther their companies traveled the more unbearable their behaviour became, and the people felt outraged.

Insult and injury once provoked a great Israelitish Prophet to kill an Egyptain and hide his body in the sand. Insult and injury to these toiling pioneers who had come twelve hundred miles hunting a place of peace, was too much for some of their impetuous ones to endure patiently. Acting hastily on their rash impulses before they could be restrained by President Young and his associates, they conspired with the Indians and attacked two companies at Mountain Meadows, 300 miles south of Salt Lake. None of the older ones of the companies were spared to tell the awful story. (For more details see A Comprehensive History of the Church, page 139, Volume 4; see also The Mountain Meadow Massacre, by Jaunita Brooks.)

No more regrettable thing could have happened, especially at this critical moment. The revolting report echoed away to distant multitudes already hostile in their feelings towards the Mormon people. Now an attack from the west seemed more than probable. On the fifteenth of that September the territory was declared under martial law.

Amasa sent his son Francis Marion, along with a company headed for the west, to bring his four families from California. He found time in December to meet his son with two of the families at the Santa Clara, and from which place the son turned back to bring the rest of the family.

Disturbing rumors of an attack from the west brought dread and suspense to the people of the territory. This spectre had appeared first in the threats of the Mountain Meadow Companies, but now a persistent report said an army was on its way up the Colorado River.

In this state of affairs it became necessary to ascertain whether such an attack was really to be expected, and whether it could be accomplished if it were undertaken. To

make sure this point became Amasa's responsibility. Hurrying off to the south he made up a company of eight selected men from Iron County, each one with a tough pony to ride and another to pack. Though they were taking wagons, they had to be prepared to go beyond where any wagon could go.

In bitter cold and facing driving storms they pushed out from the southern settlements, and at the Muddy they met the leading outfits of the company from San Bernardino. His other two wives were supposed to be somewhere behind in the long procession, but he could not find out how far behind, nor could he follow farther along the road to meet them; he must ascertain by exploration about an army coming from the west against Utah.

Answering the urgency of this hunt, he and his eight men traveled on through storm and cold and hardship. Sometimes they made their beds under the wagon to dodge part of the driving storm, and when their supplies ran low, they subsisted on one cracker a day to the man. With ears wide awake for reports from all sources, they caught a rumor that 3,000 men were to ascent the Colorado in three steamers and land within seventy miles of the mouth of the Virgin River.

Eager and apprehensive, Amasa wanted to trace and verify the rumor at once, or to follow the course of the precipitous river and see if anything were moving on its strong current. He had an impelling desire to make any effort that would save the mountain settlements from a repetition of what the Saints had suffered in the east, but with horses worn out and their supply of food exhausted, it was imperative that they get more equipment before venturing into the unexplored breaks of the Colorado.

They went back to the California Trail, and Amasa met his two families at the Mojave in the tail of the straggling procession from San Bernardino. With them was Colonel Thomas L. Kane, having come by way of Panama to help his friends, the Latter-day Saints, in this time of danger.

The Colonel became Amasa's special guest, and moving with as much dispatch as possible, they reached Salt

Lake City on the 25th of February, 1858. The situation in the north appeared even more intense than when Amasa left six or eight weeks before. The little Mormon army of ragged men and boys had succeeded by their courage and their faith in holding back the big force and compelling them to go into winter quarters. The delay however was only temporary, the invincible nation was behind its soldiers, and prospects looked grave and serious indeed. There was no question but that the heads of the government had been shamefully misinformed, and that sooner or later they would see and correct their error, but the army had been sent to subdue the people of Utah, and it might do terrible things before it was recalled.

Amasa found the people of the territory united as one man; the legislature had cast its solid vote for every measure proposed in relief of the situation; the people were earnestly praying and hoping. They listened attentively to the inspired words of their leaders, and believed that some way of deliverance would open before them, yet they must protect themselves till that deliverance came. Every man among them was expected to do his full part, and Amasa's part was to get back into the fastnesses of the Colorado River and make sure that no foe was coming from that direction.

Giving hurried attention to the loudest-crying needs of his affairs, he tore himself away from their distressing problems and left for the south on the 8th of March, 1858. At Beaver on the 13th he began collecting the nucleus of his outfit and went four days later to Parowan. He lost no time from then till the end of the month hunting out eighteen suitable men, each one with a tough pony to ride and one to pack, for it was to be an unusually hard trip. His son Francis Marion was one of the company, and they left for Santa Clara on the 3rd of April, reaching the Muddy five days later. On the 12th they turned from the beaten trail at Las Vegas, and headed towards the broken trackless regions along the Colorado.

Wearily on over desolate slopes and ridges they rode while thirsty breezes whistled around them. They found

but a few small water holes separated by weary distances. As they neared the ragged rims of the big stream, "the country was broken and desolate in the extreme, without a single spring and without any grass."

They prospected the barrier for a way to get through and they met Chief Cat-sen-a-wats of the Haiats tribe of Indians, whose favor they won with presents and kind words. They even invited him to join them in evening prayer, a regular part of their daily program. Later on when they came on to the main part of his tribe along the river below, the Chief warned them secretly that some of his braves were plotting to stampede and steal their horses, and he sent two of his trusted men to stand guard over their animals all night.

Amasa satisfied himself that the report of an attacking party by way of the Colorado River was not true, that such a thing was quite impossible, but he found a place where a few armed men could stop any expedition making the attempt. Assured there was to be no trouble from that quarter, his next concern was to get back without delay and help the Saints in their feeble resistance to a formidable enemy.

Men accustomed to traveling with pack outfits along the deeply-gashed rims of the Colorado will understand why delay in that region is the rule and dispatch the exception. There were delays from horses being lost, crippled or stolen, from men disabled or sick, or from unexpected barriers forcing wide detours. Unexpected difficulties united to make it thirty-four days from the time Amasa's company left Fort Santa Clara till they returned to Cedar City. Then they hurried on to the north eager to know how the defense was holding out. (For more about the Colorado River expedition, see A Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol. 4, Page 371.)

That U. S. army under General Albert S. Johnston, was still the territory's most grave concern. The army would surely come sooner or later into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, in spite of the barricaded canyons and all the defenses the people could raise. Its coming might be delayed a few months, only to intensify its fury, and it was

agreed to throw open the mountain passes before them with the understanding that the army would go forty miles beyond Salt Lake City before making permanent camp.

When Amasa met with President Young and the Council of the Twelve, they decided, rather than hazard the kind of outrages which experience had taught them to expect from armed men who came against them, they would burn the city to the ground and all the places around it, if the army undertook to stop, contrary to the agreement. They decided to move their families south before the coming of the army, and if necessary to go with them into the wilderness regions which Amasa had explored. They resolved to go as far south as Sonora in Old Mexico, if that should be necessary to save their loved ones from the indignities which had been heaped upon them in the eastern states.

The Saints had provisions to last in an emergency for three years, and the people moved south in a great body. They went in all kinds of conveyances, and some of them in no conveyances at all. Most of them went as far as Provo and some much farther with little expectation of ever coming back. Enough men waited in Salt Lake City and vicinity to fire every house and shed and stack if and when it became evident the army was failing to abide the agreement to pass on through. The Saints would leave the country even more desolate than they had found it, and trust themselves to the mercy of God in the wilderness.

"The Move", as this abrupt retreat came to be known, involved much hardship and loss, for whatever could not be taken along had to be deserted, hidden, or destroyed, and some people gave most of their possessions for a way to get to Provo. Amasa's six families, living then in the north, scattered as far south as Springville, and as with many others, they had little time to relax from the rigors of their journey before they had to return. The army as agreed, went on to Camp Floyd before making permanent camp, and the new Governor, Alfred Cumming, with his heart full of brotherly kindness, entreated the Saints to return.

In company with Governor Cumming, President Young and other leading men, Amasa among them, returned to

Salt Lake where they met the new Commissioners, and the famous conversation took place between President Young and Commissioner Powell, resulting in Johnston's Army being allowed to pass through the city to incamp at 40 miles south of Salt Lake City. (See A Comprehensive History of the Church, Volume 4, Page 419.)

It was still a tense situation; the unfriendly army menacingly near, and outside sentiment everywhere was hostile. No one could tell what might happen on short notice from this strained state of affairs, and it was imperative that the people should be ready for any emergency. They should by all means have plenty of grain and foodstuff, and when the Quorum considered the wheat-failure from smutt, and how the menace of the army had upset the wonted schedule of farming in many places in the territory, they called George A. Smith and Amasa Lyman to go through all the settlements, urging the people to conserve their supplies, to plant and harvest with care, and to keep on hand enough grain for at least a year ahead.

Starting in July, Amasa and his companion traveled from town to town preaching and organizing until September. Amasa's families contributed their generous share to this service by subsisting in the main on their own efforts, or going without. When Amasa returned in September, he had still other appointments to fill in the autumn and early winter. Not only the comforts but many of the necessities of a well-ordered life were quite beyond the schedule of his operations. He made it bearable only by the hopes which he often times entertained. Of the remaining days in 1858, Amasa had very few to use for his own affairs, and of those days, he spent much of the time in sickness from overdoing.

With the opening of the year he went south to settle difficulties between some of the settlers and the Indians, and from that business he rode with a committee through deep snow looking for a suitable stock-range. Also on the winter agenda was to get out logs for a house in Beaver and one in Parowan in an effort to provide for the two families who, when they came from California, had stopped in southern Utah. While involved in this log-house enterprise he

undertook more than his vitality could stand, and he lay sick and helpless in Parowan till late in February, yet with the opening of spring he traveled again with George A. Smith, covering territory they had covered together a year before. After that he made other trips with Charles C. Rich. His offering for the year lacked little of being the entire year and his own affairs languished. His loved ones contributed their full share by maintaining themselves. Thus leaving him free for his assignments.

His European mission, for which he had left his home and his business in San Bernardino, had been delayed all this time, yet he could not return to take up his business again in California, not only because his services were called for in Utah, but because the Saints in the outlying settlements had been called to unite with the body of the church, and San Bernardino had been abandoned as a gathering place.

The Saints in San Bernardino had been menaced by enemies even before Amasa left, but when the report came that an army had been sent against Utah, and with that report, the distorted account of the Mountain Meadow tragedy, those enemies in California increased in boldness and numbers. The people of the colony parted with their property for what they could get, and that was only what their enemies saw fit to allow, knowing, as those enemies did, that the Mormons were going to go. Even so, the property was so valuable that it brought enough to redeem the long-lin-
gering mortgage. Beaty and Beaty, in their splendid history of San Bernardino, "The Heritage of the Valley", say in reference to Lyman and Rich, "In a few years, if undisturbed, the partners would almost certainly have reaped a handsome reward for their efforts".

A correspondent from Alta, California declares that the assessed valuation of the property was \$200,000, though less than one fourth of that amount was realized because of the unfavorable circumstances surrounding its sale. Whatever the values which might have come to Amasa Lyman, if matters had been different, had gone out of his life, leaving him as homeless and destitute as when he stopped at Cajon Pass ten years before.

His dear San Bernardino home with its sightly piazza extending all the way around, was to become a charred ruin which, after a few years, would be brushed away to make place for a \$600,000 court house. Some of his posterity were to take part in the dedication of this imposing building, but the increase of property values was not to mean a cent of revenue to him. Some of the land he had helped to buy for \$2.00 an acre was to be appraised at \$2,500,000 for a block of eight acres. Amasa's picture with the pictures of his son and grandson as apostles of the Latter-day Saints Church were to hang in the Pioneer Lodge of the beautiful city, San Bernardino, and his name with that of his co-laborer, Charles C. Rich, was to appear on every legitimate abstract of property in that section for generations to come, but all of that was to contribute nothing to relieve his grinding necessities. The flight of years was to magnify the part he had taken in making San Bernardino and vicinity a desirable place for tens of thousands of men and women, and his achievements were to be regarded with wonder, but Destiny was not to cheapen his accomplishments by evaluating them in dollars and cents.

These vanishing prospects were somehow in perfect accord with Amasa's portion in life from the time of his birth in the home of a kinsman, and he had accepted them early in life as an essential matter of fact, joyful to the great purpose of existence. Who knows that his ventures stripped clean of all the temporary rewards they had promised, were not better for him than with doubtful blessings of temporal success? He was more interested in preaching the gospel and building up Latter-day Zion than in erecting any private castle in this temporal world, and he still looked forth to filling that mission in Europe as soon as the presiding officers should indicate the time for his departure.

He had been anticipating that mission for three years, but there was no such thing as making ample or even partial provision for the comfort of his families during his absence. He had to go as the fishermen from Gallilee who "Straightway left their nets and followed the Master." Amasa would have to start as he started for his first mission from Hiram,

Ohio, thirty years before, simply getting up and going when the signal was given. His families would have to be game to bear whatever hardship his going might entail upon them.

With the opening of the year, 1860, he was, as always, giving his time to the work of the Church. The late winter and early spring found him preaching and organizing wards in the southern part of the territory. May first was set for the date of his departure to Europe. On that day, in company with Charles C. Rich, and their sons, Francis Marion Lyman and Joseph Rich, they took passage on a slow-moving freight outfit for the Missouri River. The record breaking pony express had made its initial trip from Kansas City to the coast three weeks before, but travelers had still to bide the crawling motion of horse teams or oxen.

The mountains and plains were still wild with frequent bands of savage Indians, herds of migrating buffalo and little flocks of antelope. Long ox-team trains toiled forward both ways over the deeply-rutted roads. And at one time they met a hand cart company from England and Wales. They had to travel as the Pioneers had traveled thirteen years before, and on the plains their only fuel was buffalo chips.

They spent thirty-five days from Salt Lake City to Florence, Nebraska where, after organizing other companies for the west, went by river-steamer and by train to New York, and booked to sail July 14th on the S. S. Edinburgh for Liverpool.

Amasa had planned with care to visit his people in New Hampshire, and accompanied by his son, Francis Marion, he relates that on July 1st, 1860, "We lodged with my cousin, Philip Mason, on the premises where I was born. With this, time and change had dealt rather rudely, and many of the recollections of my childhood, like the years in which I knew them, had passed away". (Personal writings of Amasa M. Lyman.)

He visited his mother, then seventy-three years old, and a number of her children, both Lymans and Emersons. Twenty eight years had passed since he left them with his bundle of clothing, headed for the west, and there was but

one in the family, a sister, who recognized him now as the one who had been lured away by the message of Mormonism.

"They accorded us a hearty welcome," he writes, "and I addressed a congregation of old friends who listened with apparent interest".

He was a great novelty, this son and brother coming back from the far-away country and with many thrilling adventures. They listened with wonder and surprise to his accounts of the distant west with its unusual people and its thrilling dramas, of which the eastern states had been getting but dim and distorted glimpses through slow and fitful mail service. But alas, he was one of the most despised people in all the world; deep prejudices barred their kindred interests from taking any stock in his eager message. Highly colored stories of the "Mormon War", the Mountain Meadow Massacre, polygamy, and the offensiveness of the very word, Mormonism, had set Amasa's people positively against any doctrine he might try to offer them.

He and his company sailed July 14th, 1860 from New York and reached Liverpool on the 27th, where he and Elder Rich assumed responsibility for the missionary work and all the business of the Church east of the Atlantic. Amasa was editor and manager of the Millennial Star, their headquarters were at the historic old 42 Islington, loved by thousands of missionaries, among them scores of Amasa's descendants.

His new field of duty included not only the British Isles, but the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, France, Germany and other nations of Europe. His realms of experience which hitherto reached only from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts of America, and from Canada to Mexico, now was to span halfway around the globe, including new peoples, languages and industries, an excellent supplement to his far-reaching experience. He had preached through most of the states of the American Union, acquainting himself with their history, their achievements and their people, and now in these nations of Europe, besides his other duties, he made it a point to consider the most profitable lessons they had to teach. He comprehended with admiration their

efforts through the ages which had built their institutions, and he wrote profusely in his diary, generally in an ecstasy of admiration for the accomplishments of men and for the beauties of nature.

"It is no wonder", he commented as he sailed down the Clyde, "That the Scot warms up with pride whenever he speaks of his native land; even we, who are strangers to it, are in love with its charms and beauty." (Diary of Amasa M. Lyman.)

As editor of the Millennial Star he wrote regularly for its weekly numbers; he delivered the message to the learned and the unlearned; transacted the business of the Church with shipping companies, railroad companies, and a variety of concerns unlike any with whom he had been accustomed to deal. In his continuous travels through Britain and the continent he spoke to crowded halls, bearing powerful testimony to the message from heaven by which he had been called from his native backwoods and sent to these lands and peoples with the glad tidings of eternal life.

The potency of this appeal was attested by the many who accepted the gospel after hearing his testimony. It is quite to be expected the nearest to him, the one who listened most eagerly to all his words and copied all his letters, should be an outstanding example of faith which his teachings inspired. That one was his missionary son, Francis Marion who stood as the rock of Gibraltar through all the storms and perplexities the years had to bring.

Being released in the spring of 1862, Amasa and his son reached Florence, Nebraska on the 11th of July. That was as far as they could travel by rail or steamer, and behind ox teams it took them sixty five days of hardship and adventure to reach Utah by the middle of September.

Amasa was sent at once to travel and preach among the settlements, to give the Saints the benefit of his extended experiences in the ministry, and faith-promoting accounts of the growth of the Church in foreign countries.

His son, Francis Marion, was called to travel with him. It was in the destiny of unfolding events that Amasa's voice of testimony was to be swelled in volume by the voice

of his sons and his increasing posterity until it became the voice of a multitude reaching to all nations.

His families were in Farmington, in Salt Lake City, in Beaver, in Parowan: a group of young people and children intriguing his pride and demanding his leadership. It constituted a staggering responsibility, a challenge to something more difficult than any of the vexations and problems he had undertaken in all his pathfinding career.

His return from abroad magnified to him the solemn fact that he was the head of a growing multitude. A big circle of youthful individuals looked to him as their essential leader and Patriarch. He felt the fatherly urge to be near to them where he could teach them. He and his faithful wives had waded through deep tribulation to bring up a generation in righteousness, and now the harvest was beginning to appear in glory before them: stalwart men like himself, womanly maidens like the eight who had pledged themselves to him for the big venture of difficulty and danger, the faithful companions who had never once faltered in all the agonizing straits of the ordeal.

President Brigham Young recognized the needs of the situation and Amasa relates on October 8th 1862, "President Young said he wished me to sell my real estate and settle in Fillmore and gather my family to that place, to make them a home and to educate my children, which I could not do for them in their present scattered condition. This was a huge undertaking. No community house, such as he had begun in San Bernardino, would ever suffice for his growing posterity. Eight tribes would require eight homes, though all eight of them looked to and honored one father. The building and preparation of these homes would be a labor formidable enough, even if he were free to focus all his attention on them.

His first responsibility was still to answer the calls of the Church. Also he had been elected to represent Beaver County in the Territorial Legislature, a position he held with honor and steady promotion for the next ten years. His gathering and building operations would have to accomodate the same kind of limitations all his former activities in this

line had accomodated.

Having been called now by his superior officer to this long-neglected work, which he had wanted since the days of Nauvoo to begin, the prospect magnified in charm and importance before him, appearing more difficult as he studied it more closely. From the time he had trudged away alone from the shelter of his uncle's home in New England, to pursue his "anomalous and strange way" towards the further shore of the continent, three thousand miles distant, he had met no challenge quite equal to this. In the strenuous years while his families were increasing in size and number, he had been giving his time and attention to the various missions assigned to him, the work which he had loved most of all since the time it was first appointed to him by his beloved prophet in the days of his young manhood. In it he had experienced the wondrous satisfaction of swaying the hearts of men for the cause of righteousness. People delighted to hear him; they remembered and told of him in the years thereafter.

Chapter XVII

Fear not to start alone and I will make of thee
A multitude. A host of stalwart men
Shall bear thy name. "Pursue they way
Anomalous and strange"---beyond the years
Behold thine honored place as patriarch
Whom thousands love and bless.

This call to Fillmore was a mission to Amasa Lyman to garner his precious harvest of the years, to save the groups of youth and maiden who had come to him through his obedience to the last solemn charge of his martyred prophet.

In the middle of April, 1863, the legislature having adjourned and the annual conference being over, he succeeded in making a start for Fillmore with some of his folks who had been living in Salt Lake City. It was a big and slow-moving company, somewhat resembling the procession of Jacob returning from Padanaram. Progress was slow and difficult. Some of his sons from Farmington helped by driving teams or loose stock, and his close contact with them in meeting the difficulties of the journey, amplified their mutual realization of the great soul-bond between them.

He was the venerable patriarch among them with the natural right and obligation to love and direct them. They were his own, not only by the ties of flesh in this natural world, but because they were born under marriage covenants solemnized to stand forever. It is love only which begets love, and in this contact with the boys and girls, as they met the problems incident to their journey and the big undertaking he had in hand, was he able to reach after them with fatherly endearment that he had not been able to do before. He fanned their affections into a flame which was to still burn in their hearts when they were old men and women.

They loved their father; that is attested by all who knew them as they settled up and down the western states. He became fixed in their memory as the dominant influence of their childhood. He had magic charms; he was wise; he

was learned. One of the most impelling factors in the authors ardent love for his father, Platte D. Lyman, was his abiding love for his father, Amasa M. Lyman. It was a delight to look back through his stories of childhood and see his father, an ideal of wisdom and love. William Lyman, upwards of eighty years old, his hair white, yet his eyes still sparkling with understanding, beamed with pride and appreciation when he spoke of his father, whom he regarded as a hero to the end.

After toiling slowly southward from Salt Lake City through the mud and the storms with his loads and his cattle, the vanguard of his company reached Fillmore, and he was exhausted. Part of his company had progressed only to Scipio, twenty-five miles behind. He had the boys pitch a tent in which he took to his bed while they went back to bring up the rear. It was another case of his ambition getting too far in advance of his endurance, and he had to wait patiently there in bed for his endurance to catch up. While he chafed in the enforced idleness of waiting in bed, a caprecious wind snatched the tent from over him, a rather unpromising omen of what his fortunes were to be in Fillmore. All the same he had made his resolute beginning on the joyful task of gathering and building homes for his families. With that invincible determination which Arthur Taylor had seen as his dominant characteristic, he intended to achieve his purpose even if it should take fourteen years and call for the last feeble blow his failing strength could deliver.

The importance he attached to this undertaking, the steps of its development in slow and delayed degrees through the early days of the struggle, and the dear souls for whom it was being made, is indicated by efforts to make somewhat of a record of the main events of each day. It tells what his boys and girls were doing, vesting their activities with considerable importance. When one of the boys burned his arm, and another fell from a dry tree where they were gathering wood in the canyon, it became an important entry in the diary.

With his boys he began the delightful difficulty of

building that first home in Fillmore. The joy of it seemed to erase from memory that home he had toiled to half complete in San Bernardino. He seemed to forget the log home on the Half-breed Strip in Iowa, and the house he had left in Nauvoo. He discounted all the former places which he was forced to abandon, and wrote in his journal: "I have commenced building a home, having been thirty years without one." When he got that house built and moved "Aunt" Priscilla into it, he reported, with satisfaction, in his diary, "I have commenced the settlement of my family in Fillmore."

In that same month, July, 1863, he went north and came toiling back with his families from Farmington, north of Salt Lake City. It was a slow and difficult enterprise, the building more so than the gathering. It had to be accomplished between other duties. Two families lived still in Southern Utah, one in Parowan, one in Minersville. Five of his families in Fillmore or that vicinity, were still sojourners, having no permanent abiding places.

In 1864, besides the part of the year he gave to the legislature, and the weeks in which he overtaxed his strength on his home projects, he made extended trips among the saints up and down the territory. In October he fell sick in Provo, and spent a long time in bed at the home of George A. Smith. The difficulty of holding his energy within speaking distance of his endurance, was matched by the other difficulty of holding his many expenses within reach of his ability to meet them when they fell due. He records his special thankfulness for being able to pay a certain two-hundred-dollar account without undue delay.

In the opening of the year, 1865, according to a Church record, "The brethren of Great Salt Lake City subscribed and gave Elder Amasa Lyman a span of horses and a carriage as a New Year's gift." This tribute of sincere appreciation for his devotion to the well being of others, was received with gratitude, and he did his customary amount of traveling among the settlements that year. On the last of December he delivered in Salt Lake City, an impressive address on the proverb, "Train up a child in the way it should go when it is young, and when it is old it will not de-

part from it." He stressed the importance of helping children to form good habits instead of expecting them to grasp deep principles which call for mature understanding.

The entrancing problem of shaping the character of children for their own good and for the benefit of society, became increasingly nearer to his heart as the gathering of his own brought him in closer and more frequent contact with them. They looked confidently to him as their captain; their simple trust intensified his concern for their well being. This little multitude were a part of him, his blood in their veins, his own feelings, emotions, and susceptibilities in their hearts. He saw himself reflected in their eyes; they were not strangers to his holiest affections. He occupied that sacred elevation to which innocent, trusting children look up adoringly to and call FATHER.

With more sons around him than Jacob had when he returned from Padanaram, and with those sons, and an equal number of daughters, ranging in age from infancy to manhood and womanhood, he felt impelled to develop his resources, to gather what they expected him to provide. He carried an accumulation of burdens and responsibilities under which he might well be expected to stagger often into a sick bed, and to rise from it only to be driven again by his will, regardless of his fitness.

Whatever the understanding, stated or implied, between this man and each one of his plural wives when he married them, they were not looking to him to provide for all their wants. Not only because of the unusual burden it would impose upon him, but because they understood beforehand that he was giving the major part of his time and attention to the Church. His magnitude as a man was to make his loftiest ambition that of gaining eternal life, and it compensated for the lack of what he might have offered in the way of temporal provision, if his major aspirations had been limited to the temporal world. Whether or not these plural wives said in so many words, "We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel, only let us be called after thy name," (Isaiah 4:1-2) they certainly expected and tried to be self-supporting to the extent of their ability. It may

not be known to what extent the choice was made by these women, but it is known that they cherished profound respect and admiration for Amasa Lyman. In the case of Eliza Partridge, she preferred him because he had been loved and preferred by her former husband, the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Whatever the understanding had been about his pecuniary duty, in this gathering together of his families, he had assumed a rather pronounced obligation which he had resolved to honor to the extent of his ability.

He built up a small flock of sheep, he became half-owner in a grist mill, he had horses, cattle, and farm land. This would have been ample for the needs of one family, and possibly for the needs of eight families if he had been free to give it his full time and attention. Instead he was occupied mainly with the work on which he had majored the last thirty-five years. The care of his property was left often to inexperienced or careless overseers, and it brought in only doubtful or disappointing returns.

He enjoyed working in his shop and in his mill. Sometimes he hung to his task till late at night, not only to make his limited number of hours contribute everything possible to their support, but for the relief he found in working with his hands. He had gathered to Fillmore all his families but "Aunt" Paulina in Parowan, and "Aunt" Dionetia in Minersville, or Beaver, and although his cherished goal was still far away, he was finding a place and framing a program of activity by which he could carry on with some degree of ease.

Then as a bolt of lightning came a blow, sudden and terrifying. Two horsemen, George B. Warren and Edgar S. Clark, came on lathering horses from the south with the report that "Aunt" Paulina's sixteen-year-old son, Roswell, a stalwart youth six feet in height, and weighing a hundred seventy pounds, had been accidentally shot, and there was no hope of his recovery. With his sturdy brothers he had been to his father a great object of pride and hope. The blow of this report allowed no time to poise for its reception, and the father staggered under the weight of it. It seemed impossible to accomodate his wonted course of

thought to this sharp contradiction.

It was the time of the Blackhawk War, and when Roswell went to the canyon for wood he took his gun wrapped in his bedding. When he removed it, it discharged into his lower abdomen.

"Father sent for his horses," Marion wrote in his diary, "and came to me very much broken down."

They started in a light rig for Parowan, got fresh horses wherever it was possible, and drove a hundred miles in ten hours, being in peril all the time from prowling Indians, who made a raid that day on the town of Scipio. The reeking team and dust-covered outfit came panting into Parowan on the first of June, 1866. The wounded son had died in agony twenty-six hours before. Grand and manly in form, he lay white and peaceful in the solemn vestments of the dead, and when the father viewed him, it pierced him with a sharpness he could not resist. He mourned for Roswell, the name-sake of his own lost father. He revolved the circumstances bitterly in his thought---that murderous gun tangled in the quilts---the terrible moments in which the folks had waited for the end! It cast a gloom over the remainder of his summer and fall. Years later his tears betrayed his lingering sorrow when he spoke of the promising son cut down to the bloom of youth.

Amasa was elected again that fall to the Territorial Legislature, but was not able to travel when the time came to go. He went later on, however, and in the year 1867 still groping for power on the aggressive drive of his resolution, which overruled his physical unfitness and drove steadily on as long as he could make the machine to go.

Some of the greatest victories of all time were won only by inexorable will power goading the exhausted bodies of men into the battle. That force of sheer determination, which Arthur Taylor remembered most clearly long after Amasa Lyman was dead, was the strong staff on which he leaned heavily under pressure of necessity.

Chapter XVIII

Man's destiny was forecast ere he came into the world;
And hurdles set and rugged steeps for him to climb---
A school profound to win the perfect joy of endless time.
The sharp surprise, the storms that break in fury from the blue--
All these appointed in a plan of love for life anew.

There was a wise and everloving Father allowing the affairs and fortunes of Amasa Lyman to reach low depths as well as high in the earthly school of graded experiences. There was no dwindling of importance in the heavy items of his course as it progressed. It was that to which he had agreed with his immortal understanding in a former world, having clearly in view the achievement of a great ultimate purpose. The intense and unusual events in his latter years did not prove that he was completely alienated from the church as people generally supposed.

The final years of his life made sharp and emphatic with change after change were of necessity more searching, more severe, for they were slanted to the achievement of great things in a future world. The many adversities that were allowed made him acquainted with life from many angles, that he might have a broad understanding of what men have to go through to reach perfection.

His extraordinary course of training began in the days of his homeless childhood: the loss of his father, the separation from his mother, the death of dear old grandmother and then old grandfather Mason, and the stern methods of his uncle Parley. It made him a chief actor in one crisis after another, and sent him on through uncharted wilds to the Pacific Coast and then back to the mountains.

It is no more than to be expected that ahead of all these splendid ordeals and achievements there would be a soul-stirring exercise to complete his appreciation of the indispensability of the gospel. No man can grasp the full majesty and magnitude of truth without beholding it in sharp contrast with error. He can love and embrace the light only to the degree that he is aware of the darkness. Let it be understood that nothing is to be gained by partaking

of sin. Paul had this in mind when he said---"What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" (Romans 6:1 & 2).

Amasa Lyman had not yet appreciated to the full the blessedness and indispensability of the light and power with which he had moved in majesty and charm of persuasion for thirty-five years. It had afforded him unspeakable joy, even in this tribulations. Now it was given to him to see how dark and meaningless the world must be without it.

The great prophet, Moses, had to be shown "the bitterness of hell," before he was competent to see the greater things of his appointed vision. (Moses 1: 9-20) King Nebuchadnezzar, whose kingdom was likened to a head of gold as compared with the kingdoms that followed, was made to dwell with the wild beasts of the hills and eat straw like an ox seven years that he might be able to "praise the Most High, and honor him that liveth forever." (Daniel 4: 28-39) Christ said to His chief apostle, Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen the brethren." (Luke 22:32) and then, to intensify Peter's testimony, which Peter seemed already to have, (Matt. 16:16) the Lord allowed a darkness of mind to come over Peter (Luke 22: 34), and soon thereafter "Peter began to curse and swear saying, I know not the man of whom you speak." (Mark 14:70-71)

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Amasa Lyman was very precious in the sight of the Lord, who had led him through many labors on a long, winding path, and after all that he had done and suffered for the gospel's sake in thirty-five eventful years, it was his lot that he should have an extraordinary lesson to amplify and confirm his understanding and appreciation of the truth. This was for the same purpose that similar experiences had been given and are still given to other men. It was the unusual climax to his unusual course through the new and the strange in many fields, He saw it dimly as something like a crisis impending. He dreamed of it, he feared it.

He wanted to fortify himself against it, or to devise a way of deliverance when and if it should come.

By the keen spiritual instincts which had shown him the battle of Crooked River being fought ten miles away; by the fine intuitions which had whispered to his soul of the tragedy at Carthage a thousand miles away, he discerned this most bitter period looming on his horizon. As early as 1853 he had said to James H. Rawlins, "If ever I get into the Celestial Kingdom I will have to climb the hill alone." In his lucid intervals he seemed to envisage a grade, steep and rugged up which he would have to crawl, as it were, on hands and knees. In the hard years when San Bernardino's debts pressed heavily upon him, he spoke first in uncertain tones and then with more positiveness of a strait in the future where he would be put severely to the test. In that strait he saw his son, Francis Marion, as the main stay on which he would lean. He saw his son carrying on with the load where he would lay it down.

In a letter written to Marion from Sacramento, in 1855, he said, "Remember my son, that not only yours alone, but the hope and interest of your father's house, hang upon you and your conduct in the future." When he wrote this letter he said to James H. Rawlins, "Marion will yet stand in my shoes."

Writing next year from Salt Lake City he repeated, "Remember that under the weight of toil and care, your father must yield and retire from the field of labor in this sphere; who then should follow him so properly as his own son?"

That he was getting an increasingly clear vision of future events as they later transpired, is indicated by still another letter to Marion when they were laboring as missionaries in Great Britain. After several pages of heartfelt instructions and wise admonitions, he added, "I hope you will accept this kind expression of your father's regard for one in whom he has hopes in the future for the consummation of his work." (These quotations are taken from letters Francis M. Lyman copied into his journal. The journal of Francis M. Lyman is in the church Historian's Office.)

Quoting from a letter written by James H. Rawlins in

1867: "The last time Amasa preached in Minersville, it was the best and most interesting sermon I ever heard him preach. ***** He said to me 'Henry, I want you to hear me and abide by my advice, and that is: Whether I rise or fall, you heed the advice of President Young; he is the one to look to for counsel in all things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

In the days when he was devoting his service and pouring out gifts with a generous hand on the altar of Zion, the constant Destiny which prompted and guided him with loving purpose, was ever whispering to his subconscious self, and admonishing him of a last desperate climb he would have to make to complete his unusual career. It is not always to be found clearly said in what he wrote, nor in what he is reported to have said, but in his concern is traceable the thought: "Whether I rise or fall." In his forty-three diaries it is often to be implied when it cannot be pin-pointed as a definite statement.

He was looking for it as mankind are wont to look anxiously for the predicted event which begins in an unexpected way, and is not soon recognized for what it is. It is well for him that he did not discern in Roswell's death the beginning of a dispensation of calamities and frustrations treading on one another's heels for the next ten years. The incipient beginning of this troubled period dated to events of the past years, where he had passed them by, not guessing what they were to mean.

Five years before, when he was presiding over the European Mission of the Church, he had preached at a conference in Dundee, Scotland, March 16th, 1862, a sermon in which he made some ambiguous observations.* Now, in 1867, this was brought to the attention of his quorum, and he was called into question for having given out false doctrine. He said he had stated the matter as he understood it, but he made humble acknowledgment of his error, and there seemed to be no reason why he should not go on as hitherto. Other men had drawn wrong conclusions, and after making the necessary corrections had carried on with their ministry. *Text of the Dundee Sermon may be found in the Millennial Star, No. 14, Volume 24, Church Historians Office.

But this came to Amasa Lyman at a time, as we have observed, when he was toiling through intensities and occasions of undue anxiety, and aftermath of sorrow, sickness and exhaustion. The weight of his burden had been increasing upon him for a number of years. With dogged resolution he had dragged his overworked body from one hard task to another, and his more tractable, yielding, self had become dominated by his aggressiveness for adversity in general. It had become his driving force, and he doted on it, giving it free rein. It is said of him that he could not concede defeat in what he had undertaken with all his heart to do. The same when it came to yielding his conclusions.

He had declared that his statements in Dundee were according to his understanding, and although he had conceded he was in error, his concession did not alter his conclusions. He asserted them again, in more positive terms. For a long time these opinions had been getting fixed in his mind, and he found them quite immovably rooted. His yielding and admission of error had been in an interval of penitence, under the suasion of the men whom he most loved, and whose opinion he had respected. But the impetus of his fixed conclusions, like the revolving momentum of a heavy wheel, had not been arrested.

He was dropped from his place in the Quorum of the Twelve. It was a great shock. He still believed the gospel, as we shall see. He still bore his ardent testimony to the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The position he had thus taken was absolutely untenable, like emery dust in the bearings of an engine, to wear it out and break it down.

With this sudden transition from animating activities in a broad field, to the limited operations of his financial projects, and the care of his own tribe in Fillmore, the barred impulse to follow his greatest inclination of the years, became a dreadful guest to entertain. He looked for necessary avenues of expression, and his struggle became intense from a new angle. He had been a teacher of men from the time he was nineteen years old; his dominant impulse had been to think and to express his thoughts. To answer the

persistent call of the way of life he had followed hitherto, he began holding evening classes with his own boys and girls, teaching them the fundamental ethics necessary for their own wellbeing. It was what he had wanted for a long time to do, and it afforded a kind of compensating satisfaction.

The little folks loved him---love was their instinctive response to his fatherly appeal. As old men and women they still declared with ardent memories how good he looked to them, and how they felt the pleasing appeal of his personality. As for him, he discerned the cheer and hope of the happy world of childhood where they lived, and found it sweet and relieving. He wanted to draw near them, to escape from his distresses into their carefree realm of simple trust.

Under the driving whip of many responsibilities between 1864 and 1868, he had neither time nor heart to carry on with his diary. When relieved of the responsibilities which had occupied the greater part of his time, and seeking relief from his heartaches, he found the joy of the world where the children lived, and began writing again. He wrote about them. Some of his entries for the day contained little else. He told about Hila's little birthday party. He wrote about the doings of his little son, Edward. "May the Lord strengthen his mind in every good and right feeling," he wrote, adding the fervent thought: "This is my prayer in his behalf." (Diary of Amasa M. Lyman)

As a venerable patriarch in the midst of his rising posterity he could have reigned as love-monarch supreme, but for this new and distressing phase of his life. It had fastened itself upon him like some haunting presence from which he was never free. It made imperative demands on his attention in a battle from which he could not run away. It plunged him into a position to which he could not adjust, and from which his dominant will refused to bow its way out. It held him in its grip while he affirmed he still believed what he had said. He suffered keenly. In one of his letters he spoke plaintively of his "lacerated feelings."

Even so he tried to cling to his testimony of the gos-

pel, and reached after his children, including the married men and women. His son Platte D. had followed Marion on a mission to England, and they cherished their father's letters as sources of faith. Marion copied many of them in his diary where they may still be found. In a long letter of love and solicitude to Platte the father said: "I am truly glad to hear from you, and to know that you are entering upon your labors with so much satisfaction, and that the blessings of the Lord may continue with you is my prayer forever; for you and all the servants of God who are laboring to build up the kingdom, and save themselves from this ungodly generation."

Through all this he was determined to wring a livelihood from his resources, his cattle, the mill, the farm, the garden, dividing his returns among the most needy of his family in game resolution to take his full part. With fourteen or more sons and as many daughters, some of them in the perilous stage of adolescence, most of them yet to prove what kind of people they were going to be, he had problems which claimed his concern while he should have been sleeping.

Yet these young folks, however dear, slipping about on "Fool's Hill", or looking eagerly to begin the alluring climb, were but one of many sources from which his climax-experience of the years was being made excruciatingly impressive. He got a painful disorder in one arm, rendering him quite helpless a long time, and then an inaccountable swelling in one side causing more discomfort still. He spent whole days trying to find a position in which he could recline with some degree of ease. Whenever it was physically possible his implacable will drove him forth to his work, not only to meet the demands of his needs, but to escape the torture of enforced idleness.

He harvested his crops, hauled wood from the canyon, worked in the mill and directed the energies of his children not otherwise employed. His vaulting ambition ran ever in the lead, and he toiled pantingly after it. He took great pride with his orchard, his garden, his improvements. He enjoyed social contact with his family and friends, making

it always a mutually pleasant interval. Elizabeth K. Rogers, who knew him well, declared he was an unusual conversationalist, and able to talk interestingly on any subject. As an omnivorous reader, he devoured books with an insatiable appetite. (Personal communication to author.)

He delighted to work in wood and iron. His work as a cabinetmaker proved he was an artist in that line. For years Platte D. cherished two steel calipers which his father had made; they were perfectly true as if cut with a dye. Besides being a mechanic, he was expert in producing fruit and vegetables. He was a millwright, both for grist mill and saw mill. Mrs. Rogers declares "he knew timber from A to Z; he was an expert carpenter," and she adds, "he was always well dressed, a perfect entertainer, a true friend and always a gentleman." Among the many activities he had learned, and in which he found relieving satisfaction in employing his hands, he now would have buried himself, if he could, to forget the strange woe which had fastened itself upon him.

Mrs. Rogers affirms too, that he "was a faithful Latter-Day Saint, " for in her eyes his virtues eclipsed his unorthodox conclusions. But those conclusions---they were not the kind of thing to ever be adjusted with the truth, to be comfortably disposed of with the passage of time. They brought him more and more into disfavor with the leaders of the Church whose responsibility it was to preserve the revealed gospel from every mutilating influence. These conclusions were making his position increasingly intolerable, even before the bar of his own judgment. In trying to fix them as a solid corner stone in his philosophy, he was making a desperate, yet futile fight, and it seemed impossible to yield.

It would seem that he had not yet discerned what was happening to him, and why. He could not recognize his train of sorrows and calamities as having been allowed by the Lord whose "work and whose glory is to bring about the immortality and eternal life of man." (Moses 1:39) The far-seeing and all-loving Father knew that in this hard battle raging in the mind of Amasa Lyman, the truth could

not fail in the end to be exalted to its proper place, and fixed there forever more.

Yet to his friends, the ex-apostle, was a paradox. Who was able to see in his predicament any meaning or purpose? To the general public he was simply an apostate. If anyone saw, even vaguely, and believed without knowing why, that it could be purposeful and hoped for eventual good to result it was the older son, Francis Marion. He understood his father as no one else; he cherished and preserved his father's words, and loved him as he loved his own soul.

Like a weather-beaten old sea-captain holding to his ship in the tempest, Amasa clung to the helm as the storm thickened. In the autumn of 1868 he was attending every session of Sunday School, sacrament meeting, fast meeting and School of the Prophets when it was possible. On the second of November, speaking in meeting he said, "The value of the gospel is increasing every day. I have proved that it is true, and I am pleased and satisfied with it. My chief desire is to keep my connection with it unbroken. I have no other hope but this work. I never have had. The gospel provides me all the blessings I enjoy. I love it because it is pure and holy. ***** I can only pray that I will receive the instructions I am offered by the servants of the Lord."

He taught classes, he spoke in the School of the Prophets, he took keen interest in everything said and done by the Church leaders with whom he had been so closely associated. It appeared that he was about to surmount this barrier as he had surmounted others new and strange in the past. But not yet; he still held his untenable ideas about the atonement of Christ, and the unaccountable train of "lacerated feelings" and unfortunate events marched right on after him as if they had been sent.

He had a cancer cut from his face, and he was tortured with that old pain in his side. Could all these things be regarded as the caprice of chance, treading one on the heels of another through the last ten years of his life?

Amasa wrote often in his journal, "The swelling in my side gives me much pain." As he worked at the mill,

a railing broke under his great weight, leaving him to fall eleven feet. The wonder is he was not hurt worse, although he suffered a terrific jolt, and a broken thumb, which was slow to heal. It became a source of much annoyance even after he got up from the bed where he had to lie several weeks. And through all this he went, when he could, to worship with his people, where his appreciative friends in Fillmore had provided a big congress chair especially for his benefit.

According to Willis E. Robison (as told to the author in 1907) Amasa listened there in his big chair to the hesitating words of some young men about to start on missions, and noted their expressed regrets that they had no sure testimony of the gospel as taught by Joseph Smith. When they had finished he asked permission to speak. "You young men," he said, "have doubts about the gospel as taught by Joseph Smith. But I want to tell you that it is true, and if you live according to its precepts, you cannot fail to receive a knowledge of it." Then he followed with his own firm testimony of the power of God unto salvation.

He was still trying in 1869 to gather the rest of his family to Fillmore. In May he wrote, "We laid off ground for a new house," and then in September, "We put up the body of the house."

Having a controlling interest, but not being sole owner in the grist mill, his time there was stipulated at two dollars a day. He liked milling; it had relieved the monotony of his hard years in California, affording a pleasant expression of one of his inherent aptitudes. He decided that now with a mill of his own he could work to better advantage, and along with Francis M. he ordered a mill, making a down payment of \$310.

Along with his uncompromising resolution to meet the needs of his families, working with his hands when he could, and recuperating in bed when his implacable energy ran too far in the lead, he still cherished a keen interest in the affairs of the Church. He attended meeting, listening and taking part. Still faithful to the last solemn injunction of his prophet, he loved and cherished all his eight women

and their children. They had entailed upon him tremendous responsibilities, and the growth of the young generation had made sudden and imperative demands like a quick-growing harvest calling unexpectedly for attention.

As this book has already been printed up to this page, this insertion comes about a chapter late. It should have been printed with Chapter XVII. This information was furnished the editor by Richard R. Lyman. The diary of Wilson Dusenberry is printed in the Lesson for December, 1957 of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Dusenberry was one of the brothers who organized a school in Provo, Utah which finally developed into the Brigham Young Academy and finally the Brigham Young University.

In the diary of Wilson Dusenberry, under the heading "Life in 1867" and beginning with January 26th, he writes in Salt Lake City: "Was pleased to learn that Bro. Amasa M. Lyman was going to Provo with us. ... Arrived at home at 5 p. m.

"27th. Spent a short time in the meeting house. It will soon be finished. What a glorious consummation. Elder Amasa Lyman made something of a confession of what he preached a few years ago in Dundee, Scotland about the attonement of Jesus. Gave us a long and beautiful discourse on the subject. How I do like to hear him preach.

"31st. Elder George A. Smith of the Twelve--- arrived from Salt Lake City. Meeting at Cluff Hall. Elder Amasa Lyman was also present. Am certainly charmed with Amasa Lyman's preaching. "Feb. 3rd. Have spent the entire day in meeting. Elder A. M. Lyman is inexhaustible. He has delivered two very long and the most beautiful discourses I have ever heard. He is poor in purse, but rich in spirit. I can conceive of nothing nobler, or more desireable than to have such a gift as his.

"Oct. 8th. News from the conference. Amasa M. Lyman is dropped from the Quorum of the Twelve. It is time to reflect. Bro. Lyman has spent the greater part of his life in the preaching, teaching and traveling for the gospel and this seems to be his reward. Heavenly Father, guide us. "



Amasa

Mason

Lyman

Age about 60



Amasa

Mason

Lyman

Age about 62

1869-1870

Chapter XIX

No matter the cause for which men seem to fight
And toil and suffer much, and face despair,
All that is saved, and all that justifies
The conflict long and bitter both to body and to mind,
Is understanding of enduring truth---
The truth which lives and carries on forevermore.

In the fall and winter of 1869, Amasa's interest in the Church was proved by his attendance and concern as before. Yet strange paradox, unexplainable from the natural point of view, he continued to assert his unorthodox conclusions. Anyway his conclusions were regarded as strange, while he insisted he was misunderstood.

On the twelfth of January, 1870, he was excommunicated from the Church. There was nothing vengeful nor punitive in the action taken against him; it was done by kind and appreciative brethren who had to maintain the basic principles on which the Church is founded, yet it was to him the greatest shock of his life. He seems to have resolved to carry on in spite of their action, for on the sixth of the following February, Francis M. writes in his diary about the Sunday services, "Father occupied the time very interestingly."

It was simply impossible for him to go on as before. In losing connection with the Church, he was severed from the source of light by which he had been led through the splendid years of his achievements. The great purpose of these seven years yet to be extended to him, was to amplify for his immortal understanding, the imperative need of that lost light, and from whence only it can come. In the intense intervals of this distressed period he was to hear and to better comprehend the solemn, yet hope-giving farewell of the Master to His disciples: "I am the vine and you are the branches. A branch cannot of itself bear fruit. When it is cut off from the vine, it withers. He that abideth in Me bringeth forth much fruit. Without Me a man can do nothing." (John 15)

These remaining seven years in particular, with their phenomenal succession of soul-stirring situations, were to be the crowning ordeal of his many profitable experiences, always new and different to teach new lessons. As with hearts swelling in love and sympathy we follow him through this final valley of the shadow, feeling somewhat of the anguish we know he suffered, we cannot fail to discern the unfailing hand of God whose chief purpose is to save His children. After the long and faithful service which this man had given, dedicating his life and his all to the cause of Zion from the time the first sound of the message fell on his ears, enduring everything, not shrinking at the threat of death, dare we challenge the love and justice of God and think for a moment that he had been forsaken? Now, when he was worn and weary from the fight; now when he had spent his strength in generous response to every call and was burdened with the infirmities of age---dare we imagine that all this had come purely as expression of the Lord's displeasure, or that it had fallen upon him by the meaningless caprice of chance?

Our acquaintance with the mercies and justice of God does not permit us to believe that He can forget or forsake those who have toiled unrelentingly after Him till in their weariness they stumble over the stones. The Lord gives men weakness that they maybe humble. (Book of Ether 12: 27). He may permit them to suffer, and even design profitable trials for them to bear as the best means of teaching them the truth. Even the Christ had to "learn by the things which He suffered." (Hebrews 5:8)

As Amasa's increasing infirmities rendered him less able to give personal attention to his various assets, they went into the hands of renters and persons of limited experience, and brought in more doubtful returns. He was an old man; prematurely old. The splendid vigor of his youth and his prime had been spent, and his motive power was little more than the invincible will which goaded him on.

He began in the year 1873 intent on building another home, and in the early spring he wrote in his diary, "I laid

off ground for another house." This one was to be better than any house he had yet completed and, discounting his physical unfitness, as he was so liable to do, he planned to do it in the main with his own hands. He determined to go to the Redcreek saw mill, belonging to or managed by his son Oscar, work there for the lumber and shingles, and do the carpenter work himself.

If he could have seen then, as we see now, that the principle value, if not really the only value he was to get out of that house when at long last he had worried it to completion, would be but the profitable ordeals of vexation, frustration and anguish, it would have dashed his impetus and daunted his persistent will power. At the best it could shelter him for a little while only, and then it would go as that long-veranda house in San Bernardino had gone. All that he had retained of that house was the memory; it would be so with this.

Instead of getting away at once with the opening of spring to the Redcreek saw mill, as his will power demanded, he was delayed at home with pain and weakness, and in early June he wrote in his diary: "I am not well; constant weariness is the cause." A little later he wrote: "I am more than usually troubled with pain and great weariness," and before the end of the month: "I am overcome with the heat."

Early in July he got a disorder in his lungs, and had difficulty in breathing. What chance did he have to build that house? Nothing but that implacable resolution, and that is what dragged him away and got him to Oscar's mill before the end of the month. He had set out ten years before to gather his loved ones to Fillmore, and he still had one of his eight families in Parowan, and another in Minersville. The delay annoyed him, accused him.

On the 25th of that July, 1873, having begun work at the saw mill he wrote in his diary, "I dropped a heavy shingle-block on my foot, bursting it on one side of the joint." His imperative determination tried to pronounce that a broken foot was a negligible triviality and nothing to hinder the already too-long delayed beginning on the next

house. A broken foot under a two-hundred and twenty-five pound man is not to be resolved away. He had to pacify himself in a chair or on the bed for weeks, and that old pain came again in his side.

In 1874, still trying to focus his energies on that house by Chalk Creek, he had some of his sons help him haul material and furniture from Salt Lake City, and when it became more than he could endure, he sent the boys back for more of the freight, and the building languished. Near to the hopeful end of this delay he got a badly sprained wrist, and had to carry it in a sling while he reconciled to more delay. The house had matured to a point where a high scaffold had been erected for work under the eaves, and Amasa climbed eagerly up there, saw and hammer in hand. What happened then simply cannot be dismissed as a meaningless accident, it was too much in step with the train of events before and after, which descended relentlessly upon him.

On the 24th of August, 1874, in spite of all the precautions he had taken with that scaffold, when he got on to it, something gave way, and he fell with a crash. They took him up bruised and shocked with a ghastly break in one knee. No question now about whether or not he should try to carry on, at least for some time. It was not till the 6th of October that he ventured cautiously on crutches into the adjoining room. There he found some sweet relief from his enforced idleness by busying his hands in helping the folks prepare peaches and apples for drying. He invented and made a machine to quarter and core apples in a fraction of the time it had been taking.

This sweet respite from his torturing idleness lasted just sixteen days before again he was plunged into dismay. On the 22nd of October, with no preliminary warning, a telegram was delivered from Parowan. Messages over the recently-erected line were often startling, and this one related that Oscar, Amasa's second son, with whom he had worked at the saw mill, and who, from the time of his birth in one of the sod-covered huts at Winter Quarters had been a stay and a support to his father, had been blown to pieces in an engine explosion at the mill.



Above: Home which Amasa Lyman built in his declining years at Fillmore, Utah. Left to right: Richard R. Lyman, Amy Brown Lyman and Alexander Schriener.

Below: Same house.



What a terrible day for "Aunt" Paulina and her four remaining children! What a day for Oscar's young wife and two little boys! And Amasa could not go to them! He could only sit stunned and helpless, trying to comprehend this new and dreadful shape, along with other shapes which still lingered as specters on his battle-field of memory. The dull blight of his broken limb surged over him with a despairing chill, and he slumped in his chair under the weight of it.

Later in the autumn he made the trip to Parowan, visited the loved ones in mourning, and saw the place where his son's body had been scattered over piles of logs and lumber.

In 1875 he devoted his depleted energies to the completion of that house. He had no reason to think he would enjoy it long, even though he endured till it was ready for use. Yet unlike other houses he had struggled to complete, knowing he soon would leave them, this house would shelter some of his loved ones after he was gone. He could do but little of the work he had planned to do with his own hands, and while he employed freighters and laborers as he could he wrote in his diary, "Suffered much with my broken leg." He tried in vain to find some one who could induce that broken knee to heal. It baffled the doctors; it never did heal.

Leaning heavily on his cane he limped across the threshold into the gray dawn of the new year, 1876. His steps were pensive and slow, for he was still fighting a dogged battle in the troubled world of his thought. He leaves us to guess somewhat of the intensity of the conflict by writing for some days: "Alone with my thoughts." He fled from the monotony of that struggle whenever he could employ his hands with any of their skills, or when he could converse with some friend. When he could do neither, he tried to contain himself with books. He was determined to make his resources meet his needs, and to complete that house though it were the last thing he did on earth.

These outward activities, these ways in which he tried to retreat from himself were what the general public saw, and by which they spoke of him as an apostate. But some people, as indicated by Mrs. Rogers, still regarded

him somehow, as a Latter-Day Saint, that a warfare was going on within him, a warfare which was bringing him back like a disturbed planet to its proper orbit. He still attended the gatherings of worship when he could, always taking note of what was done and said, and secretly making it a shaping factor in the framing of a more consistent philosophy.

It was a bitter fight, this war with himself when he was "alone with his thoughts." It was intensified by the reality that the sand was slipping from under his feet, his days were few. He had another objective more pressing than that house he was determined to finish, for the challenge of this climaxing experience was becoming increasingly unbearable. It was borne in upon his keenest susceptibilities that he had lost contact with the dear Monitor of his better years. He was but eating the husks instead of feasting on the rich things he had enjoyed in his Father's house. The best that he had found in his wanderings served, as no other experience could, to magnify and glorify what he had lost. He longed for it again. The great objective, greater than the house by Chalk Creek or anything else in the world, was to get it. The beggarly comforts he found in spiritualism, to which he turned in his desperation, were as the "man who dreameth he eateth, but he waketh and his soul is faint." But that barrier which had prevented him---that difficult matter of yielding, of turning, of conceding he was wrong---was as a wall of stubbornness and pride being battered down in the conflict, but not quite low enough for him to surmount.

Whatever people may have thought of him then, and what the uninformed may think of him now, his deepest and most abiding love was for the Church, and from the precious light he had received when standing before the prophet where he "felt as one in the presence of the Lord." That was the voice calling, calling---ever clearer and more persuasive as he warred with his imperious will power. That will power had made him supreme in great labors of righteousness beyond his natural strength, and then it had driven him, in spite of his better judgment, into the tough meshes

of this extraordinary crisis.

According to what Mrs. Rogers has written, and what others have said, he was trying to muster courage for what he knew was the only thing to do, and what he would surely have to do sooner or later to regain what he had lost. He said, according to Mrs. Rogers, that if he lived longer than President Young he would come back into the Church. Being thirteen years younger than the president, he may have figured it would be safe to delay, and thus save himself the dreaded embarrassment of humbling himself before his former captain whom he revered with a kind of awe that impelled him to prefer making his acknowledgements before some other man.

For each one of his trying days, as the end drew near, Amasa wrote his daily report, appealing as it were from that kindly, yet uncomprehending generation to solicitous souls of the future who, viewing his problem in the perspective, would see the meaning and purpose of what had appeared to be so contradictory. They would perceive why it had to be that particular way for the accomplishment of a particular end, and that there is no time in the lives of men where the unfailing love and mercy of God leaves them to the caprice of chance. His earnest appeal in what he wrote was to the men and women of his posterity, those who would inherit enough of his own tendencies and susceptibilities to pulsate with sympathy and not blame. With their natural love of kindred they would yearn for his welfare. The beneficiaries of his heroic efforts to plant them and their fathers in the splendid freedom of the mountains, would be impelled by the unfailing spirit which turns the hearts of the children to the fathers. It would plead his cause with them, and they would respond with understanding hearts. After considering and taking for granted his whole life of unique experiences, all of them for a purpose of rounding out his eternal education they could not challenge the worth of his life.

That house, coming slowly and laboriously into existence in the latter seventies on the bank of Chalk Creek, was to be known in later years as "The Old Lyman Home."

Built neatly of frame, painted white and having ornamented porch-posts, it caught the attention of all who passed along the main road through Fillmore. It was practically finished in latter November 1876, but to repose in it now for the long-anticipated rest would be only to become a prone prey to his wounds and infirmities. It was imperative that he beguile his mental torment and physical torment by keeping his hands busy.

While he occupied himself as he could with sheds and pens and gates to add usefullness and beauty to the new home, he pondered deeply the phenomenal change which had disrupted his chosen way of life in the last few years. Being "alone with his thoughts," the gravity of the prospect made his manual operations but as some trinket with which he was absently toying as he contemplated that all this was becoming a chronic delay, while the flight of days and months and weeks and years were bringing the inevitable end perilously near. He saw it as a matter of the gravest concern, with his fortunes of the eternal ages hanging in jeopardy. And eternity stretched away before his spiritual vision as a vast plain coming into view from the hilltops. He considered how he had stubbornly tried to entrench himself in a position which could not be defended, and from which he would surely have to withdraw. His proud refusal to see his error, bracing and making himself strong to win out regardless, had achieved nothing but to prove he was wrong. It had demonstrated, as nothing else could have done, the absolute indispensability of truth from which his conclusions had led him.

He knew he would have to withdraw from his indefensible position, and do whatever was necessary to get back in harmony with the truth of, which he had made joyful progress, and without which he had been in agony of delay. He told himself he would do it; he would not fail to do it, yet in considering it he visualized, as on all previous occasions, the embarrassment it involved. It was a distressingly familiar picture where a chronic sense of embarrassment had caused him to delay again and again, and he delayed

still while the autumn passed and the winter came again.

Soon after the opening of the new year he was alarmed with a realization that the sands of time were slipping unduly from under his feet. What if the end should come while he still delayed! There was only one thing for which he could hope, that someone would do by proxy what he intended to do. He still had time; he was not that near to the end, yet to be sure, he would write; his loved ones must be made to know his intentions, that they might discern how and why all these things happened, and most important of all that he still cherished the hope of eternal life and exaltation with his family. He would try to make clear in a full written statement what he had failed in spoken words to explain, and what his conventional diary should have been made to tell.

About the middle of January he bought a sufficient quantity of writing paper for this imperative message, but not being in the mood of beginning it right away, he went out and borrowed some special books to read. On the 29th of the month, 1877 he wrote in his diary. "I was not feeling well." For the next day, in his diary: "Much worse; confined to my bed."

"January 31st; 1877: Still ill."

"February 1st, 1877: No better."

Although he was writing but little, he was still carrying true to his dominating impulse of the years, unsleeping sentinel still at his post, and for February 2nd he scribbled with shaky hand: "Free from pain, but very weak."

For February 3rd, with unfaltering resolution to make his constancy of purpose declare what he might fail in words to say, he made his final entry in the diary, "Same as yesterday."

That he wrote with such persistency has a meaning which we cannot afford to overlook. He made his token-report as long as his palsied fingers could hold the pen, and he intended and hoped to write his message in full. To whom was he writing but to his own whom he had been trying for fourteen years to gather around him as a mother hen gathers her chickens? Yet nothing he could have writ-

ten on those blank sheets could have had more worthy meaning and more resistless appeal than his forty years of faithful devotion to the Cause of Truth, a call which he answered in the days of his youth. He had given generously of all that he had in his hands to give, withholding nothing. His testimony stood as an accomplished fact beyond all challenge.

And now, loved ones bent solicitously over him, loved ones who had been true to their sacred pledges through all these troubled years. Maria Tanner, whose light of love had greeted him at the hill-top when he first saw her home in Bolton, by Lake George---a light of endearment amplified and made potent by its union with seven other lights, gleamed still as a hopeful beacon on his distant shore-line.

His giant like son, Francis Marion whom his prophetic eyes had discerned as "the one in whom he had hopes of the future for the consummation of his work," stood lovingly with others by his bedside. Gazing steadfastly into his son's face, as if viewing imperative matters to be attended: "I want you to stay near me," he pleaded.

"I'll stay with you as long as you wish," answered his son, tenderly, while he stroked his father's long beard as he was wont to do, in meaningful caress.

"I want you to stay with me forever," the dying man declared with deep emotion, and the two men clasped hands with solemn pledges and promises understood by no one else as by them.

Too weak and palsied to say more, the husband and father looked from one face to another, his eyes soulful with supernatural vision of the border land. If only he could tell it, or write it, but he must trust them to perceive the great consuming thought and desire of his heart, while a sacred hush like a divine presence came over them. In a lowly farmhouse, in New Hampshire, sixty-four years before, there had been an intense interval of silent suspense to be broken by the triumphant announcement: "He is born!" Now the solemn hush of the anxious watchers was ended with the subdued whisper: "He is dead!"

It was not yet morning of February 4th, 1877, and the long journey over sea and land, desert and mountain, was

finished. Yet not the first word of that eagerly-anticipated explanation had been written. The paper he had bought two weeks before for that purpose lay blank on the shelf. Who can doubt that one great object of that intended message, was to inspire some of his numerous posterity to see and appreciate what he had wanted so much to tell? Now, this next feature, strange and unexpected like all affairs of his life before it, would have to be initiated by some one other than himself. And that next feature was imperative, inevitable; nothing else could complete and give meaning to what had seemed such a contradiction. That last new feature was to make his final years a harmonious part of all the years before it.

He had wanted to do it himself, for he knew it had to be done, yet he shrank from the embarrassment of acknowledging his error before President Young, his revered captain in the years of glorious achievement after the fall of Nauvoo. With the pioneer company he and the president had often ridden for hours together miles ahead of their train, and had been on the most trusting and confidential terms. The president had preferred and called him to some of the most difficult missions that had to be filled. It had been his responsibility to make the perilous trip to Pueblo, and soothe the mutinous intentions of the Battalion boys; He was chief among the little band to run afoot for days in the plains in trying to save the returning company from starvation. After their trip to the mountains and back and across "The Great American Desert" again, he was entrusted with the formidable task of going on eight hundred miles through "a most terrible wilderness" to the coast. He had been selected to explore the grim remoteness of the lower Colorado River, and in all this and numerous labors equally difficult, he was honoring and enjoying the full confidence of the prophet who succeeded Joseph Smith.

Amasa knew, as proved by his advice to James H. Rawlins, that "President Young was the man to look to for counsel in all things pertaining to the kingdom of God." Yet after holding out so long in his erroneous opinion, he thought it would be easier to right himself before the next president

of the Church.

This is not the end of the story; the end is not written and will never be written. The end is not yet. It is going on as before. When the sands slipped away surprisingly soon from under his feet, he went away in great anxiety for an important matter which he had delayed too long. But he did not vanish from the mental world of his loved ones as departed souls are wont to do with the flight of time. Somehow he projected his problem into their minds, and they found themselves concerned unduly with an unusual sense of obligation. They thought of him, they dreamed of him. In their love for him they were keenly susceptible to his influence, even though he had gone from their visible world. As told to the author, Platte D. dreamed of him, cherished his memory and spoke of him often.

Among the dreams that his children relate, Martha Lyman Roper, one of his older daughters, tells of having heard him calling from beyond a river. Recognizing his voice she made prompt and eager answer. What was it? What could she do? Calling back from the distance he said her brother, Francis M. knew what to do, and was in a position to do it. (See appendix II)

It was Francis M. to whom he had said in his letters, as before related, "You are the one on whom I hang my hopes of the future for the consummation of my work," or something to that effect. And in another letter he had said, "The interests of your father's house are hanging on you."

Francis M. was now, or soon to be, called as a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, a position in which he could easily present his father's claim for service to be performed vicariously on earth which could not be done in the world of spirits. The elder son had been nearer to his father than any one of his fourteen brothers, having toiled three times with him across the plains, taken part with him in the tribulations of San Bernardino, been one of his scouts in exploring the wilds of the Colorado River, fol-

lowed him on his mission to Europe, and heard him breathe his last wish, "I want you to stay with me forever."

With what he knew about it, which no one else knew quite so well, as soon as he felt at liberty to do so, he asked his quorum to consider his father, and if they thought he deserved it, to have him restored vicariously to his former place in the Priesthood, with all his former rights and privileges reconferred. His wish was delayed for the most careful investigation and consideration, running into the years. The final realization of this hope was one of the most gratifying events of Francis Marion's latter years.

His son, Richard R. relates, "My father said to me, 'My son, this is one of the most important and happiest days of my life. In the temple today, President Joseph F. Smith placed his hands on my head, and by proxy restored my father to all his former blessings, authority and power.'"

The same authority which had severed him from the Church, and left him to have his tremendous experience, had restored him to his former place. He was free, with all the great new truths which had been impressed upon him by his sufferings, to build towards the supreme goal of perfection for which he had come into the world. What an occasion of joy to the loved ones and friends of the val-
orous old patriarch! They cherished and believed in him still, having clung to the hope that somehow there was an achieving purpose in what they had not understood.

Now it began to become clear that this man had been destined to gain a broad understanding of important phases of truth in general by passing through an extraordinary succession of changes, tasks and situations. The kindred and friends could rest now from their anxiety as they thought of him mounting upward still towards the lofty goal for which he had resolutely set out for when he left the shelter of his uncle's home, and started afoot and alone for the gathering place of the saints, eight hundred miles away.

Concluding Comments of the Author

After following Grandfather Lyman with increasing love and admiration from his childhood in New Hampshire to that hard-earned home by Chalk Creek in Utah, I cannot refrain from taking one more appraising look at the deeper meanings of his unusual career. I have a longing to follow him right on to the heights of activity to which he climbed "up through great tribulation, " (Revelations 7:14) and that is what I may be doing sooner than I have been wont to expect, for I have already lived thirteen years longer than he. (1957)

Viewing him retrospectively I see him concerned chiefly with his generous contributions to humanity in his earnest efforts to make the world better for his having come into it. I see him ever as the peacemaker whom Lyman Stanley his childhood friend saw him to be in the little school in New Hampshire. Pressing always courageously forward, "strong in the convictions of my own honesty, my faith in God and in myself." I see him as one of the great pioneers and trail blazers from ocean to ocean, facing the wild dangers of uncharted mountains, planting his colonies, setting precedents, establishing his posterity as founders of settlements and builders of industry up and down the mountains of the west. His vigorous and purposeful effort gives positive meaning and color to the way he met with changes and reverses from the beginning to the end of his ever-changing career.

His offerings were placed freely on the alter of Zion, and their worth has been apparent from the time that his eight-year-old son drove an ox team across the plains to the time, later on, when thousands of his posterity became workers in all branches of the Church. On one occasion his sons Francis M. and Platte D., returned missionaries from England, were speakers in a sacrament meeting in Fillmore while their father occupied that special congress chair with the arms sawed off to accomodate his dimensions. Thinking men, commenting on the fervor of the testimony of the two brothers remarked, "Who dares say the old stump

is dead with such live branches as that?"

Within six months of the time of their father's death, Francis M. became a stake president, and Platte D., a bishop. Within four years, in fulfillment of his father's prediction, Francis M. became a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, and Platte D., a stake president. In later years each one of them served as president of the European Mission, a position their father had held. Still later a grandson, Richard R. carried the same responsibility.

Six of Grandfather's sons filled from one to three foreign missions for the Church, five served in stake presidencies, three as mission presidents, four as bishops, seven as high councilmen, and others of them took active part in ward and stake organizations. At least forty of his grandsons have filled foreign missions, and an indefinite number are holding, or have held, responsible positions in the Church. An army of the third, fourth and fifth generations of his posterity have filled missions in most of the civilized countries of the world, and in all the branches and organizations of the Church they are building up Zion in the wide regions to which it is spreading.

Judge a tree by its fruits: With thousands of his children devoting themselves to the cause he loved, the value of his contribution is beyond all challenge. If he had had but one wife, the grudging critic might contend that the children inherited their qualities from their mother. With the children of all the mothers making a worthy contribution to society, his potency as a patriarch in Latter-day Israel cannot be denied.

It was by no means just his vain imagination when, as he rested on his humble pillow at his uncle's farm in New Hampshire, he seemed to hear a voice calling: "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and I will make thee great, for out of thee shall come prophets and saints whose fervent desire shall be to build up the great Zion of the Lord."

The End

The following contains a short biography of Amasa's direct line of ancestry in America.

Taken from Lyman Family, by Coleman

RICHARD LYMAN¹

Richard Lyman departed from the parish of Ongar, County of Essex and embarked with his wife and children in August 1631 on the ship Lion, William Pierce, master, for New England, taking their departure from the port of Bristol. They arrived in Boston the 4th of November, 1631, and were given a welcome by a salute of many guns.

Richard Lyman first became a settler in Charlestown, Mass., and with his wife united with the church in what is now called Roxbury, under the pastoral care of Eliot, the apostle to the Indians; he became a freeman at the General court, 11th June, 1635, and on the 15th of October, 1635, he took his departure with his family from Charlestown, joining a party of about one hundred persons, who went through the wilderness from Massachusetts into Connecticut, the object being to form settlements at Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield. He was one of the first settlers at Hartford. "The journey from Massachusetts was made in about fourteen days time, the distance being more than one hundred miles and through a trackless wilderness. They had no guide but their compass, and made their way over mountains, through swamps, thickets, and rivers, which were not passable but with the greatest difficulty. They had no cover but the heavens, nor any lodgings but those which simple nature afforded them. They drove with them one hundred and sixty head of cattle, and, by the way, subsisted in a great measure on the milk of their cows. Mrs. Hooker was borne through the wilderness on the shoulders of the men. The people carried their packs, arms, and some

utensils. They were nearly a fortnight on their journey. This adventure was the more remarkable, as many of this company were persons of figure, who had lived in England in honor, affluence and delicacy, and were entire strangers to fatigue and danger. ---Trumbull's Colonial Records.

Richard Lyman, on this journey, suffered greatly in the loss of cattle. He was one of the original proprietors of Hartford, and there is little doubt that he and his wife Sarah formed a connection with the first church in Hartford, of which the Rev. Thomas Hooker was pastor.

Richard is reported to have begun life in the New World as a man of "considerable estate, keeping two servants."

The following extract is copied from the record of Eliot, the apostle, in his own hand writing: "Richard Lyman ---he came to New England in the 9th month, 1631. He brought children, Phillis, Richard, Sarah, John. He was an ancient Christian, but weake, yet, after some time of tryal and quickening he joyned the church; w-----n the great removal was made to Connecticot, he also went, and underwent much affliction; for, going toward winter, his cattle were lost in driving, and never were found again; and, the winter being cold and he ill-provided, he was sick and melancholly; yet after, he had some reviving through God's mercy, and dyed in the year 1640."

RICHARD LYMAN ²

From the death of their father until their settlement in Northampton, little is known respecting the sons of Richard ¹, Richard ², John, and Robert. They were taxed A. D. 1655, in Hartford, in a rate assessed to build a mill. They probably removed the same year to Northampton, where, in December of this year, Richard was chosen one of the select-men. He sold his father's household at Hartford in 1660. He and his brother, John, were m. before their removal to Northampton.

Richard ², m. Hepzibah, daughter of Thomas Ford of

Windsor. She was sister of the wife of Elder John Strong of Dorchester, Windsor and Northampton, the patriarch of the Strongs, whose genealogy has recently been published in two large volumes. Her 2d husband was John Marsh of Hadley, Mass. Richard resided some time in Windsor, owned land there, and occupied some of the land of his father Ford "in East Windsor near the Hartford line." He appears to have been a man of decided character and influence. Immediately on his removal to Northampton he was appointed one of the first selectmen chosen in that place, and through his short life was engaged in public business. He died June 3d, 1662.

RICHARD LYMAN ³

Richard, the eldest son of Richard ², b. in Windsor, Ct., in 1647, m. in Northampton, May 26, 1675, Elizabeth, daughter of John Coles, of Hatfield, Mass., and resided in Northampton until 1696, when he removed to Lebanon, Ct., where some of his descendants have continued to reside until the present time; but others have gone out over all the land. They early emigrated to Vermont: from that state some passed into Canada; others westward took their course; and onward still, as new territories and states have arisen, quite to the Pacific ocean.

Richard was not an original proprietor in the Five Mile purchase in Lebanon, which was the beginning of the settlement, but an allotment was deeded to him, which he subdivided to his children, some of whom settled in the town and some in the Crank, now Columbia. Here the father himself lived, and died Nov. 4, 1708. No monument marks his resting place.

RICHARD LYMAN ⁴

Richard ⁴, 2d son of Richard ³, Richard ², Richard ¹, was b. at Northampton, in 1678; removed with his family to

Lebanon, Conn., in 1696; m. April 7, 1700, Mary Woodward; d. June 6, 1746, aged 69, according to these dates. The epitaph on his grave stone in Lebanon is: "Sacred to the memory of the well beloved Mr. Richard Lyman 4th, who after serving God and his generation faithfully many years, fell asleep in the cradle of death, June 6, 1746, in the 69th year of his age."

JOHN LYMAN ⁵

John Lyman ⁵, Richard ⁴, Richard ³, Richard ², Richard ¹, b. Jan. 21, 1711, m. Hannah Birchard, Feb. 28, 1731, died Feb. 12, 1781, Hannah, wife of John, d. Jan. 28, 1746; and Sept. 3, 1747, John m. his second wife, Mary Strong b. in Coventry, Ct., March 27, 1717; d. in Brookfield, Vt., 1804. John was a farmer in Lebanon, Ct., a deacon in the Congregational church, an intimate friend of Gov. Jonathan Trumbull, an ardent patriot and strong whig. He was too old and infirm to engage in the war of the Revolution, but sent several of his sons, and it was his daily prayer that the colonies might succeed in their struggles for independence.

ELLIAS LYMAN ⁶

Ellias Lyman ⁶, John ⁵, Richard ⁴, Richard ³, Richard ², Richard ¹, b. April 14, 1754; m. Ruth Griswold, of Hartford, Ct., extensively engaged in mercantile business; d. Aug., 1787.

ROSWELL LYMAN ⁷

Roswell Lyman ⁷, Elias ⁶, John ⁵, Richard ⁴, Richard ³, Richard ², Richard ¹, b. . . . ; m. Martha Mason, in Lebanon, N. H. March 14, 1810, moved to Vermont, and afterward to the town of Lyman, N. H. where was born their son Amasa

M. in 1813. Roswell left home in 1815 and died in New York state. Amasa M. remained in the town of Lyman until 1832, since which time he has lived in the west.

APPENDIX II

Taken from a paper prepared by Gene Gardner
---a granddaughter of Amasa M. Lyman

In 1860 Amasa Lyman was called on a mission to Great Britain arriving in Liverpool, England, 27 July, 1860. In connection with Apostle Charles C. Rich he presided over the European Mission until May 16, 1862 when he embarked for home. While on this mission, he delivered a remarkable sermon at Dundee, Scotland on 16 May, 1862 in which he denied the atonement of the Savior.*

After returning from his mission, he moved with part of his family to Fillmore. In July, 1863, his wife Eliza Maria makes this entry in her journal: "Bro. Lyman seemed to feel uncomfortable in his mind and I thought many times did not enjoy that portion of the spirit of the Lord that a man in his position should, being one of the Twelve Apostles. I did not know what was wrong with him but I could see he was very unhappy."

Some years later he was summoned to meet before the First Presidency of the Church to answer to the charge of having preached false doctrine. He acknowledged his error and signed a document dated 23 January, 1867, in which he also asked the forgiveness of the Saints. But soon afterward he again preached in the same strain, and on October 8, 1867, he was deprived of his apostleship. Joseph F. Smith was ordained an apostle July 1, 1866, by Brigham Young; and he was set apart as one of the Twelve Apostles October 8, 1867, to take Amasa's place.

On the 6th of October Amasa wrote this letter to his son Platte D. who was in England on a mission:

* The text of the Dundee Sermon may be found in the Millennial Star, No. 14, Volume 24, preserved in the Church Historians Office.

Fillmore, October 6th, 1867

Dear Platte:

Your favor of the 2nd of September came to hand by due course of mail. I was truly glad to hear from you, and to know that you were entering upon your labors with so much satisfaction; that this blessing may increase with you is my prayer, ever, for you and all the servants of God who are laboring to build up the kingdom of God, and save themselves from this ungodly generation.

My health is not the best, although I have been working very hard since you left. The mill is running and does good work. Marion has gone to Conference, myself and Oscar are working in the mill, finishing up.

Aunt Lydia has gone to the city with Uncle Edward. Our family is well except some sore eyes among the children. Brother Felshaw died a few days ago. I need not dwell longer on matters of local news as Oscar will write.

Now Platte, I wish to make a few suggestions which may be of service to you in your labors. Seek first to live so humble that you may ever have the spirit of Truth to enlighten and comfort you under all circumstances; and as the attainment of every blessing that may make up the sum of your happiness is made by the degree of physical health that you enjoy, study to be ever temperate in your labors, and when the diffidence of the new beginner shall begin to yield to the influence of experience and increasing confidence, resulting from extended practice you will find yourself adopting habits; of these you should be careful that they may be such as you can properly cherish in the coming years of your life and labors for the cause of the Heavenly Father and the welfare of humanity. Study to speak when you have something to say, and in order that your mind may ever be stored with rich and good thoughts, be diligent to gather material for good thoughts from good books, such as the Bible, Book of Mormon, and the printed and published thoughts of the aged and experienced in the principles of the gospel.

By taking this course you will become a fountain of

wisdom and comfort, to pour its stream of healing and comfort constantly for the help of the saints and the reclamation of the sinner from the errors of his ways, and fix his feet in the path and his heart in the love and truth. And let your conversation with the saints be always of the gospel and its principles.

And do not indulge in idle speculations abroad in the things which should be taught and practiced in Zion. Teach the saints in all honest and sincerity of heart, to gather as the way shall be opened to Zion, that they may be taught in the "ways of the Lord and walk in His paths."

And when you come home and meet those whom you have taught abroad you can meet them without shame for aught you have said or done, and feel the bliss of an approving conscience.

That this and every blessing that will make you happy may be yours to enjoy in your labors abroad, and when you return home, is the constant prayer of your affectionate and ever anxious father,

(Signed) Amasa M. Lyman *

Amasa M. Lyman was finally excommunicated from the church on the 12 May, 1870. (L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia by Andrew Jensen)

Harriet Jane Lyman Lovell, the next to the youngest child of Amasa M. Lyman and the youngest child of his wife, Caroline Ely Partridge, has told her family many times of her mother's decision to leave her husband when he was severed from the church. He pleaded with her and walked the floor all night trying to persuade her to stay with him, but she was firm and lived as a widow from that time on. She even went so far as to have herself and her children

*(When Uncle Marion was in Blanding at one time he copied this letter from his father in his Journal and was pleased to get it.) Letter used by permission of Lucretia L. Ranney.

sealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

It was only the power of the Priesthood that had bound them together in the first place, and now when the Priesthood was withdrawn, she felt she must have the protection and the security of the Priesthood in her and her children's lives. She knew full well that the Prophet did not desire or want any wives or children whose own parent was worthy of them. But evidently in her dire circumstances she felt that the Prophet was the only secure anchor to be sealed to--- her faith was such she could not endure without the protection of the sealing power of the Priesthood. There may have been other of the wives who did the same thing she did in separating themselves from their husband. His first wife never did leave him but made a home for him as long as he lived.

Amasa passed away after a few days of severe sickness with pneumonia at 5:00 A. M. on the 4 February, 1877, and was buried in the Fillmore Cemetary the following day, February 5, 1877. He was dressed for burial in a black suit and black boots.

Martha Lyman Roper, the oldest daughter of Amasa and Caroline Ely Lyman lived in Leamington with her family between the years 1890 to 1899. While residing there, probably in the last year or so, she had a manifestation or a dream wherein her father was calling for help. When she heard and saw him she had the impulse to run and embrace him but he warned her to beware and pointed out a great yawning chasm between them, over which she couldn't go to him nor he to her. He requested Martha to appeal to his son, Marion, to help him for he was the only one in a position to do so. He also told her that he was very weary and tired of his black clothes and that he did so want to be with his family, his wives and his children whom he loved and longed for. Martha was greatly impressed with this dream and she felt it was a real message from her father and she determined to help him.

It wasn't long before her Apostle brother came to Leamington on some church duty and he spent the night in his sister's home. As he finished his first meal with his sis-

ter and her family and they were sitting visiting around the large table. Martha told her brother of the dream she had experienced of her father calling for help.

Marion listened in wrapt attention and when she had finished telling the dream, he asked her to repeat it again in every detail. He was greatly impressed by what she had told him.

When Caroline Ely Lyman passed away on the 4 May, 1908, Francis M. Lyman and President Joseph F. Smith came to her funeral on the 7 May in Oak City, Utah.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints
The Council of the Twelve
47 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Ut.

May 8, 1956

Mrs. Gene L. Gardner
Delta, Utah

Dear Sister Gardner:

At your request I looked in the record of President Francis M. Lyman and found the following under the date of May 7, 1908, which he related to President Joseph F. Smith on the way to the funeral of Caroline Ely Lyman:

"I told President (Joseph F.) Smith of my desire to do something for father. Told him of my dreams and my Sister Martha's, how father had appeared to us and plead his cause. How President Snow told me that there was no doubt but that he would come out all right in the end. I told him I wanted to be baptized for father and then to have him, President Smith, to put his hands on my head and restore father's former blessings upon me for him. He said he would consider the matter with his counselors and had no doubt but it would be all right and he would do as I had asked." — (Journal [of F. M. Lyman] May 7, 1908.)

This is the only reference that I could find.

Sincerely your brother,
Joseph Fielding Smith

JFS: re

Before Apostle F. M. Lyman passed away, he willed his journal to the church; so at his death it was placed in the Church Historian's office under the direct supervision of the Church Historian which at this time (1956) is Joseph Fielding Smith. Amasa M. Lyman's and his son, Platte D. Lyman's Journals are also in the Historian's Office.

After the funeral service of Caroline Ely Lyman at which they both spoke, they went back to Caroline's home where Harriet Jane L. Lovell was living with her family. She served them a meal before they started on their journey back to the city. Marion had asked his sister, Martha, to be there also and she related her dream of her father, at the request of Marion, to the President while they were eating. When she had finished her account, the President said, "Well Marion, it looks like your father has suffered long enough. We will see what can be done for him."

On the 12 January, 1909, in the Salt Lake Temple, this record was recorded: Francis Marion Lyman---Proxy for baptism of Amasa Mason Lyman---dead---relationship to dead---son. Baptizer: John Henry Smith; Confirmer: President Joseph F. Smith; Witnesses: John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund. Former blessings reconfirmed, President Joseph F. Smith, Mouth, assisted by John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund. (Salt Lake Temple Baptism for the dead micro film, Utah Geneological Society.)

Lucretia L. Ranney states: "I remember seeing Uncle Marion (Apostle Francis M. Lyman) in Salt Lake City, and he told me that he had been rebaptized for him and had all his blessings, Priesthood and wives restored. He said it was, he thought, very fitting that it should be done under the hands of President Joseph F. Smith, as he was the one who filled the vacancy in the Quorum left when his father was dropped."

The following is a letter throwing more light on the restoration of Amasa Mason Lyman to the church.

485 Highway 99E
Gridley, California
May 24, 1954

Mr. George E. Lyman
1489 South State Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear George,

I am writing to you in this formal manner because I would like this letter to be, more or less, a formal document to be handed down to our posterity concerning that which transpired during an interview you and I had with Elder Joseph Fielding Smith at the Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, April, 1953. Joseph Fielding Smith was at that time and is at the time of this writing, President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and Church Historian to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

You and I sought and obtained the above mentioned interview for the purpose of asking Elder Smith if he could tell us the status of our great grandfather, Amasa M. Lyman, insofar as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was concerned. The anxiety to know of this stemmed from the fact that after many years of faithful service for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, rendered under untold circumstances of hardship, privation and sacrifice at times nigh paralleling the most severe found in the annals of religious history, Amasa M. Lyman while serving as an Apostle was stricken with an almost unexplainable blight of unsteadiness that caused him to waver into setting forth doctrine foreign to the true precepts of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and for such he was excommunicated from the Church.

Elder Smith informed us that he was a good person to see in that regard in that he had been present and participated in the acts that restored all the blessings to Amasa M. Lyman that he had been deprived of through the above mentioned excommunication. Such acts being performed under the direction and by authority of Elder Smith's father Joseph F. Smith, who was at that time President of the

Church.

The interview was concise and Elder Smith told us that Francis M. Lyman, (of whom he said was one of the finest men that ever lived) the eldest son of Amasa M. Lyman and also an apostle, had gone to the President of the Church, Joseph F. Smith (this being some years after his father's death) and presented his father's cause. The President was of the opinion that during the latter years of Amasa M. Lyman's church service he had suffered a mental breakdown to a degree that it had caused him to veer from the course he had for so long, doggedly and unwaveringly followed and that his will (the President of the Church) was that Amasa M. Lyman's blessings should be restored.

In leaving we thanked Brother Smith for the time granted us for the interview and just as we started for the door I turned and asked, "Brother Smith did that restoration include all the wives that grandfather had sealed to him?" and he answered "that included anything and everything he ever had."

George, if you agree that this letter fairly portrays the facts of the interview please sign your name below mine and send all but one copy back.

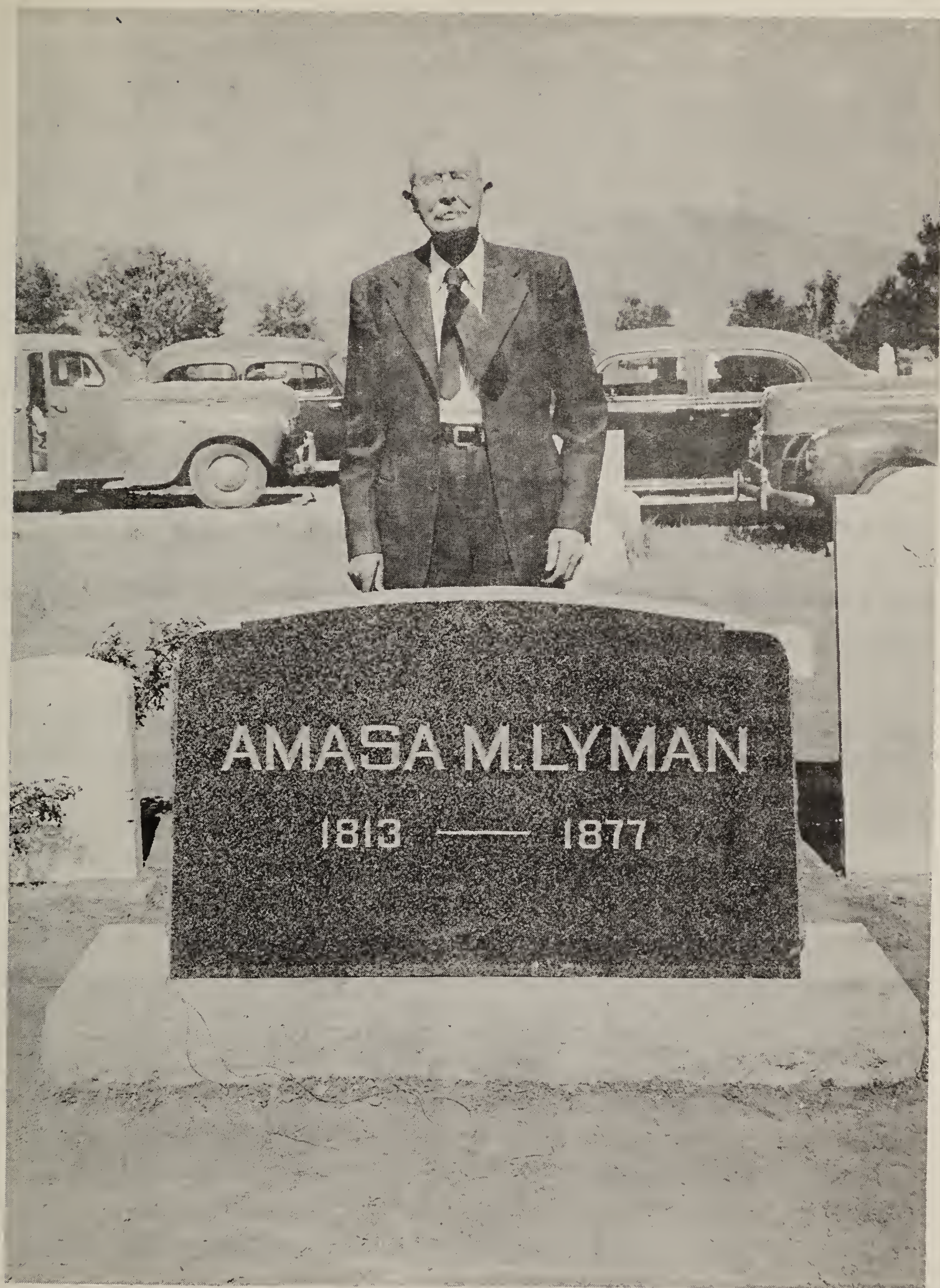
As ever yours,
(Signed) by Asael Lyman and
George E. Lyman

On 11 June, 1946, the Amasa M. Lyman Family held their annual reunion in Fillmore, Utah. The meeting in the forenoon was held in the southeast room of the State House. Willard H. Lyman was the President of the organization at the time and he was in charge.

At 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon the family convened in the Fillmore Cemetery around the grave of Amasa M. Lyman where there was a beautiful granite monument to be unveiled. The first thin tall white headstone had succumbed to the deteriorating influences of the elements and had broken in two. Eight little girls---descendants---unveiled the imposing marker: Virginia, Kae and Ann Henrie, Delta,



For 66 years, or from the 11th day of August 1878, this Monument, erected by President Francis M. Lyman and President Platte D. Lyman, stood at the grave of their father in the Fillmore Cemetery. The roll of his 37 children made this monument an object of interest and curiosity. Having been worn and weathered by many years of wind and weather, it was blown down in 1944. (Now preserved in the Museum of the D. U. P. in the State House in Fillmore, Utah.



William H. Lyman

The only living child at the dedication of the new monument, 11 June 1946, at the grave of his father Amasa M. Lyman.

Utah; Ruth Ann and Afton D. King from Payson, Utah; Jeanne and Joan Lyman from Salt Lake City; and Gladys Baker from Bicknell, Utah. Richard R. Lyman dedicated the monument.

William H. Lyman, the only living child of Amasa M., was at the unveiling. Eighty-three members of the family were in attendance at the reunion. All members of the family were given the privilege of helping to pay for this fitting marker for their progenitor.

From the time I was a very small child I have felt that I was always deprived of a very choice possession which would have made my life more complete. I never did have a grandfather to know or have the experience of being the object of a grandfather's love and tender affection which I witnessed in the lives of my childhood friends. Both of my grandfathers had died 19 and 15 years before I was born.

Added to this underprivileged feeling was the knowledge that one of my grandparents had been excommunicated from the church: a most terrible calamity which could befall anyone. I admit that my feelings toward my grandfather who had been an apostle and a member of the Quorum of the Twelve were not very charitable. I felt chagrined and embarrassed that I should have been one of his grandchildren. And the more I became acquainted with the true character of my grandmother Lyman, the more I wondered how he could have possibly done things which would have caused her to sever her sacred bonds with him. It was more than I could comprehend.

Even when I grew up and had a number of my own children and watched the love and interest their two grandfathers took in them and how the children returned their love and affection, my feeling of underprivilege and chagrin rankled in my heart. Why had both of my grandfathers died before I knew them and why had one of them done such a bad thing as to have to be dropped from the church.

This unpleasant and uncharitable feeling was still in my heart when I was in my late forties, when my cousin, Leo Lyman, came to our home with a manuscript for me to

take to Oak City to read to my mother. It was the life of my grandfather, Amasa M. Lyman, compiled and written from his own journal and other sources by his grandson, Albert R. Lyman.

After reading the details of the full, faithful and strenuous life of my grandfather I felt so ashamed of my attitude and criticism of him. I felt so humiliated and mortified at my lack of understanding and my unkind and intolerant judgment of him. I had an overwhelming desire to be forgiven of my unjust feelings toward him all through my years of life. With this thought in mind, I went into my bedroom and knelt down and prayed to my Heavenly Father asking Him to forgive me if possible and for Him to tell my grandfather how sorry and humiliated I was in my lack of understanding of his true character. I hoped that in time he would be able to forgive me of this folly.

At this last Christmas time (1955) I had a desire---it was more than that, it was an urge---to find out for myself a few of the facts about my grandfather's life. I have had some most interesting experiences, visits and correspondence. I have also met with a few "wet blankets." I have tried a time or two to ignore this urge but I was not happy when I did it. I have found a number of facts I did not know before. I have proven to be facts some things which have been just hearsay to me.

I realized one of the greatest and most sacred thrills of my life on the 14 March, 1956. I was told that the Baptism Records for the Dead done in the Salt Lake Temple up to 1942, had been filmed and they were in the Geneological Library. One of the attendants helped me to locate the right film. As I turned the film I finally came across grandfather's name and the record of his rebaptism and this note just above his name and birth date: "Former blessings reconfirmed President Joseph F. Smith mouth, assisted by John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund." I have never read a more welcome group of words in my life. My feeling could only be expressed in tears of exquisite joy. I don't know why I haven't looked up that joyful record years ago.

These paragraphs are not written for publication or

for many to see but they are written as a testimony to a few of my choice relatives who care.

Printed by permission of: Gene L. Gardner
Delta, Utah

Completed 28 May, 1956

APPENDIX III

The following is part of a series of articles in the San Bernardino Sun-Telegram starting April 1, 1951, in commemoration of the centennial of San Bernardino's colonization by the Mormon caravan from Salt Lake City in the fall of 1851. By: L. Burr Belden.

This year, 1951, marks the centennial of Anglo-Saxon settlement in Southern California. That settlement, San Bernardino, was made when a large party of covered wagon pioneers composed predominantly of Mormons from Salt Lake City came through Cajon pass and bought the San Bernardino rancho from members of the Lugo family.

One hundred years ago today the pioneer caravan headed by Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich was in southern Utah. Most of March had been spent in organizing the future California colonists and moving by short stages toward the Pacific.

The general destination of the Argonauts of 1851 was known. It was to be the San Bernardino valley but what they did not know was that the present San Bernardino was to be the particular spot of settlement. Probably the location most considered was that of Rancho Santa Ana del Chino, the fertile holdings of Col. Issac Williams, for whom several members of the famed Mormon battalion had worked during their 1847, and 1848, sojourn in Southern California.

Upon arrival at the south of Cajon pass the pioneers were to camp at Sycamore Grove, near the present DeVore, while leaders negotiated for land purchase.

*****In fact when the Lyman and Rich caravan threaded its way through the Cajon narrows in June, 1851, and halted at Sycamore Grove, Southern California consisted

only of a score of ranchos plus, a little adobe pueblo at Los Angeles, an equally unimpressive cluster of adobes at what is now Old Town of San Diego, and mission settlements at San Luis Rey, San Juan, Capistrano, San Barriel, San Fernando, Ventura, and Santa Barbara. *****

The settlement was to transform the San Bernardino valley from a cattle range to a farming and trading community. In the remnants of the cattle empire a caravan of God-fearing farmers, Mormon colonizers, planted a civilization that was the antithesis of the riotous Mother Lode.

San Bernardino was to have its mining era, and a lusty one it was to be, but it belongs to a chapter that comes after Brigham Young had recalled "The faithful" from this California outpost.

*****The Mormon settlement of San Bernardino, has, for generations been the topic of considerable writing. One school of thought has pictured a plan for expansion of cities from Salt Lake City throughout the west. Another theory has indicated that the San Bernardino settlers were seeking escape from the too vigilant eyes of the church heads. ***** It now seems that both theories were wrong and that San Bernardino was intended as an outpost on the overland route established to enable converts to reach Salt Lake City all seasons of the year. Six years later, when differences arose between Brigham Young and the Buchanan administration in Washington, the San Bernardino settlers were recalled.

U. S. highway 91 and the Union Pacific railroad in general follow the trail over which a portion of the Mormon Battalion returned following the Mexican war and in so doing demonstrated that wheeled vehicles could negotiate the Cajon pass and the Mojave desert. *****

*****Western travel by covered wagon exacted a fearful toll of life upon the pioneer families. The principal trails west of the Rockies are marked almost every mile with some grave or marker telling of tragedy. Today we glamorize the covered wagon in countless pageants and celebrations but the testimony of countless diaries attest that the march was from three months to a half-year of

torture and daily escapes, escapes from death. Few caravans came through without some tragedy. A perusal of the sufferings on the ordinary westward journey makes even more remarkable the success of the Lyman-Rich caravan which reached San Bernardino valley 100 years ago this week. The 1851 caravan was one of the largest on record. The fact that no serious mishap occurred is a tribute, not only to the hardihood of the families who were to settle San Bernardino, but also to the quality of leadership and the careful organization of the group itself. ***** Among the leaders were, of course, Amasa M. Lyman, an apostle of the Latter-day Saints church. Mr. Lyman had been in California two years before in connection with church matters, he had traveled overland by the northern route---that from Salt Lake to Carson Valley. Charles C. Rich was also a church apostle. He had been a general in the Nauvoo militia and had been in California during 1849, traveling with a train conducted by Capt. Jefferson Hunt. ***** Andrew Lytle was named "Captain of hundreds". He was over 100 wagons. David Seely and Joseph Mathews were named "captain of fifties" while Parley Pratt, Jefferson Hunt, Samuel Rolfe and Wellington Seely were named as "captains of tens." ***** At some places they had to let the wagons down by ropes. The roads were very rocky and water was very scarce. They had to cross four deserts and their animals almost perished for want of water. But they got along without any sickness or deaths "for which we were deeply thankful" says one recorder. Many cattle were left on the desert too weak to travel farther without water. The cattle that survived did so because men carried water to them in kegs and cans and buckets. The trail through Utah and Nevada was first converted into a wagon road by the Mormon Battalion returning to Salt Lake after their Mexican War service in California. ***** When the Mormons camped at Sycamore Grove they established a home that was to serve them until fall. There they established both school classes and religious instruction. In the fall they were to move into San Bernardino and establish a city. ***** The Lugos built an adobe house where the courthouse now stands.

It later served as a residence for Amasa Lyman. The Mormon council house, which served as the first courthouse, adjoined the old Lugo building. ***** In the San Bernardino rancho grant the entire valley was turned over to the Lugos. ***** When Lyman and Rich bought the property they thought they were buying all of it and only when the United States Land Commission inspected the title did the Mormon colonists learned they owned only a lesser amount.

The area, covering 35,000 acres, was finally purchased for \$77,500, according to old records.

As soon as the negotiations were completed the pioneers moved on to the ranch and founded the city of San Bernardino. The survey was completely under the direction of H. G. Sherwood and the city was laid out with 72 rectangular blocks.

Homes were constructed and the emigrants found their first real shelter from the weather since leaving Salt Lake. The 500 had been living in the open for eight months.

Land that was purchased for slightly more than \$2 per acre in 1851 is today valued as high as \$2,500,000 per block in the heart of the city.

Also leading the covered wagon trek from Utah to California were Ebenezer Hanks and Capt. Jefferson Hunt.

When the colonists camped at Sycamore Grove, in the mouth of Cajon pass, a portion of them crossed over the small range of hills to another section. Andrew Lytle was one of these, and the creek on which he camped had been named after him, "Lytle Creek."

As a protection against indians, Amasa Lyman and the other colonists constructed a fort, the most elaborate ever attempted in Southern California, on the present site of the courthouse. The fort took in both sides of what is now called Arrowhead avenue and extended from Third street to Forth Street.

One of the earliest buildings of San Bernardino was the two-story adobe house erected by Amasa Lyman as a home for his family.

Lorenzo Snow Lyman (deceased), one of the Amasa Lyman's sons, was said to have been the first boy of Ameri-

can parentage born in the San Bernardino valley. He was born on November 6, 1851, in a covered wagon, while the Mormon colonists were camping at Sycamore Grove.

APPENDIX IV

A Short History of Each of Amasa M. Lyman's Eight Wives

MARIA LOUISA TANNER LYMAN

Maria Louisa Tanner, born in Norwich, New York, November 28, 1818, was daughter of John Tanner and Lydia Stuart. Her childhood was spent on her father's farm on the beautiful shore of Lake George where, in her thirteenth year, the family joined the Latter-day Saints and moved three years later to Kirtland, Ohio. Here on the tenth of June, 1835, she was married to Amasa Mason Lyman.

She endured gamely the hardships and homelessness his missionary work entailed upon her. From their temporary quarters in Kirtland, they moved with many of their co-religionists to Missouri in 1838 and went through the fury of Governor Bogg's infamous exterminating orders.

When the Lymans escaped to Illinois with their little family, Maria still carried on bravely through the privations she had to meet as the wife of one of the church leaders. Being one of the Quorum of Apostles, Amasa accompanied Brigham Young and his pioneers on their initial trip to the Rocky Mountains, and Maria went through a year and a half of homelessness and great hardships before she came into the shelter of a rude log cabin in Salt Lake City. With this prospect of a resting place, she and her children did what they could to make a home while the husband and father filled a mission to California.

She accompanied her husband to San Bernardino and partook of all the hardships of crossing the perilous desert.

At the end of seven years they had built there, by great toil and effort, their nearest approach so far to a home, but the coming of Johnston's Army to Salt Lake City made it necessary for them to return to the main body of their people, and they crossed back over the desert to the east to make another beginning.

They stopped in Farmington and later found shelter in Salt Lake City, but the making of another permanent place had to wait while Amasa went as one of the Twelve to preside over the European Mission. Still hopeful of having a comfortable abiding place, the Lymans began in 1863 to make a home in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah.

Maria Tanner Lyman, though spare built and frail in appearance, had a cheery disposition and a great tenacity of life. Besides caring for her own eight children she mothered three orphans, and was never content when not ministering to the comfort of some of her loved ones. Her long schooling in adversity made her an expert economist; she could find ways to live and prosper in poverty and privation. She lived twenty-eight years as a widow, retaining all her faculties, and spent the latter part of her life with some of her children in Salt Lake City where she died May 3, 1906, at the ripe age of eighty-seven. (Taken from the Tanner Family Book by Maurice Tanner.)

CAROLINE ELY PARTRIDGE LYMAN

Caroline Ely Partridge Lyman was the fourth child of Bishop Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee. She was born 8 January, 1827, at Painsville, Geauga, Ohio, into a pleasant and comfortable home. Her father was a successful "hatter", and had accumulated considerable property. She lacked a month of being four years old when her father was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Two months later he was called to be the Presiding Bishop of the Church, and from then on they were persecuted and driven from their home, from place to place until they lost all their property.

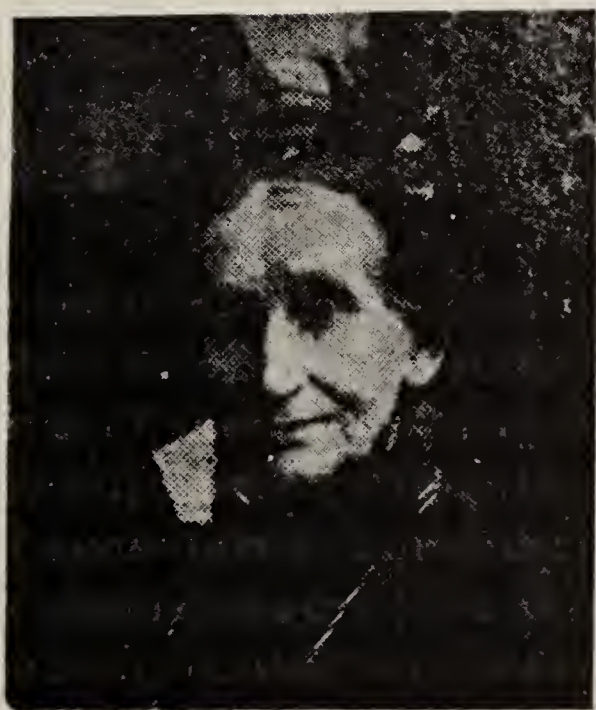


Maria

Tanner

Lyman

Age 70



Maria

Tanner

Lyman

Age 85

They lived in one poor house after another as they were forced to move about.

When Caroline was six and her family was living at Independence, Missouri in July, 1833, a number of armed men came into her home and violently seized her father and dragged him away to the Public Square. Later when he returned home after being tarred and feathered, his little daughter thought he was some fierce indian and she ran and hid under a bed in her fright. That same summer their humble shelter of a house was burned by the mob and the family was driven across the river. Here their home was a log room with a dirt floor. Many times they found lizards and poisonous snakes behind trunks and boxes.

In 1835, when Caroline was eight years of age, she was baptized into the Church by Peter Whitmer. While living in the log house at Far West, her father was again taken by force by a mob along with other leading men of the Church and were thrust in to jail. The family was forced to leave their home again. From here they went to Nauvoo where they hoped to find peace and security. As soon as her father was released from the jail he joined them at Nauvoo and began immediately to build a home for his family; but his health was broken in consequence of the cruel and prolonged persecutions. By the time the house was half built he collapsed and died. He left Caroline who was then thirteen years old, and his wife and five children.

Caroline stayed home with her mother and helped with a younger brother and sister. She worked out when ever there was a chance to earn a little, or she stayed with the children while her mother went out to earn where and what ever she could.

In Caroline's seventeenth year on 6 September, 1844, she became the first plural wife of Apostle Amasa M. Lyman. Later her sisters Eliza Maria and Lydia were also married to him. These three wives were as one in love, respect, and devotion to each other and to their children.

After the martyrdom, persecution continued to intensify until Caroline and her loved ones were forced once again to leave their homes. The trials and privations they

suffered while crossing the plains are covered in the main portion of this book. Suffice it here to say that they provided for themselves by their own industry, even to the laying of logs for a temporary home.

Caroline and Eliza crossed the plains in their husbands company in 1848. The first winter in Salt Lake was very difficult. They shared a log hut which leaked onto a dirt floor with seven other people.

The next spring when their husband was called and went on a mission to California, these sisters were without flour and it was hard to get; their sister Emily gave them 14 pounds of flour. They spun some candle wick and sold it for a little flour. Caroline and her sister and baby moved into their wagon box to live on their own lot. Caroline taught school at Farmington for two months to get something to live on. They had no soap, so when the snow melted Caroline went out not far from the fort and gathered up the bones of dead ox and boiled them for fat, which she combined with wood ashes to make some soft soap.

In the spring of 1851 when her husband left for California for the second time Caroline went with him where he went to preside over the Saints there. She stayed there for about two years then returned to Salt Lake City. Caroline was especially happy for she had prospects of becoming a mother, a position she had almost dispared of for she had been married for very nearly nine years without such a prospect. Soon after their return her first baby was born, a girl which she named Martha. Two other children were born to her in Salt Lake: Fredrick Rich, and Annie.

After her husband's return from England they moved to Fillmore to make their home, where she gave birth to another son, Walter Clisbee and to a daughter Harriet Jane. After her youngest child was one year old she seperated herself from her husband and raised her five children alone. She found comfort once again in the companionship of her sister Eliza. They earned \$102 in eighteen months weaving. They did sewing, spinning, coloring, house work, tending garden and almost every kind of work women could do.

Eliza's son Platte was called to Oak Creek to be Bish-

op of the ward there, Caroline's sons wanted to go with him to see if they could find work so Caroline went with them to keep house for them. Very soon she bought a lot, which had a log room with a dirt roof. She and her family lived there until her boys were able to build a two room adobe addition in front of the log room, which had two attic rooms that were usable for bedrooms.

Feed for animals was very scarce. Caroline had a heifer that looked as if it might not live until the grass grew in the spring, so each day Caroline fed her a few handfuls of straw from the straw tick on her bed. Often she was her own children's school teacher, and also the neighbor's children if they desired to come along.

The Relief Society was organized in Oak Creek Ward, 3 May, 1874, and Caroline was chosen as president, a position which she held for 32 years. She tried through the years to relieve the poor and wait on the sick, prepare the dead for burial and comfort the bereaved. While in this office she worked and inspired the Society to build themselves a comfortable brick room for their meeting place.

In May of 1881, she and her daughter Harriet went with her brother Edward who drove down to St. George (it took them five days to get there), they met their sister Emily who went down on the train, where they spent a week working in the Temple for their kindred dead; they did the Endowment work for their parents and had their mother sealed to their father, and the three of them and their dead brother and sister were sealed to their parents. Caroline was very happy to be baptized for fifty of her dead kindred.

Her children married one by one and each one lived with their mother until they were able to acquire a home of their own. She enjoyed having her grandchildren visit her and she took pains to teach them never to waste food, for she knew what it meant to go hungry. A crust of bread or a kernal of corn would help keep a dog or chicken alive she would tell them. She loved to plant, cultivate, and garner the harvests. She had almost every plant, tree, or flower which was heard of in the locality. She got much joy out of drying vegetables and fruit which was the principal way of

preserving food in her day.

She went to Salt Lake as often as she could to attend Conferences and visit her sister Emily Young, one of Brigham Young's wives. She always came back with clothing from the city relatives, and in return they appreciated the dried peaches and apples from Oak City.

About the last of March of 1893, Caroline received a letter from Box B in Salt Lake City which read:

Salt Lake City, Utah Territory
March 29th, 1893

Mrs. Caroline Ely Lyman,
Dear Sister:

The Dedication of the great Temple in Salt Lake City is an event of unique importance. We desire your presence on that occasion and cordially invite you to attend. We cannot forget the part which your noble husband, now deceased, took in contributing to its erection and the lively interest which he always felt in the progress of the building and its completion. We feel sure that you will appreciate the ceremonies, and therefore desire your presence.

It will be proper for you to be at the south gate of the Temple Block between half past eight and half past nine o'clock on Thursday morning, April 6th, 1893.

Very respectfully,
Your Brothern
Wilford Woodruff
George Q. Cannon
Joseph F. Smith

(First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.)

Caroline was instructed by the authorities of the Church to bear her testimony about the Prophet Joseph Smith. Every Fast Meeting she would tell of some incident in her life which



Eliza

Partridge

Smith

Lyman

Caroline Ely

Partridge

Lyman



was connected with the Prophet and of her early experiences in the Church. She was at the meeting when Brigham Young was found to be the Heavenly appointed leader of the Church in the martyred Prophet's place.

On her 79th birthday she wrote, "79 years have passed almost like a dream and I wonder how many opportunities for doing good to my associates have I neglected. In all the years I have lived my desires have been to do all the good I could and as little evil as possible."

The first part of May when Caroline was 81 years and four months old she contracted pneumonia and passed away on 8 May, 1908, in the south room of the adobe house which her sons had built for her. Pres. Joseph F. Smith and Apostle Francis M. Lyman were the speakers at her funeral. She was buried in the Oak City cemetery by the side of her sister Eliza with whom she had lived with so much in life. In death they were not parted.

(This sketch was prepared by:
Gene L. Gardner)

ELIZA MARIA PARTRIDGE LYMAN

[This short biographical sketch is taken from the Edward Partridge Family Association Bulletin August 1957, written by Fern Kimball Thomas. Eliza Maria Partridge Smith Lyman kept a journal which was used as source material for much of the story of Amasa.]

There has been some confusion as to the date of her marriage to Amasa Lyman. The Sampson Mason family book has it 28 September, 1844, which must be wrong because her journal states the following: "When the Prophet was martyred, which was 27 June, 1844, I was living with a family by the name of Coolidge. I stayed with them for a year or more until I was married to a man by the name of Amasa Mason Lyman, one of the Twelve Apostles." She does not give the exact date, but we see from this it must have been in the fall of 1845. Thus she would be the 5th wife of Amasa Lyman.

She was later married to him in the Nauvoo Temple 13 January, 1846, (Nauvoo Temple Record) for time only because she was already married to Joseph Smith for eternity.]

Eliza Maria was born April 20th, 1820. The daughter of Bishop Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee.

At a very early age she was sent to school where she acquired a very good common education. She remained in school until about thirteen years of age.

When about seventeen years of age, she went about thirty miles from her home to teach school. She received \$13.00 and her board for the three months she was gone.

While living in Far West she learned the tailor's trade which helped her to get work in the shops. She was paid \$3.00 per week, which helped out considerably for the family.

She and her sister Emily went to live in the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith. They lived there about three years where the principle of plural marriage was taught to them. She was asked to enter into that Order and on March 1, 1843, at Nauvoo, Illinois, was married to the Prophet Joseph Smith by Heber C. Kimball in the presence of witnesses.

After the Prophet's martyrdom she was married to Amasa Mason Lyman in the Fall of 1845, in Nauvoo, Illinois. February 9th, 1846, she left Nauvoo and started the trip west to the Rocky Mountains. Many unpleasant situations were encountered. One very sad event was the death of her first-born, Don Carlos, who was born in a wagon on July 14th, 1846, at Florence, Nebraska. He died December 12th, 1846, at Florence, Nebraska, and was buried on the east side of the Platte River opposite Ft. John or Laramie.

In 1863, she and her family moved to Fillmore. In 1868, she taught school in the State House and had about 60 scholars. Later got a position in the Fillmore Co-op Store and was paid \$1.00 a day -- was there two years and sometimes received \$9.00 a week.

When she was 59 years of age, her daughter Caroline died after having been married only thirteen months, leaving a young baby. Eliza took the baby to raise. It was

necessary to have her daughter-in-law nurse the baby and in order to do this had to move to Leamington. This meant breaking up her home and placing her family with others to take care of. The baby's name was Joseph Platte Callister.

She was a frail woman and her life had been full of many hardships. She died at Oak City, Utah, on March 2nd, 1886, at the age of 66 years. At the time of her death her son Platte D. Lyman wrote the following in his journal:

"She had been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints from her childhood and had reared her children in that and had herself obeyed every law and order of the Church as far as the privilege had been given her to do so.

She was a kind and affectionate mother, very solicitous for the welfare of her children and esteeming nothing she could do for their comfort or happiness, a hardship or a sacrifice. May she rest in peace until the Saints of God are called forth in the morning of the first resurrection in which she will surely have a part."

LYDIA PARTRIDGE LYMAN

Lydia was the sixth child of Edward Partridge and Lydia Clisbee. She was born at Painsville, Ohio, May 8, 1830, just one month and two days after the organization of the Church. Her early life was during the days of severe persecution of the members of the church. She knew the price of believing and living the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. She gained a testimony in the early years that never wavered during all the days of her life, through persecution, privation, poverty, sickness, and the wear and tear of a pioneer woman raising a family as a polygamist wife. She saw her kind and loving father dragged from his own home and family to be abused and falsely accused, finally to be tarred and feathered and rudely treated at the hands of the bitter enemies of the church.

Her father died as the result of persecution and exposure when Lydia was ten years old, leaving the family

bereft, homeless and destitute. She learned in these early years that the gospel was indeed a "pearl of great price."

After the death of her father, Lydia's mother went into the home of Brother William Law who took care of the family until the home which Edward Partridge had started for his family could be finished. Brother Law and his family were very kind to the family and doctored Lydia who was very sick. In about three weeks they were able to move into their own house.

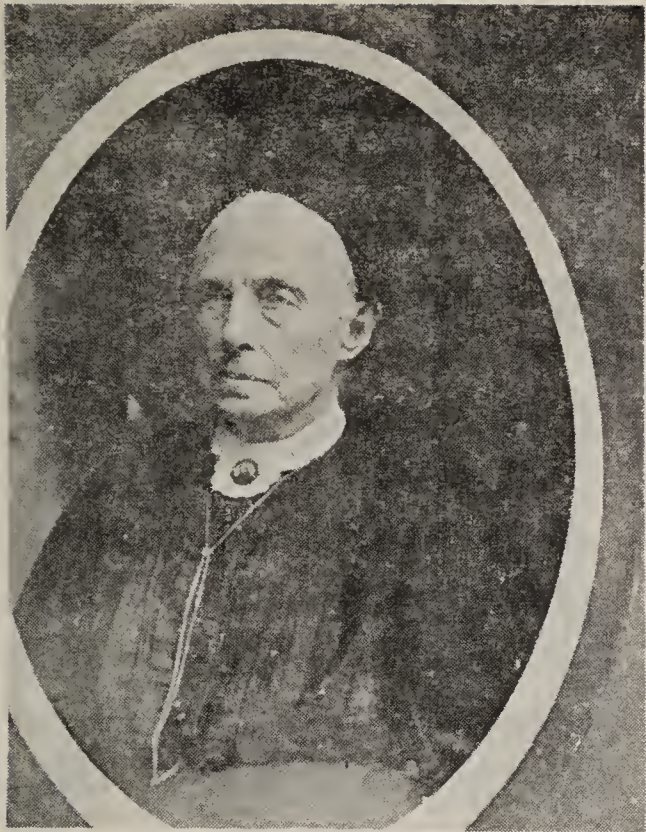
Lydia moved about, as a very young child as the family was driven with the saints from place to place, leaving dear familiar places and things, knowing that they would never see them again.

Lydia was 16 years of age when they left Nauvoo. She and her younger brother Edward stayed with their mother and her husband. They started across the plains and stopped awhile at Mt. Pisgah, where her step-father died. The family stayed the better part of a year before they were able to go on to join the others of the family at Council Bluffs. They stayed at Council Bluffs for more than a year before they started west. They left for the Salt Lake Valley in the summer of 1848, traveling in company with Amasa M. Lyman and his wives, Eliza and Caroline Partridge Lyman, and a number of Saints. They had provisions enough to last a few months after they arrived in the valley but not enough to last until another harvest. Lydia Clisbee Partridges's wagon traveled next to Amasa Lyman's wagon. They reached the Salt Lake Valley October 17, 1848.

Lydia lived in Salt Lake City with her mother until she married Amasa M. Lyman as his 8th wife, February 7, 1853. She was twenty-four and he was forty years of age. Lydia continued to live with her mother and some of the time with her sisters Caroline and Eliza who were also wives of Amasa M. Lyman.

Lydia and her family were moved to Fillmore, Millard County, Utah in about 1864, where Amasa was endeavoring to establish his families so that he could better care for and educate them.

Lydia and Amasa had four children. Edward Leo,



Pauline Eliza

Phelps

Lyman



Priscilla

Turley

Lyman

Lydia

Partridge

Lyman



born January 4, 1857, at Salt Lake City; Ida Evelyn, born March 28, 1859, at Salt Lake City; Frank Arthur, born September 9, 1863, died April 26, 1864; Lydia Mae, born May 1, 1865, at Fillmore, Utah.

While Lydia lived in Fillmore she provided for herself and family anyway she honorably could. She was a good seamstress and did much sewing. She was an expert in working with buck skin, making moccasins and gloves which she sold. Her son Edward used to go out on the cedar mountains north of Fillmore and set cedar stumps on fire which burning into the ground left charcoal which he would go back and get later to sell to the blacksmith for a meager sum.

The Partridge women stayed close together and helped each other.

When Amasa left the church the Partridge women left him. They moved to Oak City where their sons had property interests. Their mother, Lydia Clisbee Partridge continued to live with them.

Lydia had been in poor health nearly all her life. As early as 1851 she had a seige of rheumatism, not being able to put her hand to her head or help herself.

When she was only forty-four years of age she took sick, in such pain that she could not be touched and had to be moved on a sheet. She was tenderly cared for by her son Edward who was eighteen and her daughter Ida Evelyn, who was sixteen, and her sisters Caroline and Eliza. They would take turns sitting up with their mother during the night. After sixteen weeks of painful illness, Lydia passed away on January 16, 1875. She was buried in Fillmore, Utah, the only one of Amasa M. Lyman's eight wives to be buried by his side.

By: Mary Lyman Henrie

PAULINA ELIZA PHELPS LYMAN

Paulina Eliza Phelps Lyman was born March 20, 1827, at Lawrence, Illinois, to Morris and Laura Clark Phelps. Her parents were early converts to the Church. She was

blessed by Parley P. Pratt in a dungeon in Richmond, Mo., and baptized by her father June 1, 1835, in Crooked River, Mo. She was one of the Children whom the Prophet Joseph Smith blessed and promised that she would come to the Rocky Mountains.

Her father was imprisoned with Parley P. Pratt and others. Her mother, whose fourth child was under one year of age, rode 250 miles on horseback to see him, and with the aid of Orson Pratt, was successful in having him released. It was in this prison she sewed the manuscript of the "Key to Theology" in her clothing, thus preserving it for the Church.

As a child, Paulina was melancholy and often felt lonely and sad. One night she dreamed that if she would read one-half hour daily, it would keep her mind occupied, relieving her despondency as well as improving her mind. This she did all her life, reserving one-half hour each day for acquiring information and the cultivation of her mind. When she was 14 years of age, her mother died and Paulina took over the responsibility of the home and family until her father married again. Circumstances were very hard and Paulina had to help the family by working for other people.

She was married January 16, 1846, to Apostle Amasa M. Lyman, in the Nauvoo Temple. Later she drove a four-horse team for Sidney Tanner across the plains to pay for her fare. Paulina took care of Mrs. Tanner during her illness until her death, and then for a time cared for the eight motherless children. Paulina's first child was born at Winter Quarters. She arrived in Salt Lake City in October 1848, living in the fort for one year. Food was very scarce and expensive, flour being \$1.00 per pound. She obtained a few pounds for her baby, whom she could only allow a spoonful a day.

Later when Apostle Lyman returned from a mission to the Southern States, he brought a bale of cotton. This Paulina carded and spun, making candle wicking and thread, which was sold. She wove carpets, jeans, tableclothes, and bedspreads.

In the late 50's she came to Parowan with her three

children. Brother Jess N. Smith invited them into his home, caring for them until one could be provided for her. Later Cornelia Lyman came from California, with her two boys, to share Paulina's home. She took care of Cornelia, who was very frail and ill, until she died, and then reared the two boys, always giving them first consideration. Mrs. Lyman was left a widow early in life. She labored early and late to support her family, weaving and sewing, tailoring, etc., and her work was of the highest type.

When she was past 60 years of age, she went to Salt Lake to study obstetrics under Dr. Ellis R. Shipp, and obtained her diploma. Mrs. Lyman not only presided at the birth of more than 500 babies, but was a surgeon and doctor as well, setting broken limbs, prescribing for and nursing any affliction. She kept up with the latest methods, being interested in every advancement in medicine. She taught classes in obstetrics, passing on her knowledge that others might learn and be of service in the community.

She was the mother of seven children, six boys and one girl, two of whom met with tragic deaths early in life. Her sorrows and her responsibilities were met with faith in her Heavenly Father, and with courage and willingness to do her part. On 8 October, 1912, she passed away at her home in Parowan, at the age of 85 years, her mind keen and alert with kindness to all the malice toward none. (Taken from "Historical Pamphlet" by Daughters of Utah Pioneers State Central Committee, December 1940)

Compiled by
Kate B. Carter

PRISCILLA TURLEY LYMAN

The lives of the pioneers should be written in poetry and on golden plates for their children and children to read. This has not yet been done, but it was written in the lives of other, in toil-worn hands, in dimmed eyes that just had to make another quilt, another knitted rug, or help another baby into the world, or care for someone in need of a light

to lead the way.

So I shall tell you about the grandmother for whom I was named. She had beautiful gray eyes, a kind smile, a heart full of love, and still wanted to dance when past seventy years of age. She saw me as a baby, but, as I was only six weeks old, I do not remember her. My father and mother have told me many little stories about her so that I feel that I almost know her.

Priscilla Turley was born 1 June 1829 to Theodore and Frances Kimberley Turley, in Toronto, Canada, just across the St. Lawrence River from the United States. They crossed this river one night when she was less than ten years old. Her brothers and sisters were as follows: Mary Ann Turley Cook, Isaac, Charlotte Turley Bushman, Sarah Turley Franklin, and Fredric Turley. After moving here and there for a short while this family of eight Turleys came to Missouri. They lived on a farm in the summer and in town in the winter in order to enable the children to attend school. About this time the Saints came to Missouri and the Turleys heard the Gospel, and were all converted and later persecuted along with the other saints.

As mentioned in the history of Amasa Lyman, Priscilla hid him from the mob, thus probably saving his life.

Sometime after this, the mob was after the Prophet Joseph Smith and he was in hiding. Different families took turns carrying his dinner to him so one day her mother sent Priscilla to Whitmers with a basket of food. As she walked along the path a man stopped her and said, "Little girl, your folks know where Joseph Smith is. Now, you tell me."

She looked at him and said, "If they did know, they wouldn't tell a little girl like me".

The man stepped aside and let her pass. Thus again she helped save a man's life by telling a lie and both times she was praised for it. She often said she had been praised more for prevarication than for telling the truth.

During the time polygamy was being practiced, Amasa Lyman's friend Theodore Turley, asked him to take one of his daughters, suggesting one of the older girls but Amasa

told him if he took any it would be Priscilla as he wished to protect her always. She became Amasa Lyman's seventh wife, 16 January 1846, at the age of 16. Priscilla continued to live with her parents for a long time. She went to school, worked for others, etc. She came to Utah with the pioneers in Brigham Young's Company in 1848.

Priscilla went with her husband across the desert to San Bernardino in 1851.

While waiting for the ranch to be purchased they were encamped near a fine vineyard. One day they were wishing for some of the grapes and with the help of their interpreter secured some from the bearded Spaniard who was in the vineyard. The man took hold of Grandmother's arm and made it known he wished her to come with him further into the vineyard. At first she was reluctant to go, but the interpreter assured her that it was quite safe. The man then took her to a certain vine and showed her the largest bunch of grapes she had ever seen. They were ripe so the man picked them and gave them to her. She said the stem was as large as her thumb and the bunch as long as her arm. (This incident took place the day they arrived.)

While living in San Bernardino her two oldest children were born. Their names were Theodore and Ira. About this time Cornellia Lyman (another wife of Amasa Lyman) became ill, leaving her two boys, Lorenzo and Henry to be cared for, so grandmother cared for them along with her own children. She was set apart as a midwife to care for mothers and babies and so helped more than a hundred lives into this world, although she never advertised nor sought after this work. Grandmother was best known as "Aunt Persillie".

In 1858 most of the San Bernardino colonists were called back to Utah because of the coming of Johnston's Army. Grandmother went back to Fillmore where she lived for some time. Four children were born there--two dying in their early years.

After her two oldest sons were married the family went to Idaho and thus Lyman Town came into existence. To them it was only a ranch between the forks of the Snake

River--the best place in the world in the summer but a bad place in the winter. They were often "snowed in" and in the spring the ice broke up and the river went wild on both sides of them.

Her oldest sons wife died and left three boys about two, four, and six years of age--Frank, Elmer and Guy. These she cared for until the oldest married. Her only daughter married young and lived near them in Idaho. Later (1886) they all went again over the "Old Spanish Trail" to California and lived near San Bernardino. Her daughter died and left three little girls--Edna, Florence, and Maud Barry. Her son Theodore told her that she was not to raise them as she had done her share of such work. However, she helped a lot and my own parents went to help them for a while.

In addition to all the work of caring for these many children, she pieced many quilts and knitted many beautiful rugs. She especially wanted each of her children to have one.

Grandmother spent many months of her life traveling from place to place in a covered wagon. A true and courageous pioneer and we can never honor her and her kind enough.

While living at San Luis Rey, California, grandmother's hip was injured by a severe fall at her son-in-laws house while dancing one of the square dances. The party was in honor of the new school teacher. Grandmother had done extra work that day but still enjoyed dancing. She was nearly seventy years old at this time and so was forced to spend her last few years on crutches. She did her work neatly with the help of her son and three grandsons.

She was a slight built woman and retained her pink-cheeked English complexion until old age. She wore a neatly starched and ironed apron all the time. She was cheerful at all times and could make wonderful plum puddings.

Grandmother died September 21, or 20 at Redlands, California, and was buried nearby at Colton California.

There is some confusion as to the date of her death.

A family group sheet in the church archives gives date of death 21 September 1904. Her obituary notice in the Redlands Daily Review, gives 20 September 1904.

By: Priscilla Lyman Rice

CORNELIA ELIZA LEAVITT LYMAN

Cornelia Eliza Leavitt was born 5 January 1825, at Warren, Ohio, the daughter of Enoch Virgil Leavitt and Abigail Leonora Snow.

Little is known about her early life, but it can be assumed that she suffered with the other saints in the early persecution of the Church.

She became the third wife of Amasa Mason Lyman, 14 November 1844, at Nauvoo, Illinois. She was later sealed to him in the Nauvoo Temple, 13 January 1846. She crossed the plains with her husband in 1848. She made the terrible trip across the desert from Utah to San Bernardino, California and very soon after their arrival her first child, Lorenzo Snow Lyman, was born 6 November 1851. He is said to be the first white child born in San Bernardino. She had another son Henry Elias Lyman, born 4 July 1854.

She was not well the last few years of her life and her two sons were raised by Amasa's other wives. She was also cared for in her illness by Priscilla Turley Lyman and Paulina Eliza Phelps Lyman.

She died 14 December 1864, in Parowan, Utah.

(This sketch was written by the editor:)

M. A. Lyman, M. D.

DIONITIA WALKER LYMAN

Dionitia Walker was born 10 March 1816, in Dayton, Ohio, the daughter of Oliver Walker and Nancy Crissy.

She married Amasa Mason Lyman in July 1845, in Nauvoo, Illinois, and was sealed to him in the Nauvoo Temple, 16 January 1846.

She had no children.

She lived the last several years of her life in Minersville, Utah. Her obituary notice in the Deseret News follows: She died 11 July, 1894, age 78 years four months and one day. She went to Jackson County in 1832, compelled to leave there 1833 lived in Clay County about two years, moved to Far West from whence she was driven by the mob in 1838. She died in full faith in the Gospel.

(This sketch was prepared by the editor:)

M. A. Lyman, M. D.

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